

THE
WORKS
OF
ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

V O L. VII.

L O N D O N:
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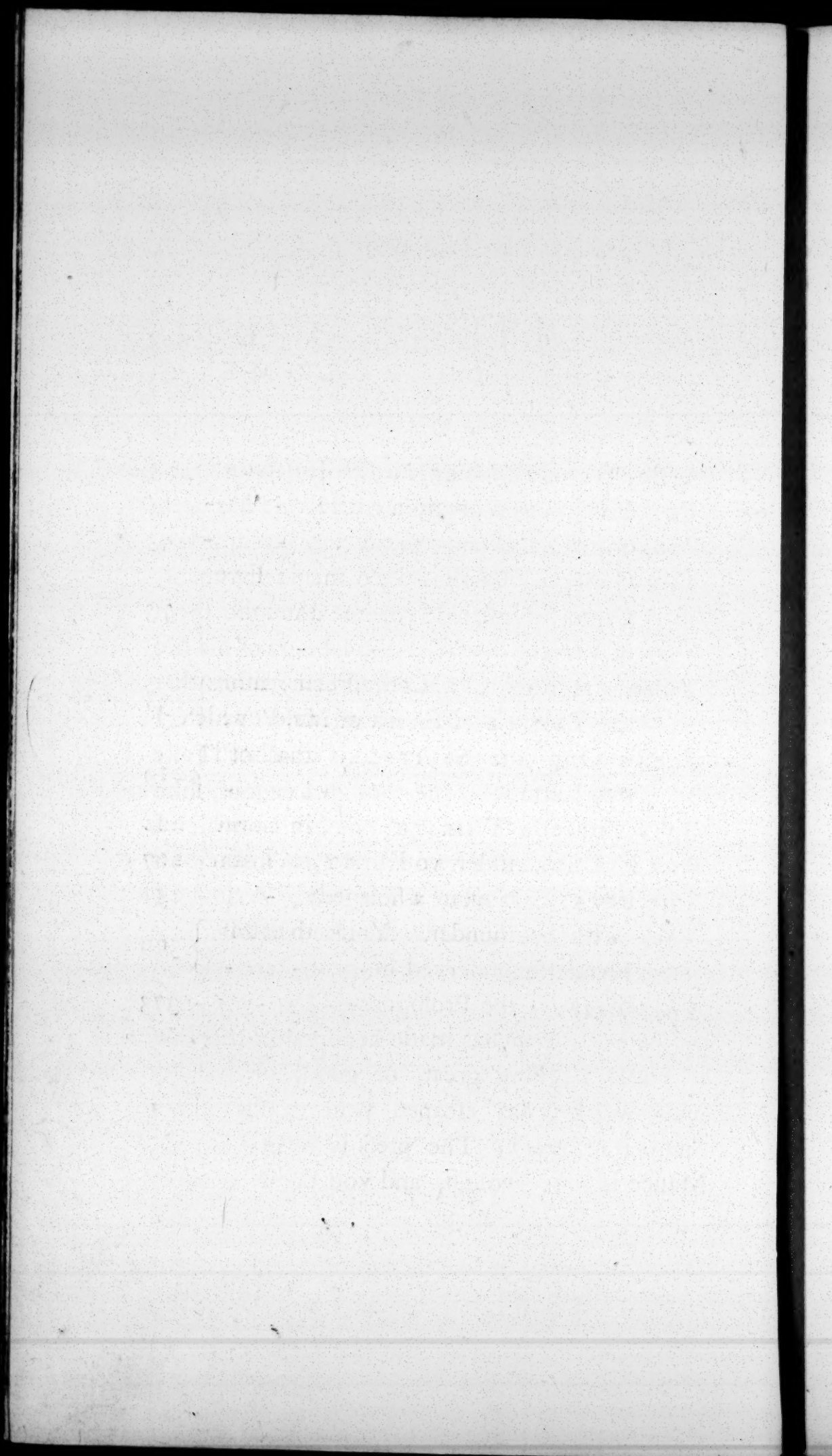


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TO THE
M A L E V O L I.

G E N T L E M E N,

THE Work of an eminent Divine has been dedicated to the *Freethinkers*, not, as appears, with an intention to deprecate their resentment, but because the learned Author thought them enemies to the cause, which the labours of his life tended to support. It is for similar reasons that I address myself to you. The cause, which I have ever admired and loved, is that of Taste and Liberal Science; and though I cannot, like the learned Prelate, boast of the services which I have done, I consider you as the enemies of all good letters. Of your whole race, ZOILUS, I think, was the founder. Your ancestors, like noxious animals preserved in spirits, are rescued from oblivion in the Prologues of *TERENCE*; and the *Tale of a Tub* has made honourable mention of you. Nothing great, or good, or just, or praise-worthy, has escaped your censure for a number of years. The press is open to you; Malice is your *APOLLO*, and you know no other
a 3 inspiration.

inspiration. The scribbler, who cannot pursue a train of thought through half a page, has vigour enough to pen a Paragraph, a REBUS, or what he calls an EPIGRAM. He despises the grace of order and connection: to be pert and brisk in flippant and disjointed sentences, is the height of his ambition, and the utmost effort of his talents. This is what FIELDING calls, the new invention of writing without learning or genius.

The volumes, which I presume to offer to the public, will of course fall into your hands. All that you have said against them for twenty years, I expect will be hashed up again. Novelty is not to be expected from you. That the pieces here reprinted have survived your abuse, may be matter of vexation to you: without a word, on my part, to sooth your anger, or vindicate a single line, they are left entirely at your mercy. In this volume, there are pieces, that never saw the light before: against these you may possibly figure away with some new strokes of malignity: but I foresee difficulties in your way, and how you will surmount them, it is impossible to determine. There is, indeed, a new tragedy, called, *The RIVAL SISTERS*, and there, I think, you will have easy work upon your hands. Your old hackneyed phrases will answer the purpose. Call it a French play, a pilfered plot, all stolen fable,

fable, character, sentiment, and diction, and your business is done. In wit, as in politicks, the lie, that lives three days, may do a world of mischief. But there are other pieces, which, I fear, will give you some embarrassment. You will find here several translated poems, from the Latin into English, and from the English into Latin. These require the knowledge of two languages. For myself, I make no apology for them. They were the productions of my early years, and the time they took was, at least, innocently employed. Should your distress be great, I can suggest a hint, that may help to extricate you out of your difficulties. There is amongst you, and, I think, at the head of your society, a man of notable alacrity in mischief. To the doctrine of certain moral writers, who contend that *unprovoked, deliberate, calm, and disinterested malice*, never entered the heart of man, he is a living contradiction. Malevolent pleasures, the *mala mentis gaudia*, are his only gratifications. He can complain of no rival; for in what liberal art has he distinguished himself? He is not afraid of being eclipsed: the merit of others is his only provocation. But why should I be at the pains of drawing his character? I find it ready to my hand, as it was given to the world several years ago, under the name of the MODERN ZOILUS. I beg leave to lay the portrait before you.

“ In the arts of scandal and defamation THE MODERN ZOILUS is indefatigable. His criticism upon the comedy of KNOW YOUR OWN MIND, is in his best manner. He has reviewed his own works for twenty years past, *Annales Volusi, cacata charta!* and out of the rubbish he has licked up his own venom, and coughed it up again. His common-place book, which was thought to be exhausted in his *superfatation* upon the former editors of *Shakespeare*, had still some gleanings left. The industry, with which he has exerted himself, almost exceeds credibility. Furnish him with a lie, and he will run about the town to propagate it, with that *vermilion* in his cheek, which proceeds from the ferment of venomous numours, and with that *tremulous eye*, which betrays, at once, the consciousness of guilt, and the dastardly spirit, that shrinks back from detection. The lie, once gulped down, operates in his constitution as an absorbent: it draws to itself the morbid juices of his nature, and comes out in the *St. James's Chronicle* with additional rancour. His duplicity, in every family, where he has gained admittance, is such, as would, displayed in a comedy, be thought overcharged, and stretched beyond the limits of theatrical probability. He wriggles himself into a gentleman's house to make proposals to a young lady,
and

and takes that opportunity to try the virtue of the wife. In a little time, he worms himself into the secrets of the family, and by anonymous letters in the newspapers, a worthy set of people are thrown into confusion, they know not why, nor by whom. ZOILUS is attentive to the present state of literature. He knows the factions and little jealousies, that prevail among authors. He is well with one party, to betray them to another. In the outset of life he lived in intimacy with a generous, unsuspecting friend, and by a stroke of perfidy almost broke his heart. You see him every morning hurrying from *Hampstead* with his budget full, and running, all the rest of the day, from bookseller to bookseller, and from printer to printer, to discharge his whole stock of malevolence. He frequented formerly some persons of genius and learning : from their countenance he gained, for a time, some degree of estimation ; but no longer able to impose, he is now avoided by all good men for his duplicity, treachery, and malice."

Such is the MODERN ZOILUS. The character, it may be said, has harsh features. There is in it a perfection of guilt, which, even by the MALEVOLI, may be thought improbable. To remove all doubt, I shall relate the particulars of
this

this man's conduct, in a real transaction that fell within my own knowledge. The story will seem, perhaps, both tedious and dull; but the facts will afford an admirable instance of that *calm, deliberate, and unprovoked malice*, which has been already mentioned. *Pendentem volo Zoilum videre.*

It was the misfortune of an author, who had written a tragedy, called ALZUMA, and designed it for the stage, to have a slight acquaintance with our MODERN ZOILUS. They met by accident at *Hampstead*. Our critic desired to read the play. After having it in his possession for three or four weeks, he returned it, with a packet of curious observations, such as indicated the genius of a COMMENTATOR. His remarks were disregarded, and the tragedy was acted in the following winter. After two or three nights, the author was called into the country, where he remained five or six weeks. On his return to town, our critic paid him an early morning visit, announcing himself the writer of an account of the play in the CRITICAL REVIEW. Pray read it, said he; you will see in it the hand of a friend. The poet complied, and found the praise of the critic worse than his abuse.

*Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.*

ZOILUS

ZOILUS paid another visit on the following morning : he talked again of the CRITICAL REVIEW ; but who is the man that has been abusing you for five or six weeks together in the MORNING CHRONICLE ? The poor Poet made answer that he did not know, nor care : *He that is abused, not knowing what is said, let him not know it, and he's not abused at all.* That were strange insensibility, replied our CRITIC : this man writes above the common level ; at all events he deserves an answer. Here the visit ended.

He came again next morning : Have you seen the Morning Chronicle ?—No :—The malice of this day is beyond all enduring : He is an ill-natured scoundrel : send for the paper. The request was complied with. After reading no less than two columns of abuse, Do you call this ill-nature ? said the Poet : This is as good-natured a fellow as ever was born : The man has no gall in him ; he can hurt no body. ZOILUS was now much disconcerted : he blushed, turned pale, beat the floor with his heel, muttering to himself, and still repeating, it is a most malicious paper. This raised the first suspicion against himself. From this moment the Poet had an eye upon him. The Critic went away, repeating that the writer in the MORNING CHRONICLE was an ill-natured scoundrel:

scoundrel. That so much well intended malice had missed its blow, seemed a fore disappointment to him. *Vixquetenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.* He was no sooner gone, than a bookseller, who then lived in *Catherine-street*, entered the room, and disclosing all the circumstances within his knowledge, proved that the person, who was a friend in the *CRITICAL REVIEW*, was the writer of all the calumny in the *MORNING CHRONICLE*.

In a day or two the *CRITIC* paid another visit. A snare had been laid for him. The author of *Alzuma* translated a scene of his play into Latin, and in the *Iambic metre*. The lines, with the assistance of a friend, who copied them, were conveyed to the *ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE*, with a plentiful share of abuse upon the author of *Alzuma*. It was to be published on a Thursday. *ZOILUS* was early in his morning visit: What, said he, is this Latin tragedy, from which they charge you with pilfering whole scenes? The original is to be published this evening. Hereupon the *CRITIC* took his leave, apparently in great spirits. He now renewed the charge with more fury than ever. The author of *Alzuma* was a thief, a pick-pocket. The Critic railed, with virulence, for five or six days, when it was thought proper to check him in his career. Accordingly

the poor persecuted Poet delivered a letter to Mr. BALDWIN, marking out to the public the author of six weeks scurrility, and, as no less than forty letters had then been written, promising an equal number by way of retaliation.

This letter, which appeared in the ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE on a Saturday evening, brought the matter to a crisis. ZOILUS saw it, and the next day, while the Poet and a friend were sitting together, sent in his name. He was shewn into another room. The Bard went to him. ZOILUS reached forth his hand in token of friendship. No, Sir, said the poet, many words must pass before we shake hands. The CRITIC drew a chair: the attack, he said, upon his character was cruel in the last degree. He was paying his addresses to a young lady in Essex: as the family took in no paper but the St. JAMES'S CHRONICLE, his fortune might be marred. He uttered this in a softened tone of voice. He would have cried, but could not. *Each drop he falls would prove a crocodile.* Not being able to awaken compassion, he desired to refer the matter to DR. JOHNSON. The proposal was agreed to. On the next day the Doctor came, and heard both parties. After a full discussion, he clearly saw that ZOILUS, though he denied the whole, was guilty of the duplicity
and

and deliberate malice laid to his charge. *Zoilus*, however, asserted his innocence. He was asked, will Mr. WOODFALL, or Mr. BALDWIN declare upon oath that you are not the Author? His own Manuscript Criticisms were produced to shew that two or three remarkable Speeches were quoted there, with the same peculiarities, that appeared in the newspaper. That, said DR. JOHNSON, could not happen to two men, who had not communicated with each other. The Doctor shook his head, and remained silent for some time. After a long pause, he turned to the Author of *ALZUMA*, and, with that friendship, which he always had for him, said "You can employ your time better than in a wretched paper war." He advised, that a paragraph should be inserted in the newspaper, signifying that the dispute was at an end.

The Poet complied with this advice. On the next day DR. JOHNSON, at *Streatham*, related the whole, and ended with this observation: "It would be sad drudgery to answer such a man: He lives the life of a BUSHFIGHTER, and an OUTLAW." It may be asked, since the affair ended in this manner, why revive it now? The reason is, *ZOILUS* has been carrying on a clandestine war ever since.

Destroy

Destroy his fib and sophistry in vain:

The creature's at his dirty work again.

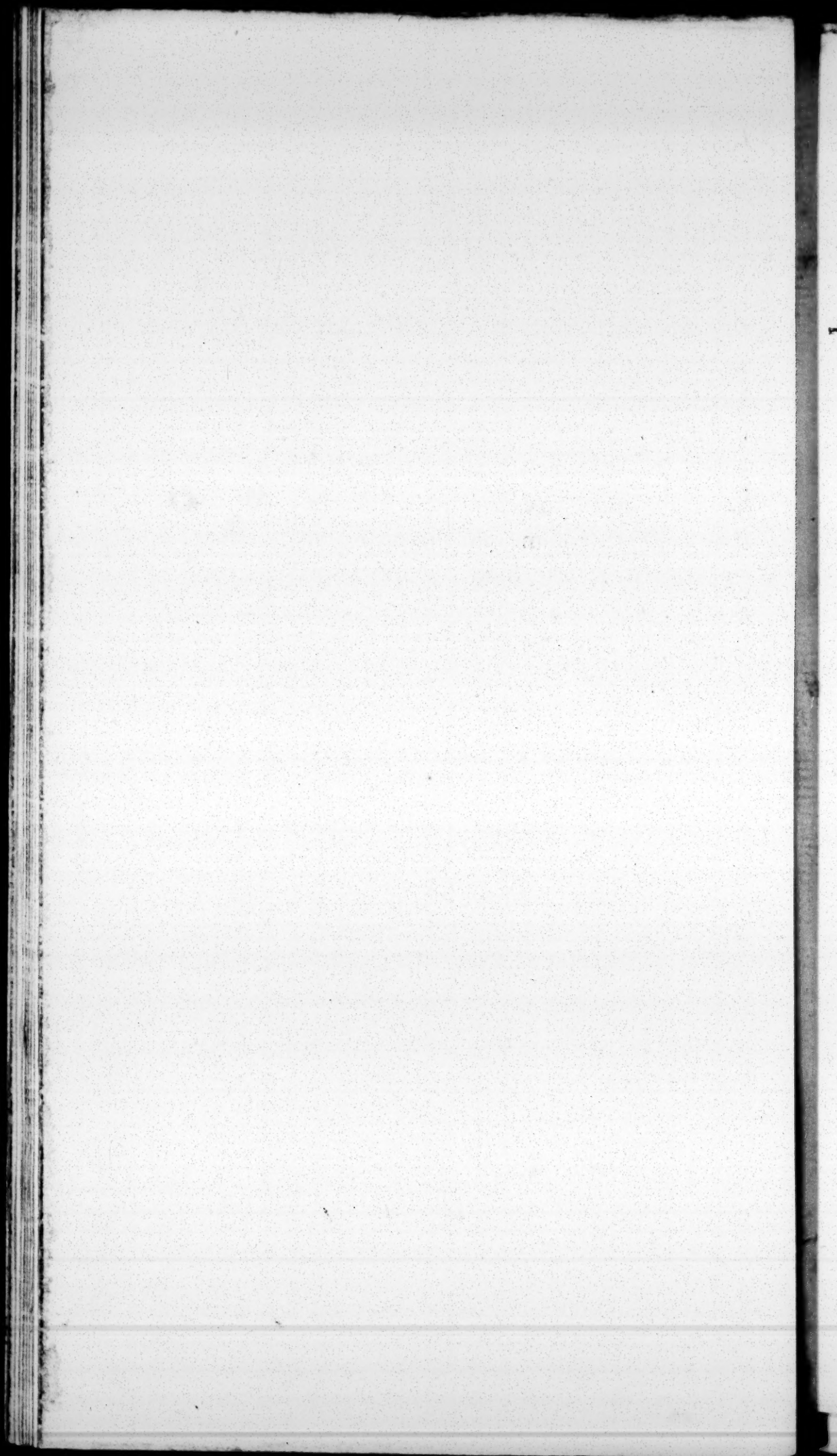
The MALEVOLI, I think, must be pleased with this account. It shews what a genius they have amongst them. For myself, it would, perhaps, have been more prudent to have passed this man by in silence. There is a passage in *Lord Mulgrave's Voyage towards the North Pole*, that might have taught me to be cautious. We are told, in that work, that some officers returning in a boat to the man of war, fired at, and wounded a sea-horse. The animal dived immediately, and the sea was tinged with blood. The men in the boat were glad to be delivered from a troublesome attendant; but they had not reason to exult long. The sea-horse rose again, and brought with it a number of others, who joined in a general attack, wrested an oar from one of the men, and were, with difficulty prevented from staving, or upsetting the boat. In the ocean of ink, similar MONSTERS may act in the same manner. ZOILUS will probably take a dip in the puddle of GRUB-STREET, and come up with a number of others to revenge his cause. But I beg no quarter from the MALEVOLI.

I am, GENTLEMEN,

Your Humble Servant,

The A U T H O R.

May 18, 1786:



TO
Dr. JOHNSON,
A
POETIC EPISTLE.

Eheu ! quid volui misero mihi ? floribus Austrum
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus Apros.

VIRG.

13



T O
 Dr. J O H N S O N,
 A
 P O E T I C E P I S T L E.

TRANSCENDANT genius, whose prolific vein
 Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain;
 To whom APOLLO opens all his store,
 And ev'ry Muse presents her sacred lore;
 Say, pow'rful JOHNSON, whence thy verse is fraught
 With so much grace, such energy of thought;
 Whether thy *Juvenal* instructs the age
 In chaster numbers, and new-points his rage;
 Or fair *Irenè* sees alas! too late
 Her innocence exchange'd for guilty state;
 Whate'er you write, in ev'ry golden line
 Sublimity and Elegance combine;
 Thy nervous phrase impresses ev'ry soul,
 While harmony gives warmth and rapture to the
 whole.

ME, whom my angry stars have dipt in ink,
 Who for my sins am doom'd these Rhymes to link,
 On me, alas! no grace APOLLO shed,
 No dreams poetic hover round my bed;

An

An early dupe to fame I waste my prime,
Parnassus' galley-slave, chain'd down to Rhyme;
 I rub my forehead, bite my nails in vain,
 No Muse e'er succours the forbidden strain;
 In fev'rish toil I pass the weary night,
 And when I would say BLACK, Rhyme answers WHITE
 A bard of genius if I would describe,
 Whose polish'd numbers charm the tuneful bribe;
 Who courts the Muse, of spleen and envy void;
Reason says WHITEHEAD, Rhyme will have it L--
 Who shares a critic's taste, and morals too?
 In prose 'tis *Spence*, 'tis *Wharton*, *Hurd*, and *You*,
 But wicked Metre babbles—the Review.
 Who loves fair Truth? On Candour who relies?
 And scorns to spread foul calumny and lies?
 STEEVENS and KENRICK, wayward Verse replies.
 In short, whate'er I think, whate'er would say,
 Some dæmon leads me from the point astray.
 Exhausted, tir'd, to rave at length I cease,
 And sink to dull serenity for peace;
 And cursing books, and booksellers, and fame,
 I run to *Fielding's*, and on oath proclaim,
 'That ne'er again *Parnassus'* heights I'll climb,
 In fruitless search of unavailing Rhyme.

But mark the sure returns of fancied wit,
 Again I'm seiz'd with the poetic fit;

Like

Like *Bow'r*, my affidavit I withdraw;
My counsel tells me 'tis not good in law.
Again I rave, again I'm all on fire,
"Here, bring me paper, boy; bring, bring a quire;
"The God! the God! what bright ideas rise!
"What wit, what fancy sparkles in my eyes!

In a fine phrenzy straight my pen I seize,
"This thought will elevate; this phrase must please."
Sudden I stop; I pause, look blank, and stare;
The vivid spirits vanish into air:
JUDGEMENT, like *FALSTAFF*, views his mental train
And swears his *RAGGAMUFFINS* give him pain;
Vows he's asham'd such starv'd conceits to view,
Or march to *DODSLEY*'s with the wretched crew.

Did not this delicacy seize the mind;
Tho' deaf *APOLLO*, and each *MUSE* unkind,
How easy were the task to pour along
The unideal barrenness of song?
And if my muse should feel a dearth of rhyme,
Then not to waste in quest of words the time,
Beneath my feet all grammar could I tread,
And boldly break unhappy *PRISCIAN*'s head;
Or else, despairing of poetic rage,
With *STEEVENS* find a niche in *SHAKESPEARE*'s page;
There live on syllables; o'er trifles brood;
"As into palaces foul things intrude;"

With

With HIM, make lawfull prize what CAPEL writ;
 And call it a *coincidence* of wit;
 WITH HIM, each day on wings of malice fly,
 Around the town to propagate the lie;
 WITH HIM, seek scenes of woe, to glad my breast,
 And only GRIEVE, when I see others BLEST;
 Practice WITH HIM the flatt'rer's fawning stile,
 The timid anger, and the treach'rous smile;
 The unrelenting malice, deep and slow,
 For years that meditates th' assassins blow.
 These blended qualities, in Phœbus spite,
 To form the critic, and false friend unite;
 In varied shapes of malice these display
 Mad prose, dull verse, the libel of the day,
 Envenom'd pamphlets, essays, the REVIEW;
 They form a STEEVENS and a KENRICK too.

HAPPY associates! whose congenial fires
 Dulness excites, and Envy still inspires;
 Whom not a *Grace*, whom not a *Muse* will own;
 Urg'd on by Pride and Emptiness alone.
 As when the sun withholds his genial ray,
 Foster'd by warmth, which dirt and dung convey,
 The forc'd production vegetates its way.
 Spur-gall'd to write all genius they oppose,
 Sworn at some *Grub-street* altar learning's foes!
 What tho' their Muse no long excursions tries,
 But feeble born, just sees the light and dies!

Yet

Yet, insect-like, it darts th' envenom'd sting,
 And buzzes for a day on scandal's wing.
 Scandal their malice helps about the town,
 It lends the gilding, and the pill goes down.
 Thus *Phosphorus* resplendent in the night,
 Owes to stale urine its deceitful light.
 And shall I too like these, with desp'rate aim,
 Attack each volume, ev'ry bard defame?
 Thanks to my stars! I love the gen'ral weal,
 I still some clemency for paper feel.
 In copious reams I never can o'erflow
 From Hampstead, or the Fleet, on all below;
 Who gape and wonder at their dextrous arts,
 And cry "These fellows must have ready parts."

And yet what boots the injudicious praise?
 Did e'er these scribblers gain one sprig of *Bayes*?
 Deep in the center of the Muses grove,
 A laurel thrives beneath the smile of *Jove*;
 Quiv'ring in air the lofty boughs display,
 To tempt the youthful bard th' immortal spray.
 Th' immortal spray, if so the Nine decree,
 Obeys his touch, and quits its parent tree.
 The *Scyon* gone, to catch poetic eyes,
 Instant another bears the verdant prize,
 Willing to yield, whene'er high Heav'n inspire
 The chosen genius with ætherial fire.

Dryden with this could critic monsters tame,
 And tuneful *Pope* explore the realms of fame.
 And thou too, *Johnson*, with this boon divine
 Shalt prove thee sprung from true poetic line ;
 Thy eagle flight may'lt stretch to high renown,
 Safe from each barking *Cerberus* of the town.
 But for such bards as *Kenrick* and myself,
 Mere pigmy wits, of Genius each the elf,
 From whom the Nine withheld their sacred pow'r,
 Nor smil'd propitious on our natal hour,
 Not all our toil can prove it once our due,
 From the *Apprentice* to the last *Review*.

Ill fare the man, the first in verse who brought
 Exact propriety of word and thought ;
 Who gave each syllable its measur'd time,
 And solid reason reconcil'd with rhyme !
 Without this trade, this foe to my repose,
 My time might pass in one continued doze ;
 My sole employ, like others void of care,
 " To tend the tangles of *Neera's* hair ;"
 Or free from strife, and heedless of vain glory,
 Jolly as *Quin* eat *Turtle* and *John Dory* ;
 And far from envy, far from vulgar praise,
 To gentle dullness dedicate my days ;
 Safe where no Parson plays the critic's part,
 And preaches, with a libel in his heart.

But

But from that moment, when the scribbling strain,
 The rage poetic seized my troubled brain;
 I rave by night, of some new plan I think;
 Wit, plot, and character ne'er yield a wink.
 To write politely, and with care I strive,
 Afraid of ev'ry critic curr alive.
 I mark how action, time, and place agree;
 I write four scenes, and then I blot out three.
 The work, when seen, with varied spleen attend
 The furious foe, and the false simp'ring friend.
 That loudly raves of violated laws;
 This paler grows, and sickens at applause;
 With purblind eyes he can no wit descry;
 But frets, and gives the public voice the lie!
 Of all my pains I find abuse the fruit,
 And envy *Hill* his wild *Valerian* root.

Happy *Inspector*! who could once a day,
 Spawn without labour some half-form'd essay;
 Whose flippant Muse could, innocently dull,
 Now faunter in the Park, now simples cull;
 Now thoughtless round a glow-worm dance a jig,
 Now prate of snuff, his stockings, or his wig;
 His silver standish, or his blooming fair,
 His florid night-gown, or his elbow chair;
 Now at *St. James's*, now at mother *Harling's*,
 Now for religion, now for *Oxley's* gardens;

Spruce, pert, and brisk, and yet devoid of spirit,
Thy works, 'tis true, can boast no real merit;
Through the dull page no rays of genius gleam,
The hackney-writer of each hackney'd theme!
And yet neglect a while thou need'st not fear,
Thy wit, like Almanacks, may last the year;
If *Osborne* waft thy folio through the land,
And form each embryo with his plastic hand.
Happy next him the bard! whose fertile vein
At will can hatch some panegyrick strain;
Who with a *British* herring or a song,
Can at a court salute the glitt'ring throng.
But thrice unhappy he! whose tim'rous mind
To rules of art is fervilely confin'd;
Who makes no book a job; whose honest aim
Aspires to twine the laurel round his name.
A fool admires each offspring of his brain,
No mother of her fav'rite dunce more vain!
Soon as his work stands venal in the *Strand*,
Yield, yield, ye *Grecian*, and ye *Roman* band!
Not so whom *Phæbus* favours, and the Muse
Brings to his hallow'd lip *Castalian* dew;
Whate'er he writes, his taste rejects with pride;
Displeas'd himself, he charms the world beside.
Thus GRAY unwilling strikes his living lyre,
And wishes, (not content!) for *Pindar's* fire.

MELMOUTH repining fees his classic page,
 And MASON pants for *Sophocléan* rage.
 And that sweet bard, * who to our fancy brings
 “ The gayest, happiest attitudes of things,”
 His raptur’d verse can throw neglected by,
 And to *Lucretius* lift a reverend eye.
 Each wealthy genius pines amidst his store,
 And sighs, unconscionably ! still for more.
 Oft, on fame’s rubric he who long will shine,
 Sorely repents of each immortal line ;
 And wishes, when he dared a wit commence,
Monroe had purg’d him to mere common sense.

Thou then, my friend, who see’st the dang’rous
 strife

In which some Dæmon bids me plunge my life ;
 To the *Aonian* fount direct my feet,
 Say, where the Nine thy lonely musings meet ?
 Where warbles to thy ear the sacred throng,
 Thy moral sense, thy dignity of song ?
 Tell, for you can, by what unerring art
 You wake to finer feelings ev’ry heart ?
 In each bright page some truth important give,
 And bid to future times thy RAMBLER live ?
 Or rather, lest thy care abortive prove,
 (For genius must be lineally from *Jove*)

* Dr. Akenfide.

Teach

Teach me to sep'rate talents from desire,
From genuine rapture ineffectual fire;
And, since I ne'er can learn thy classic lore,
Instruct me, *Johnson*, how to write no more.

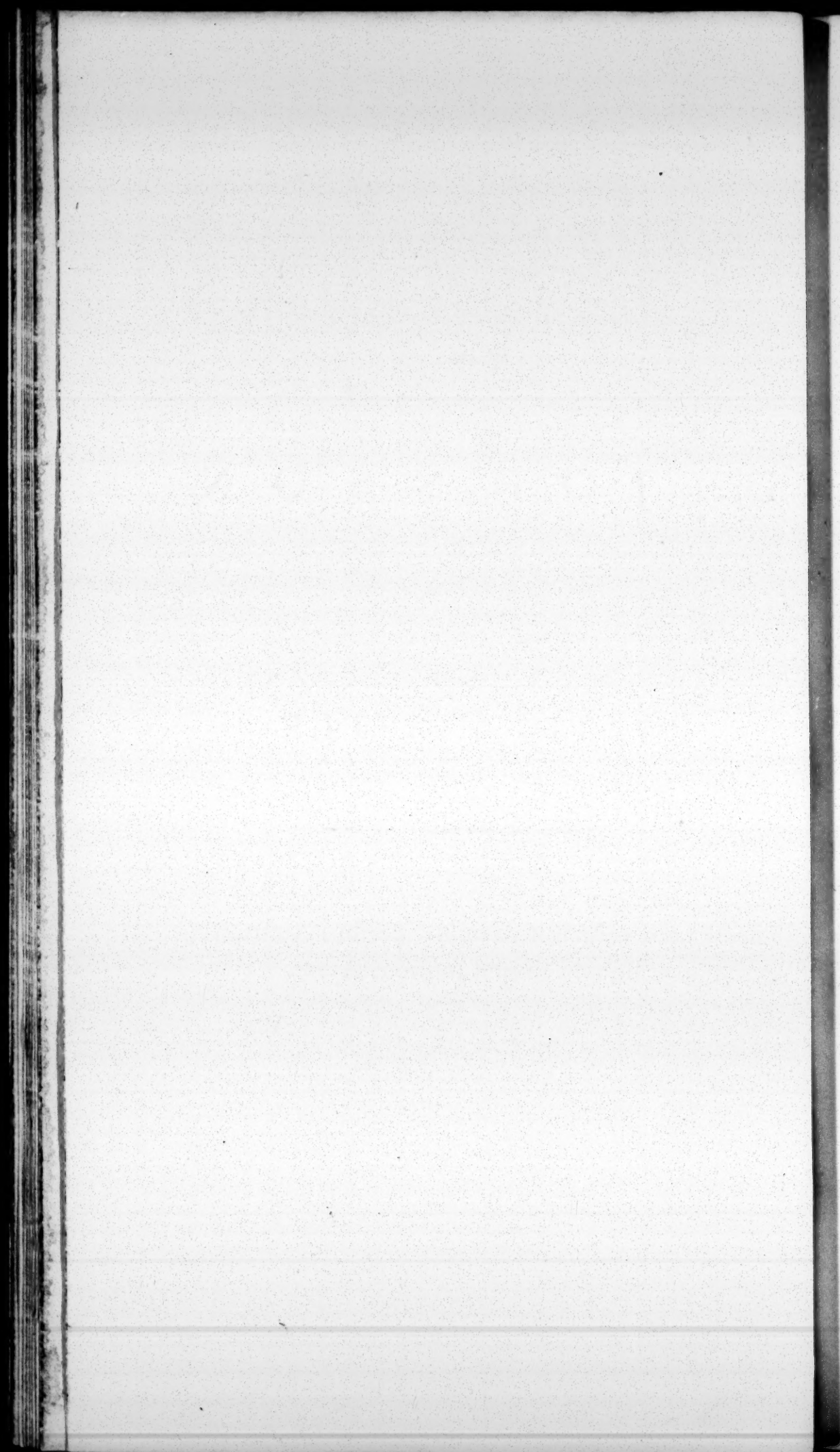
End of the FOURTH VOLUME.

TO
Dr. J O H N S O N,

A
POETIC EPISTLE.

Eheu ! quid volui misero mihi ? floribus Austrum
Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus Apros.

VIRG.



T O
 Dr. J O H N S O N,
 A
 P O E T I C E P I S T L E.

TRANSCENDANT Genius, whose prolific vein
 Ne'er knew the frigid poet's toil and pain;
 To whom APOLLO opens all his store,
 And ev'ry Muse presents her sacred lore;
 Say, pow'rful JOHNSON, whence thy verse is fraught
 With so much grace, such energy of thought;
 Whether thy *Juvenal* instructs the age
 In chaster numbers, and new-points his rage;
 Or fair *Irenè* see, alas! too late
 Her innocence exchange'd for guilty state;
 Whate'er you write, in ev'ry golden line
 Sublimity and Elegance combine:
 Thy nervous phrase impresses ev'ry soul,
 While harmony gives warmth and rapture to the
 whole,

ME, whom my angry stars have dipt in ink,
 Who for my sins am doom'd these rhymes to link,
 On me, alas! no grace APOLLO shed,
 No dreams poetic hover round my head;

An early dupe to fame, I waste my prime,
Parnassus' galley-slave, chain'd down to rhyme;
 I rub my forehead, bite my nails in vain,
 No Muse e'er succours the forbidden strain;
 In fev'rish toil I pass the weary night,
 And when I would say BLACK, Rhyme answers WHITE.
 A bard of genius if I would describe,
 Whose polish'd numbers charm the tuneful bribe;
 Who knows no malice, feels no envy rankling,
Reason says WHITEHEAD, Rhyme will have it

FRANCKLIN.

Who shares a critic's taste, and morals too? }
 In prose 'tis *Spence*, 'tis *Melmoth*, *Hurd*, and You, }
 But wicked Metre babbles—the Review. }
 Who loves fair truth? On candour who relies? }
 And scorns to spread foul calumny and lies? }
 'Tis LLOYD and SHIRLEY, wayward Verse replies. }
 In short, whate'er I think, whate'er would say,
 Some dæmon leads me from the truth astray.
 Exhausted, tir'd, to rave at length I cease,
 And sink to dull serenity for peace;
 And cursing books, and poetry, and fame,
 I run to *Fielding's*, and on oath proclaim,
 That ne'er again *Parnassus*' heights I'll climb,
 In fruitless search of unavailing Rhyme.

But mark the sure returns of fancied wit:
 Again I'm seiz'd with the poetic fit;

Like

A POETIC EPISTLE. 5

Like *Bow'r*, my affidavit I withdraw ;
 My counfel tells me 'tis not good in law.
 Again I rave, again I'm all on fire,
 " Here, bring me paper, boy ; bring, bring a quire :
 " The God ! the God ! what bright ideas rife !
 " What wit, what fancy sparkles in my eyes !"

In a fine phrenzy ftraight my pen I feize,
 This thought will elevate ; this phrafe muft please.
 Sudden I ftop ; I pause, look blank, and stare ;
 The vivid fpirits vanifh into air :
 JUDGEMENT, like FALSTAFF, views his mental train,
 And fwears his RAGGAMUFFINS give him pain ;
 Vows he's afham'd fuch ftarv'd conceits to view,
 Or march to DODSLEY's with the wretched crew.

Did not this delicacy feize the mind ;
 Tho' deaf APOLLO, and each MUSE unkind,
 How eafy were the task to pour along
 The unideal barrennefs of fong ?
 And if my Mufe fhould feel a dearth of rhyme,
 Then, not to wafte in queft of words the time,
 Beneath my feet all grammar I could tread,
 And boldly break unhappy PRISCIAN's head.
 To fhew fome wretch by mifery o'erborne,
 ' I'd fing with FRANCKLIN, *while Eleetra mourn* ;*

* Vide TRANSLATION, a Poem.

Or add, for rhyme-sake, in her hapless state
 How *fair Antigone her griefs* RELATE,
And ŒDIPUS REVOLVE the dark decrees of Fate. }
 Or else, despairing of poetic rage,
 With some vile CRITIC fill the Grub-street page:
 With him each day on wings of Malice fly,
 Around the town to propagate the lie;
 With him seek scenes of woe to glad my breast,
 And only grieve when I see others blest;
 In secret brood o'er vengeance, deep and slow,
 For years that meditates th' assassin's blow.
 These blended qualities, in Phœbus spite,
 To form the CRITIC and FALSE FRIEND unite.
 Hence each revolving morn our eyes survey
 Dull prose, mad verse, the libel of the day.
 Hence letters, essays, epigrams we view;
 The LLOYDS, the PURDONS, and the FRANCKLINS too.

Happy associates! whose congenial fires
 Dullness excites, and Envy still inspires;
 Whom not a Grace, whom not a Muse will own;
 Urg'd on by pride and emptiness alone.

As when the sun withholds his genial ray,
 Foster'd by warmth, which dirt and dung convey,
 The forc'd production vegetates its way. }

Spur-gall'd to write, all genius they oppose,
 Sworn at some Grub-street, altar learning's foes!
 What tho' their Muse no long excursions tries,
 But feeble born, just sees the light and dies!

Yet,

Yet, insect-like, it darts th' envenom'd sting,
 And buzzes for a day on Scandal's wing.
 Scandal their malice helps about the town,
 It lends the gilding, and the pill goes down.
 Thus phosphorus, resplendent in the night,
 Owes to stale urine its deceitful light.
 And shall I too like these, with desp'rate aim,
 Attack each volume, ev'ry bard defame?
 Thanks to my stars; I love the gen'ral weal,
 I still some clemency for paper feel.
 In copious reams I never can o'erflow,
 From some high garret, on the town below;
 Who gape and wonder at their dextrous arts,
 And cry, "These fellows must have ready parts."

And yet what boots the injudicious praise?
 Did e'er these scriblers gain one sprig of *bayes*?
 Deep in the center of the Muses' grove,
 A laurel thrives beneath the smile of *Jove*:
 Quiv'ring in air the lofty boughs display,
 To tempt the youthful bard, th' immortal spray.
 Th' immortal spray, if so the Nine decree,
 Obeys his touch, and quits its parent tree.
 The *scyon* gone, to catch poetic eyes,
 Instant another bears the verdant prize,
 Willing to yield, whene'er high Heav'n inspire
 The chosen genius with ætherial fire.
Dryden with this could critic monsters tame,
 And tuneful *Pope* explore the realms of fame.

And thou too, *Johnson*, with this boon divine,
 Shalt prove thee sprung from true poetic line;
 Thy eagle flight may'ft stretch to high renown,
 Safe from each barking *Cerberus* of the town.
 But for fuch bards as *FRANCKLIN* and myself,
 Mere pigmy wits, of genius each the elf;
 From whom the Nine withheld their sacred pow'r,
 Nor fmil'd propitious on our natal hour,
 Not all our toil can prove our title true,
 From the *Apprentice* to the laft *Review*,
 That gives to *OSWALD* what was *SAPPHO*'s due.* }

Ill fare the man, the firft in verfe who brought
 Exact propriety of word and thought;
 Who gave each fyllable its meafur'd time,
 And folid reason reconcil'd with rhyme!
 Without this trade, this foe to my repofe,
 My time might pafs in one continued doze;
 My fole employ, like others void of care,
 "To tend the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair;"
 Or free from ftrife, and heedlefs of vain glory,
 Jolly as *Quin* eat *turtle* and *John Dory*;
 And far from envy, far from vulgar praife,
 To gentle dullnefs dedicate my days;
 Safe where no Parfon plays the critic's part,
 And preaches, with a libel in his heart.

The *Æolian Lyre* in Gray's Ode was in the Critical Review taken for *Æolus's Harp*: And this at the time was faid to be the criticism of a *Greek Professor*.

But

But from that moment, when the scribbling strain,
 The rage poetic seiz'd my troubled brain,
 I rave by night, of some new plan I think ;
 Wit, plot, and character ne'er yield a wink.
 To write politely, and with care I strive,
 Afraid of ev'ry critic cur alive.
 I mark how action, time, and place agree ;
 I write four scenes, and then I blot out three.
 The work, when seen, with varied spleen attend
 The furious foe, and the false simp'ring friend.
 That loudly raves of violated laws ;
 This paler grows, and sickens at applause ;
 With purblind eyes he can no wit descry ;
 But frets, and gives the public voice the lie !
 Of all my pains I find abuse the fruit,
 And envy *Hill* his wild *Valerian* root.

Happy *Inspector* ! who could once a day,
 Spawn without labour some half-form'd essay ;
 Whose flippant Muse could, innocently dull,
 Now saunter in the Park, now simples cull ;
 Now thoughtless round a glow-worm dance a jig,
 Now prate of snuff, his stockings, or his wig,
 His silver standish, or his blooming fair,
 His florid night-gown, or his elbow chair ;
 Now at *St. James's*, now at mother *Hardings* ;
 Now for religion, now for Cuper's Gardens.
 Spruce, pert, and brisk, and yet devoid of spirit,
 Thy works, 'tis true, can boast no real merit ;

Through

Through the dull page no rays of genius gleam,
The hackney-writer of each hackney'd theme!
And yet neglect a while thou need'st not fear:
Thy wit, like Almanacks, may last the year;
If *Osborne* waft thy folio through the land,
And form each embryo with his plastic hand.
Happy next him the bard! whose fertile vein
At will can hatch some panegyrick strain;
Who with a *British* herring or a song,
Can at a court salute the glitt'ring throng.
But thrice unhappy he! whose tim'rous mind
To rules of art is servilely confin'd;
Who makes no book a job; whose honest aim
Aspires to twine the laurel round his name.
A fool admires each offspring of his brain,
No mother of her fav'rite dunce more vain!
Soon as his work stands venal in the *Strand*,
Yield, yield, ye *Grecian*, and ye *Roman* band!
Not so whom *Phæbus* favours, and the Muse
Brings to his hallow'd lip *Castalian* dew;
Whate'er he writes, his taste rejects with pride;
Displeas'd himself, he charms the world beside.
Thus GRAY unwilling strikes his living lyre,
And wishes, (not content!) for *Pindar's* fire.
MELMOTH repining pants for classic rage,
And envies PLINY, while he decks his page.
For freedom when LEONIDAS expires,
Tho' PITT and COBHAM feel their Poet's fires,

Unmov'd, lo! GLOVER hears the world commend,
And thinks ev'n PEMBERTON too much his friend.
While crowds admiring ring with just applause,
WHITEHEAD still doubts his ROMAN FATHER's cause:
A rigid censor to himself alone,
He praises scenes like mine, yet flights his own.
And that sweet bard, * who to our fancy brings
"The gayest, happiest attitudes of things,"
His raptur'd verse can throw neglected by,
And to *Lucretius* lift a reverent eye.
Each wealthy genius pines amidst his store,
And sighs, unconscionably! still for more.
Oft on fame's rubric he who long will shine,
Sorely repents of each immortal line;
And wishes, when he dar'd a wit commence,
Monro had purg'd him to mere common sense.

Thou then, my friend, who see'st the dang'rous
strife
In which some dæmon bids me plunge my life;
To the *Aonian* fount direct my feet,
Say, where the Nine thy lonely musings meet?
Where warbles to thy ear the sacred throng,
Thy moral sense, thy dignity of song?
Tell, for you can, by what unerring art
You wake to finer feelings ev'ry heart?
In each bright page some truth important give,
And bid to future times thy RAMBLER live?

* Dr. Akenfide.

Or rather, lest thy care abortive prove,
(For genius must be lineally from *Jove*)
Teach me to sep'rate talents from desire,
From genuine rapture ineffectual fire ;
And, since I ne'er can learn thy classic lore,
Instruct me *Johnson*, how to write no more.

Lincoln's Inn,
10th Oct. 1760.

THE
EXPOSTULATION,
A
SATIRE.

Aspice num mage fit nostrum penetrabile telum.

VIRG.

First Published in October, 1761.

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T H E
E X P O S T U L A T I O N.
A
S A T I R E.

WITH thee, thou inward spark of vital fire,
Who do'st each function, and each thought
inspire,

Who oft impell'st me into scenes of strife,
And boldly bid'st me shun the calms of life ;
With thee, my Mind, I now must converse hold,
And all I think, and all I feel unfold.
Too long my indolence forbore to weed
Thy rankling faults, all wildly grown to seed.
But since at length you've fairly rous'd my gall,
Now hear your own, my friend, and once for all.

To hear thee in thy wild capricious vein,
At dullness rail, the cause of wit sustain ;
Discourse of authors, and decide their fate,
Important master of each learn'd debate !
And boldly thunder out thy classic lore,
We'd swear above all modern fame you soar ;
For just expression, and conception true,
For genius, taste, and spirit—who but you ?

You,

16 THE EXPOSTULATION,

You, one would think, in this degen'rate time,
 Alone shou'd wear the meed of sacred rhyme,
 And boast, (so freely all around you deal)
 No pore to smart at, and no nerve to feel.
 But I, who know your very inmost part ;
 (Come, sit we down, and let me wring your heart !)
 Yes I, who know which way your folly tends,
 Who count your vices at my fingers ends ;
 Laugh in my sleeve, whene'er so brisk and vain,
 You dogmatize in high *Parnassian* strain.
 Whene'er incens'd, your neighbours faults you scar
 Forget the author, and dissect the man ;
 No barrister harangues with half your spleen ;
 When out of place, no patriot half so keen.
 But fairly say, does Heav'n thy breast inspire
 With emanations of ætherial fire ?
 Does that fine phrenzy in thy bosom roll
 Which fires a genius, and pervades his soul ?
 To thee propitious, have th' *Aonian* maids
 Led thy young footsteps to their springs and shades ?
 Know, whoe'er fails *Parnassus'* height to climb,
 And taste the well, whence flows immortal rhyme ;
 On wings *Icarian*, vain excursions tries,
 And downward cleaves the unelastic skies :
 Ranks not with DRYDEN on the rubric row,
 But crawls with LLOYD among the weeds below.

But if, advice unheard, remonstrance vain,
 You need must follow still this idle strain ;

By

By fairer methods aim at gen'ral praise,
Nor on the thorns of satire graft your bays.
With a bold hand bid Clio sweep the string,
And sound the virtues of a *British* king.
Shew him with all his subjects blessings crown'd,
In war victorious, and in arts renown'd.
Tell how the Muses, with a gen'rous strife,
Rouze at his voice, and waken into life.
Swell, at his word, the Rhine with Gallic blood,
And bid thy verse devolve a crimson flood.
Sing how the Indian, near the rising day,
Lays down his arms, and venerates his sway.
What, tho' Apollo should his aid refuse,
You'll shew, at least, a kind good-natur'd muse;
Perhaps may sell (reflect what gain 'twill bring ye)
An ounce of incense for a solid guinea.
But I, you'll say, your feeble pow'rs invite
To regions that demand an eagle's flight.
A *British* king should have a muse of fire;
To sing *Augustus* calls for *Virgil's* lyre:
But LLOYD and I, who, without Phœbus' aid,
Are doom'd to follow still the rhyming trade;
A theme so lofty we can ne'er rehearse,
Mere spider-spinners of a cobweb verse!
For us 'twere best not tempt forbidden lays;
Nothing dishonours like insipid praise.
At fulsome panegyrick, void of skill,
Blush, tho' the poet can't, the patron will.

18 THE EXPOSTULATION,

And thus, my Mind, thus would you hide your
spleen,

And to malignity give candour's mien ?

Were it not better mount in epic bold,

And be whate'er *Rome's Querno* was of old ?

Like him, in fustian, prove the public sport,

And be the rhyming blockhead of a court,

Than strive with wit to say the piercing thing,

And dart your soul in each envenom'd sting ?

Hop'st thou to rival Pope's immortal page,

And smile at folly in a future age ?

Cast but your eye around you, and survey

Books once admir'd, now with'ring in decay ;

Whole poems, for their time delightful found,

All now transferr'd to grocers by the pound.

Verse, that could once a lady's toilet grace,

'Gainst a dead wall attracts the liv'ry'd race.

Else to High Holborn, or Moorfields consign'd,

'Midst other still-born embryos of the mind,

It lies for ages doom'd, in silence deep

With *Shirley's Pepin*, or *Black Prince*, to sleep ;

Where worms subsist on rhymes once counted terse,

And elegantly feed on mould'ring verse.

But grant your works may share a better fate,

And taste, or true or false, prolong their date ;

Grant that your foes may all, well-nich'd in rhyme,

Go down ridiculous to latest time ;

Yet,

Yet, while you live, if mankind hate or fear,
What can avail the laurel on your bier ?
Slow comes, if warfare is the author's doom,
Slow comes the praise engraven on his tomb.
What dæmon then inflames your angry fits ?
Why wage a war with blockheads, or with wits ?
Th' envenom'd shaft they've levell'd at your name :
Has the blow reach'd you ?—have they hurt your
fame ?

And why then drag them to the public eye ?
In their obscurity let libels die.
LLOYD'S poetry is quietly inurn'd,
From dirt 'twas born, and is to dirt return'd.
Incog. has *Shirley* vented all his spite ;
His perish'd essays never saw the light.
Th' *Apology* is number'd with the *dead* ;
Each trunk it decks lie lightly on its head !
In peace henceforth may ev'ry scribbling slave
Creep to oblivious slumber in his grave.
Yes, write who will ; each blockhead still possesses
The darling boast of a licentious press.
Each modern *Curl* still has his rubric post,
And ev'ry shop maintains a scribbling host.
Bankrupts in trade, their pens that moment dip,
As rats will issue from a sinking ship.
Each printer perks subscriptions in your face ;
Proposals crowd each diuretic place.
Hence England's navy oft defrauded stands,
And the soil loses its manuring hands.

20 THE EXPOSTULATION,

And yet no patriot reformation makes,
Nor yet, whom hunger spares, the press-act takes ;
Writers abound ; no bard so void of fire,
But finds his fools to purchase and admire.
You, only you remain disgusted still,
The fancied regent of the Muses' hill !

But since on others works you must refine,
And trace new blemishes in ev'ry line ;
Since censor-like, you judge each writer's wit,
Think in your turn to what must you submit.

First, LLOYD will cry—(now estimate your fame !)
“ MURPHY, or DURFEY, for 'tis all the same.”
Ev'n he, the adverb-teacher of a school,
To nonsense-verse who striplings form'd by rule ;
Beneath the influence of some full-orb'd moon,
Or else inspir'd by Bacchus' sprightly boon,
Shall a bag-wig with a subscription get,
And give for ready gold insolvent wit.
Then shall the birch, thirsting for youthful gore,
Stream like a meteor in his hand no more ;
But at *Bob Derry's* for instruction still
The unfledg'd pupil shall attend his will ;
There shall he to his circle, wisely drunk !
Now praise the *jealous Wife*, and now a punk ;
Now vent his spleen in his malignant fit,
Against thy life, thy morals, and thy wit ;
His meagre cheek, 'midst his nocturnal sport,
With envy pale, and his lips black with port.

Beware,

Beware, he cries, of that proud haughty spirit,
 Who views malignly ev'ry poet's merit.
 Still fond in letter'd warfare to engage,
 Some gad-fly bites, and stings him to a rage.
 A fool, who thinks his notions to dispense,
 The legislator of all taste and sense!
 He runs a muck, and quite a coxcomb grown,
 Hates COLMAN's comedies, and likes his own.
 At bar or senate ne'er approves a speech,
 And falls asleep, tho' CHURCHILL's self should
 preach.

CHURCHILL, a rough unwieldy son of earth,
 Vain of himself, and foe to other's worth;
 Inflam'd with malice, in invective fierce,
 A strong uncouth day-labourer in verse!
 Who by sharp scandal hopes in wit to sway,
 As Hannibal by vinegar made way;
 He too shall rouse your writings to revile,
 And make more desert still the *Desert Isle*.
 He to the world shall tell the horrid story,
 How *Metastasio* had a fawn before ye.
 Th' impassion'd tear if *China's Orphan* drew,
 The scenes fresh modell'd, and the fable new,
 The whole, intrepid genius! he'll advance,
 Was plunder'd from the fopperies of *France*.
 His friend the while may alien wit attack,
 And the wren mount upon an eagle's back;

22 THE EXPOSTULATION,

From the *Spectator* safely may purloin,
 Fine-draw each shred, and vamp, and piece, and
 join;
 From *Fielding's* page raise contributions due,
 And classically drunk, sing, "I love *Sue*;"
 From bards exploded incidents may glean;
 Take from *Alsatia's* squire a fainting scene;
 Sponge-like absorb whate'er comes cross his way,
 'Till *Garrick* squeeze him dry into a play.
 Then how the shouts of fond applause rebound!
 Each ancient laurel withers at the sound!
 He ranks with all whom former ages saw;
Congreve's his brother-student of the law!
 Ye moderns kneel at his thrice-honour'd shrine!
 Worship the author of a work divine!
 Now a new progeny shall glad our days,
 A better order of succeeding plays.
 New fashions in high life shall strike our eyes,
 And from the *Irishman* new bulls arise;
 By him distorted shall the country squire,
 New shapes and manners, not his own admire.
 Kneel and adore ye bards: This, this is He,
 The great restorer of true comedy!
 Thus Io Pæan! all his friends shall sing,
 From boys at school consenting shouts shall ring.
 Upborne by them he'll soar aloft to fame;
 But thou, a helpless, an inglorious name!
 With not a friend to deck thy brow with bays,
 Dost thou, alas! aspire to gen'ral praise?

To

To draw from books in him is great, indeed ;
 In such as thee 'tis criminal to read.
 Seated by party on the Muse's throne,
 Whate'er he takes, by conquest is his own.
 If e'er he deign to shine in borrow'd lays,
 For him they'll quote immortal *Homer's* days.
 But thou presume to imitate a line,
 No star *Mæonian* on thy head shall shine.
 Whatever praise with all thy toil and pain
 Thou gain'st, my friend, thou must with envy gain ;
 Declar'd a plagiary, proclaim'd aloud
 A mere jack-daw in furtive colours proud.

Thus do they treat you ; an auxiliar band
 Lift in their cause, and thicken round the land.
 To arms, to arms, the scribbling Legion cries,
 Your goosequills seize ; his reputation dies.
 See *Shirley* rushes on, devoid of fear,
 And leads his *Craftsman*, and his *Gazetteer*.
 In tenfold brags behold the *MURPHYAD* rise,
 Arm'd at all points with ribaldry and lies.
 See Grub-street opens her ten thousand doors,
 See Billingsgate unfluices all her stores ;
 See essays, fables, puns, assist the fray,
 Abuse descending from confed'rate *SAY* : *
 See authors on all sides desert their dens,
 New edge their blunted wits, and nib their pens :

* Printer of the *GAZETTEER*.

24 THE EXPOSTULATION,

All who in distant Hockley-hole reside,
 The men who drink, Fleet-ditch, thy fable tide !
 Who in Moorfields have scrawl'd a darken'd cell,
 In the King's Bench, or in the Compter dwell ;
 On Ludgate Hill, who bloody murders write,
 Or pass in Fleet-street supperless the night ;
 The bards who doze around an alehouse fire,
 Who tippie drams, or fatten with entire ;
 Thick as when locusts o'er the land appear,
 And ruin all the promise of the year ;
 Thick as when pismires crawl along the plain,
 Or half-starv'd crows around some ripen'd grain,
 They form their ranks ; they rail, they doom me
 dead,

And the press aims its thunders on my head.
 And must you ever in new broils engage ?
 Must I still be a victim for your rage ?
 Must still your petulance mankind provoke ?
 Answer me fairly ; for 'tis past a joke.
 What can you urge ?—Must I then bear, you say,
 To be made still the topic of the day ?
 Still must I hear, and never once reply,
 Teaz'd as I am by all the scribbling fry ?
 Must I not dare resent, tormented fore
 With *Churchill's* rumbling *Rosciad* o'er and o'er ?
 Shall *Lloyd* with fables and epistles tease,
 And dine upon me whensoever he please ?
 I never can, (and let the scribblers know it)
 Bear in the dog-days a reciting poet ;

A bard

A bard who takes a mean clandestine aim,
To raise himself, and wound another's fame ;
Or if of open combat not afraid,
Calls in his brother bravoës to his aid ;
On strength of numbers his whole courage grounds,
And, whom he single dreads, with clans furrounds.

For me, I never form'd a junto yet,
Ne'er made a black conspiracy in wit ;
At other's fortune never heav'd a sigh,
Nor view'd a rival with an eunuch's eye.
Ne'er fought the silent covert of the night,
To steal unseen, and stab with coward spite ;
If e'er provok'd to tempt the letter'd fray,
I still, like Ajax, wish'd for open day ;
And may my name stand, ay ! accurs'd by men,
If e'er I hold a dark insidious pen.
I'll fare the page, tho' all the Nine should join,
To point each thought, and harmonize the line ;
I'll fare the page, by envy's breath inspir'd,
And not with gen'rous emulation fir'd ;
That anger bears without occasion fit,
And quarrels for the vain renown of wit ;
In an ingenuous mind that plants a sting,
Or of young genius hurts the trembling wing ;
To war with merit that would rather choose,
Than glow with gen'rous rapture for the Muse.

But shall each mean, each vulgar son of earth,
My fame attack, my morals, and my birth ?

Still

26 THE EXPOSTULATION,

Still on my head shall furious *Churchill's* rage,
 Come inexhausted foaming o'er his page?
 What crime has made it my unhappy lot
 To bear his phrenzy?—I provok'd him not.
 When he my enemy avow'd became,
 Had I e'er stain'd my volume with his name?
 His bread to injure did I ever strive?
 Kind heav'n! I knew not such a thing alive.
 His rage announc'd him first; as bugs by night,
 To warn ye of their being, stink and bite.
 And thus attack'd, shall I not ward the blow?
 Not bid defiance to th' insulting foe?
 Shall I not tell the scurrilous divine,
 The Naiads of Fleet-ditch inspire his line?
 Not tell his pious leer and double chin,
 That arrogance and venom dwell within?
 As some huge marble goodly to the sight,
 Where the blue veins meander and unite;
 Where nature throws a grace on ev'ry part,
 And with a casual hand out-rivals art;
 Soon as the workman cleaves it's pond'rous side,
 And bids the mass in various parts divide,
 Within the center of th' enormous load,
 Strange to relate! he finds a lurking toad.

Is it injustice, is it barb'rous skill,
 With his own arts the murderer to kill?
 Consider well the matter, and you'll find
 I only claim what's claim'd by all mankind,
 The gen'rous freedom to declare my mind.

}
 Each

Each reader claims it, standing at a stall ;
 Each critic claims it, who ne'er reads at all.
 Who can behold a self-applauded bard,
 Whose ev'ry line doth common sense discard,
 But instant cries, " The silly scribbling fool !
 " Of a brib'd bookseller the venal tool ;
 Or else, " The madman ! shut from pen and ink,
 " Let him of hellebore deep doses drink."
 This will they say, and what do I say more ?
 They speak unhurt ; provok'd I quit the score.
 Is this the sign of a malignant spirit,
 That views with envious eye each author's merit ?
 By more deliberate means know envy tends ;
 Saps on unseen, and with'ring gains its ends,
 With cautious malice never once speaks out,
 But nods, winks, hesitates, and hints a doubt.
 Hoards her designs ; ne'er acts the open part ;
 Smiles in your face, and stabs you to the heart ;

Not so the honest mind : from byas free,
 It courts no object, sacred truth ! but thee.
 For thee it searches all with stern delight,
 Brings a right honourable lie to light ;
 Thro' each false medium darts a look severe,
 And thro' his dignities can eye a peer ;
 Gives things their proper name with freedom brave ;
 A cat's a cat, and LLOYD a play-house slave ;
 In works of wit ne'er lets the fashion sway,
 Nor joins the current folly of the day ;

Each

28 THE EXPOSTULATION,

Each piece rejudges by the rules of art,
 And plays o'er all an *Aristarchus* part;
 Marks the obscure; to bear *will* not incline
 The lazy harshness of a rugged line;
 Th' ambitious poverty of sounding phrase,
 The mediocrity of easy lays;
 The worn-out joke, the raillery unfit,
 The mere rough horse-play of a clumsy wit.
 With faults like these, if the work venal stand,
 It marks each fault with a proscribing hand;
 Pronounces sentence with a critic's fire,
 And leaves the author's faction to admire.

Are there, who stoop a manager to please,
 Who, if he belches, can commend his ease;
 Around the town who circulate his tales,
 And take the freedom of the house for vails?
 Is there a clerk, who writes for hire the day,
 And steals at night to see a virgin play?
 A bard, whose tragedy rejected lies,
 And each day bathes in tears its parents' eyes?
 Or else, whose Muse nine nights escap'd disgrace,
 And hates with female spite a rival face?
 Ev'n such, with other fops, the vain, the sad
 Half-wits, half-beaux, half-parsons, and half-mad;
 Whene'er they please in dread array can sit,
 The self-impanell'd jury of the pit!
 Annoy the play'rs, with scorn each scene dismiss,
 Whistle and catcall, roar, and chafe, and hiss.

Rise

Rise from th' unfinish'd piece ; the bard decry,
 The only culprit that unheard must die.
 A writ of error should he dare to bring,
 And fly on Millar's, or on Tonson's wing,
 Of ev'ry reader he becomes the slave,
 The standing jest of each buffooning knave.
 In humble preface he implores in vain,
 Or lulls with dedication's gentle strain.
 The poet's judge no flatt'ry can allay,
 As *Dennis* rigid, and foul-mouth'd as *Say*.

And must I only then still choke with bile ?
 Shall men be coxcombs, nor I dare to smile ?
 Not dare to smile, when all around I see,
 Each garret emptying its full reams on me ?
 On me, who Heav'n be thank'd ! have had the skill
 To keep at bay the brethren of the quill ;
 Who ne'er with *Shirley* have a pipe enjoy'd,
 Nor at Bob Derry's have got drunk with *Lloyd*.
 Who shun the haunts of each dull scribbling fool,
 And ne'er with *Churchill* read my works to *Pool*.^{*}
 My writings hurt them : what, Sir ? their success ?
 May envy still grow pale, nor know redress !
 My satire hurts them too !—misguided men !
 Who own a wound from such a pow'rless pen.
 A Muse like mine may serve, but never bites ;
 Who, without me, had known that *Shirley* writes ?

* A lady celebrated, in an indecent poem, called the MERE-
 TRICIAD.

Yes,

30 THE EXPOSTULATION,

Yes, yes, he writes, nor has my feeble strain
 Congeal'd his gall, or petrified his vein.
 Still *Churchill* pours the torrent of his wit;
 Yet why?—th' advice I gave was found and fit:
 "No more abroad to mend the manners roam,
 "But know that charity begins at home;
 "And e'er to plays and play'rs you turn your head,
 "Attend your function, and inter the dead."
 This was the counsel; this the kind address;
 And tell me frankly, said his Bishop less?

Whom have I wounded? did I e'er with art
 Aim at the innocent a poison'd dart?
 On any honest head did I with skill,
 A drop of venom from my pen distil?
 Shew me the man, whom real genius fires,
 Who pants for fame, and whom the God inspires;
 Of right and wrong the bounds who still can find,
 And boasts the pure recesses of the mind;
 Who free from envy sees a rising youth,
 His breast impregnated with gen'rous truth;
 Fond to oblige, desirous to commend,
 Nor for his talents jealous of a friend:
 In his own way a rival who can eye,
 Nor to subvert him, helps about a lie;
 Shew such a man, my idol he shall prove,
 And ev'n with JOHNSON shall divide my love.

But should there issue forth a pigmy wight,
 Still flagrant from the rod, who needs must write;
 Whose

Whose hand, still tingling from the usher's stroke,
Must pen an essay, and the Muse provoke ;
Prate, like a CONNOISSEUR, of just and fit,
Yet want the growth of manhood and of wit ;
From a friend's genius who his strength derives,
As grafted on the crab the medlar thrives ;
Who thus supported, can the merit claim
Ev'n from the stock whence his nutrition came ;
In self-applause who can whole hours employ,
While his fond eye consents in tears of joy ;
By works of darkness hopes to rise to day,
And *damns* a brief, and *petty-fogs* a play ;
Cabals and plots, and wriggles for a name,
And shrinks and withers at a rival's fame ;
Who Scythian-like, when his keen shaft has sped,
Thinks he enjoys the virtues of the dead ;
Fears lest your industry with him should vie,
And seems a friend to be a surer spy ;
Fond to advise you, merely to deceive,
And, if your work succeeds, the first to grieve ;
Who, for his ends, mean offices can bear,
And fetch and carry letters for a play'r ;
Who deems a MANAGER a sacred thing,
And swears who laughs at him reviles his king ;
Far, far from me let such his talents boast,
And be the GENIUS of an *Evening Post*.

Farther, still farther let *Crispinus* stand ;
Between us rise whole continents of land.

Yet

Yet e'er we part, his picture I would choose :
 Come then and sit, *Crispinus*, for the Muse ;
 The honest Muse, whose hand severely kind,
 Shall crayon forth each feature of thy mind.
 Her work begins :—emerging from the strife
 Of mingling colours, lo ! he starts to life.
 Is that *Crispinus* ?—what that uncouth form !
 Who seems a very monster in a storm !
 Can he, or truth, or poesy, dispense ?
 That CALIBAN in manners as in sense !
 In his fierce look, what passions scowling lie !
 The downward head, and the assassin's eye.
 His very youth 'gainst decency rebell'd,
 From school with early infamy expell'd.
 Thence comet-like irregular he flew,
 And as he fled, still more eccentric grew.
 Still he despis'd all order, sense, and rank,
 At fairs he cudgell'd, and with porters drank ;
 In ev'ry low dexterity he dealt,
 Broughtonian fame, and judgment at the belt.
 'Till, wond'rous to relate ! his race to crown,
 He sanctify'd his scandal with a gown.
 Then Tartuff-like, a pulpit he attain'd,
 With real malice, and devotion feign'd :
 There pious leers, a fatyr in disguise !
 And talks of virtue with lascivious eyes ;
 For scanty hire the morning lecture gives,
 And still a needy *Bacchanalian* lives.

His

His days of folly one continued round,
 Now at the punch-house, now the skittle-ground ;
 Now at the billiard-room whole hours he'll sit,
 Now his the foremost critic of the pit ;
 To works obscene now lend th' obscener jest,
 And to a *Meretriciad* give a zest.
 To acts of envy all his soul inclin'd,
 A mere Therfites both in form and mind !
 All worth above him eager to annoy ;
 Mischief his pride, and malice all his joy.
 Who gains by libels infamous renown,
 And forges Grub-street lies for half a crown ;
 Who doom'd to wander still in folly's maze,
 Spends in one vile antithesis his days ;
 Reels to the altar, four with morning gin,
 And in a brothel writes lampoons on sin ;
 Of ev'ry name the common stabber grown,
 Then suicide next moment of his own.
 With him of lawy'rs, NORTON is the worst,
 And Warburton's with want of learning curst.
 Ev'n He, the ornament that gilds our age,
 Is now no more than JEFF'RIES or than PAGE.
 If such *Crispinus*, may he shun my ways,
 And be his calumny my highest praise.

Thee too, *Orbilius*, thee my just disdain
 Rejects ; thou meanest of th' envenom'd train !
 To thy green years if nature e'er was kind,
 Grown old in youth, thou'rt now a vanish'd mind.

34 THE EXPOSTULATION,

By drams thy faculties dissolv'd away,
 Of rankling envy thou art left the prey.
 He knows thy character, who sees thy face :
 Thy look's a libel on the human race !
 The envious sneer is thine, if genius rise ;
 The ghastly smile, when patient merit sighs.
 Thinking, that frets, but never tends to use ;
 The pangs of labour, nothing that produce.
 Rancour, that lulls each neighbour to abuse ;
 An unperforming pidgeon-liver'd Muse !
 The narrow spirit, that for pelf can pray ;
 Profusion, that can muddle it away.
 So mean, for favours he can humbly sue,
 So proud, when granted, can abuse you too :
 In each low plot a ready tool profess'd :
 An understrapper at his own request !
 Despis'd by rakes, sad outcast of the schools,
 Bullied by cowards, a flatt'rer to fools !
 A mere—but more the Muse will not detect ;
 For who can bear a *Maggot* to dissect ?

Sworn in a league when bards like these combine,
 And rancour is th' Apollo of each line ;
 When half-wits covenanted seize the bays,
 And sing alternate one another's praise ;
 From others brows when ev'ry sprig they tear,
 Vainly they think usurpers-like to wear ;
 When their own works for models they display,
 And this man's poems shew, and t'other's play ;

At this I burst ; at this my Muse proceeds,
Not like the barber whisp'ring to the reeds,
But tells aloud, and calls the world to hear,
Each jealous scribbler wears an ass's ear.

But still, my Mind, why quarrel with these fools ?
Why indiscreetly wanton with edge tools ?
Satire's a dang'rous weapon, and hath made
Sworn foes to Pope himself the rhyming trade.
Renounce for ever your satyric pen,
Or let your MUSE ne'er tread the stage again.
Else shall the Vandals storm you from the pit,
And with their lungs revenge their want of wit.
Must I then stand appall'd by party-zeal ?
No !—to a people's judgment I appeal.
That people ever generous as brave,
From ruffian hands the virgin Muse will save.
A play of merit their protection draws ;
Find but the piece, and they will find applause :
Faction with all her catcalls shall retire,
And envy with'ring, with her snakes expire.

But still, tho' here the disappointed foe
Sounds a retreat, he aims a second blow :
Angry he foams ; he roars with croaking note,
“ The scenes are patchwork, like a Joseph's coat ;
“ The whole, a motley linsley-wolfey piece,
“ From old and modern Rome, from France and
Greece.”

36 THE EXPOSTULATION.

Why let him say it: if the creature lie,
 His fib will bounce, and flutter, hiss, and die.
 And if the charge be true, shall men expect
 To find us scholars, then as thieves detect?
 Shall I see others rifle all the spring,
 Nor dare a garland for myself to bring?
 No; let me roam through each poetic shade,
 Taste ev'ry fount, and visit ev'ry glade;
 Crop from each ancient's brow the fairest flow'rs,
 And follow Genius to th' Aonian bow'rs;
 Still some small spark of inspiration gain,
 Or from the Muse, or Muse-inspired train.
 Ye sacred Nine, to whom I lowly bend,
 To whom my morning orisons ascend;
 With whom my earliest youth aspir'd to dwell,
 And sought your visions in each pensive cell;
 Give me, oh! give me purer air to breathe,
 In haunts where poet never cull'd a wreath;
 Bid new-form'd images before me roll,
 And stream the fair ideas on my soul.
 Or if, like Philip's son, I sigh in vain
 For some new world's yet unexplor'd domain,
 Like him, then let me make the old my own,
 Its manners view, and leave no tract unknown.
 Chief let the band, who warm'd a happier age,
 Who strung the lyre, or gave th' historic page;
 Let them, Oh! let them teach their sacred lore,
 And of fair wisdom open all their store;

At

At morn, at eve the rapture still impart,
 And touch with finer sentiment the heart;
 Embellish virtue, give the lash to crimes,
 And be the moralists of after-times!
 Illustrious race! if e'er I court the Muse,
 Some heav'nly portion of yourselves infuse;
 Nor let the flow'rs, which at your shrine I gain,
 Transplanted die, and curse my barren brain;
 But round my brow, ye sons of lasting praise!
 With modern ivy twine one sprig of bays.

Old Homer thus could Maro's breast inspire,
 And thus Menander his own Terence fire.
 Moliere himself, the great Moliere, whose view
 Unmask'd each object, and look'd nature thro',
 To Plautus' palette could his colours owe,
 And bid with Roman tints his canvass glow;
 Seize the true comic, each diverting whim,
 And Spain and Italy both wrote for him.
 On ancient columns Johnson rear'd his name;
 On borrow'd wings ev'n Shakspeare soar'd to fame.
 The manly Wycherley lov'd foreign lays,
 And Steel and Vanbrugh travell'd for their bays.
 On their example will I rest my cause,
 Tho' niggard envy still withhold applause.
 Yes, while I live, it is my settled plan,
 Whate'er I read, to profit all I can,
 Tho' dulness sons conjoin'd—friend, learn to fear
 (The voice of prudence whispers in my ear)

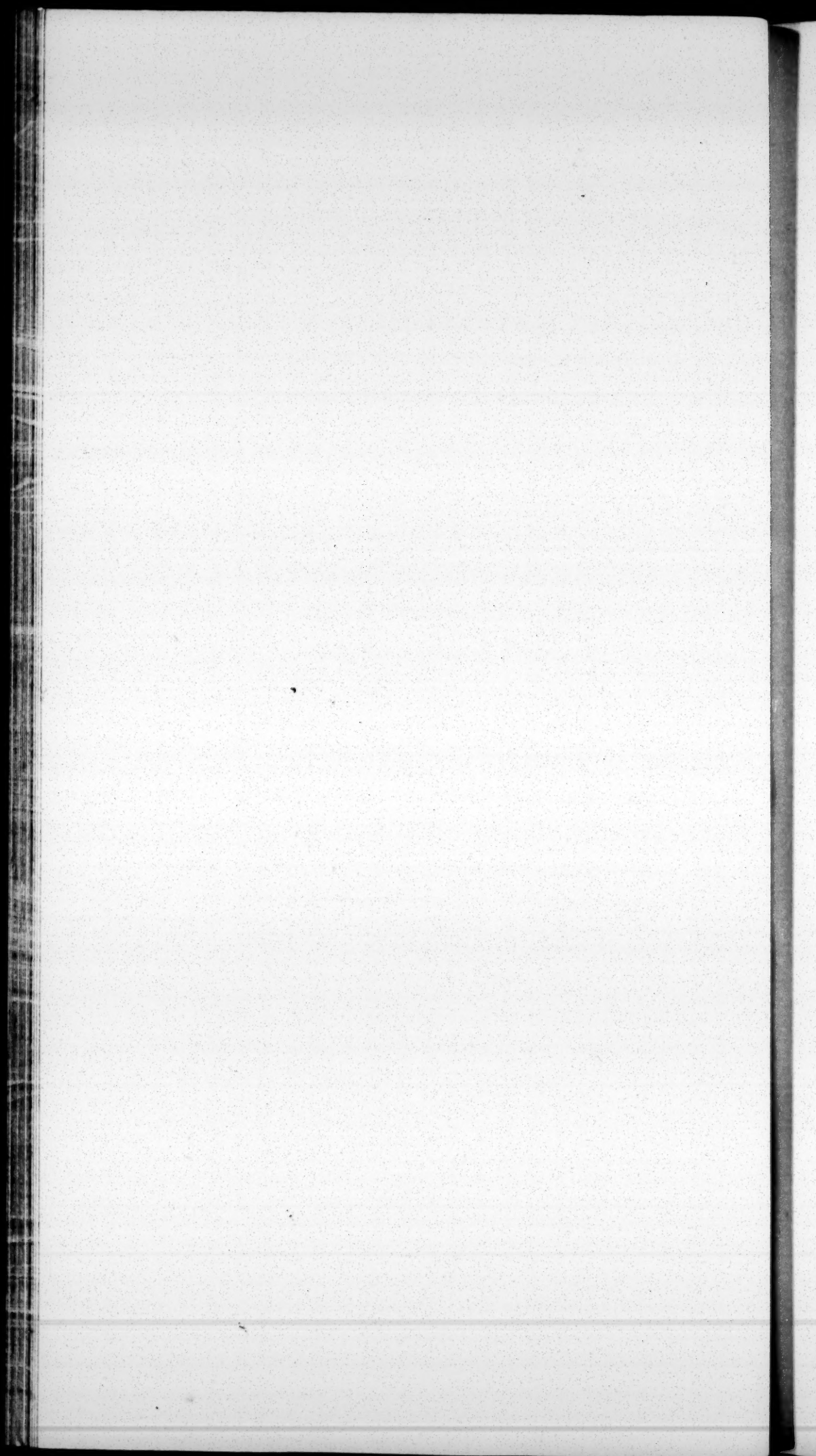
38 THE EXPOSTULATION,

Why dulness sons for ever?—let the men
 Just bubble up, and then sink down agen;
 Sooth 'em with flatt'ry; to oppose is vain:
 With all my heart, I'll sing another strain;
Bob Lloyd in fable equals *La Fontain*;
Colman, the comic Muse is yours entire;
 And *Juvenal* must yield to *Churchill's* fire;
Purdon and *Thrush*, and *Pottinger* and *Say*,
 The weekly lie, the scandal of the day,
 The lurking foe,—Bravo, my Mind! proceed;
 'Tis wond'rous well!—Bravissimo, indeed!
 But can'st thou sooth them with this artful style?
 'Tis deep malignity beneath a smile.
 This praise that damns will make 'em chafe the
 more:

Heav'ns! how they now will fret, and rave and roar!
 Hard is, at best, the fate of all who choose
 For idle fame to meditate the Muse;
 Tapers light up to lend mankind a ray,
 And unregarded waste themselves away.
 Round you more various ills in ambush wait,
 For you must add severity to fate.
 Lo! from the Printing-house one darts his pen,
 And vomits smoke, like *Cacus*, from his den.
St. James's Chronicle alarms the town,
 And in four columns scandal marches down:
 Scandal, you say, soon drops its languid head:
 At morn it flutters, and at eve 'tis dead.

For

For boys at school it helps to vamp a kite,
Or else emblazes some rejoicing night.
To the tale whisper'd, or the printed lie,
A life well acted, is a dread reply.
To all the harm a jealous wit can mean,
A piece well written is the worst of spleen.
It is, my Mind; then let it be your rule,
To smile contempt on ev'ry scribbling fool.
What, smile in silence, and with patience bear
Fierce slander's tongue, and envy's livid glare?
No; from the lash be ev'ry witling fore,
As for their malice witches died of yore.
Alas! alas! all Grub-street in a rage,
Will lay its harpy claws upon your page;
Your name each angry bard will still pursue:
What can the bravoës of Parnassus do?
What should I fear?—an evidence suborn'd,
And ev'ry mischief from a poet scorn'd;
Who can—what can he?—hush!—speak out—
again!
Be prudent, friend, or fairly drop your pen.



P R O L O G U E S,

E P I L O G U E S, &c.

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P R O L O G U E

T O T H E

E A R L O F E S S E X ;

A

T R A G E D Y

Written by HENRY BROOKE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF GUSTAVUS VASA.

Spoken by Mr. SHERIDAN.

WHENE'ER the brave, the generous, and just,
 Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust ;
 The Tragic Muse attends the mournful herse,
 And pays her tribute of immortal verse :
 Inspir'd by noble deeds she seeks the plain,
 In honour's cause where mighty chiefs are slain ;
 And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
 And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.

Nor thus content ; she visits Death's cold womb,
 Bursting the carments of the marble tomb,
 " To cast him up again ! " — to bid him live,
 And to the scene the bright example give.
 Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
 Reviving from the sacred dust of years.

Nor deem it much, that we retrace to night
 A tale, to which you've listen'd with delight.
 How oft, of yore, to learned Athens eyes
 Did new Electras and new Phædras rise?
 In France how many Theban Monarchs groan
 For Laius blood, and incest not their own?
 When there new Iphigenias heave the sigh,
 Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.
 On the same theme though rival wits appear,
 The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.

And if soft pity pours her plenteous store
 For fabled kings, and empires now no more;
 Much more should you,—from Freedom's gen'rous
 plan
 Who still inherit all the rights of man;
 Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow,
 For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;
 Much more a British story should impart
 The warmest feelings to each British heart.

Our Bard you know :—you've felt his sacred rage,
 Proscrib'd by pow'r,* yet glowing in his page :
 Crown'd with your praise this night let Effex shine,
 And pay Gustavus for each golden line.

* Gustavus Vasa, a Tragedy, soon after the Licensing Act,
 prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

T R A G E D Y

O F

Z O B E I D E,

Written by J. CRADDOCK, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. Y A T E S.

WELL fare the man, peace to his gentle shade,
 The Bard, who first made Epilogues a trade!
 Without that art, design'd from ev'ry face
 With wit and mirth fair virtue's tear to chase,
 Heav'ns ! what a life each actress must pursue !
 To weep and rave is all she'd have to do !
 Night after night, with warring passions fore,
 " To fret her hour, and then be heard no more."

Now, after blood, and death in ev'ry play,
 We come again, to laugh it all away ;
 Rally the pit ; set belles and beaux at odds,
 And prove a smart freethinker to the gods ; (*the*
upper gallery)

Chat

46 PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

Chat in familiar strain; the boxes maul:
An Epilogue, like gaming, levels all.

Not ev'n our Bayes within must hope to be
Free from the lash:—his play he writ for me;
And, in return, my gratitude you'll see.

Why ramble with Voltaire to Eastern climes,
To Scythian laws, and rude, unpolish'd times?
Change but the names, his tragedy, at best,
Slides into comedy, and turns to jest.

As thus: a statesman, old, and out of place,
Sour, discontented, malice in his face!
(In these blest days we but suppose the case)
Flies from St. James's to his own estate,
To chew the wisdom of each past debate;
How in the house he made a glorious stir,
With "Sir, I move"—and, "Mr. Speaker,—Sir!"
Zobeide's his daughter:—Oh, for her farewell
The town, and all that charms a modern belle!
Almacks farewell!—farewell the masquerade!
Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enchanting shade!
Squire Groom makes love: rich? Yes; a vast do-
main;
Well-bred?—The savage Scythian of the plain!
The match is fix'd; deeds sign'd; the knot is tied;
Down comes my Lord in all his pomp and pride.
"And will my angel choose this rustic plan?"
"Oh! cuckold him by all means; I'm your man."

Now

Now mark our author's ignorance of life :
 What, not elope ?—is that a modish wife ?
 Poor fool, she doubts ; says, no ; her husband dies ;
 Now stab yourself, says Bayes ; but Nature cries,
 How ! stab yourself ! for what ? For vain renown ?
 John, put the horses to, and drive to Town.
 That were true taste, life ! manners ! painted high !
 But our Bard makes,—to moisten ev'ry eye,
 A widow with a prince refuse to fly.

Yet, after all, excuse him, ladies, pray ;
 For sure there is some nature in his play.
 He's modest now ; but if no censure blight
 A first attempt, he'll soar a nobler flight.
 Drop one kind tear ; give him that slender token,
 And hither come, till the Pantheon open.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY

ON HER BENEFIT-NIGHT, MARCH 1772,

IN THE CHARACTER OF SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

WHERE are my fellows?—Hey! La Fleur;
my page?

Send my coach round; I'll walk across the stage.

But nine o'clock!—at this hour whither fly?

To kill the time what gay expedient try?

Ladies, your pow'r though lawless man denies,
This night presents the triumph of your eyes.
The wild to conquer still is beauty's lot;
Behold your beau fast in the marriage-knot!
I'm fairly caught:—yet how to train a wife,
And fix the fleeting joys of wedded life?
Since first Sir Harry's shoulder-knot was seen,
London is chang'd, and grown another scene.
New manners reign; ev'n love itself must yield,
And to Demoivre's chances quit the field.
The urchin Cupid feels the gambling vice;
Lays by his dart, and shakes the box and dice.
Amongst the gay, Avarice has rais'd her throne,
And youth now burns with passions not it's own.

Far,

Far, far from me such cares, and still be mine
 The joys of gen'rous love, and gen'rous wine.
 In France all rhyme, dance, sing; their swords they
 draw,
 And though they're slaves, they're slaves to Nature's
 law.

Love is their Grand Monarque: him all obey;
 The fair command; the young their homage pay.
 Hibernia's sons, abroad oblig'd to roam
 To seek that bread, they must not earn at home,
 Address the fair, "all seasons and all weather,
 "Oh, as if heav'n and earth, my dear, were come
 "together!"

They love; they fight; the sword ends all debate;—
 But still in honour;—nothing done in hate.

"Parry this:" one falls; the victor droops his head;

"Ah! spake, Sir Callaghan, if you are dead."

Sir Callaghan looks up with rueful face,

"Not dead, my friend, but speechless; that's my
 case."

"Yafs, they are brave, and well become the field,"

Cries the North Briton, "yet we do no yield;

"The Campbells, and Monroes are bonny cheeld."

A Frenchman's angry: "diable, pourquoi ça?"

Lets day light through you—"ah! pardonnezmoi."

Thus men and manners travellers may see;

And better far than in one spot to be,

"I'll lay you two to four, and five to three."

So *a l'honneur* ; my page ! yet e'er I go,
 No more Sir Harry kissing the Pope's toe,
 Plain Mrs. Barry begs a word or so.

To win your favour ev'ry shape I try ;
 'Tis that which makes my best ambition sigh ;
 For that I hazard, in the varied scene,
 Euphrasia's dagger, and Sir Harry's mien :
 If he obtain a smile, and she a tear,
 Each wish is crown'd ; my Jubilee is here.

P R O L O G U E
 T O
 B R A G A N Z A
 A
 T R A G E D Y,

By ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHILE in these days of sentiment and grace
 Poor Comedy in tears resigns her place,
 And smit with Novels, full of maxims crude,
 She, that was frolic once, now turns a prude ;
 To her great end the Tragic Muse aspires,
 At Athens born, and faithful to her fires.

The comic sister in hysteric fit,
 You'd swear, has lost all memory of wit.
 Folly for her may now exult on high ;
 Feather'd by Ridicule no arrows fly,
 But if you are absurd,—she's sure to cry.
 She that could jig, and nickname all Heav'n's crea-
 tures,

With sorrows not her own deforms her features,
 With stale reflections keeps a constant pother ;
 Greece gave her one face, and she makes another.
 So very pious, and so full of woe,
 You well may bid her, "to a nunnery go."

Not so Melpomene: to Nature true,
 She holds her own great principle in view.
 She from the first, when men her pow'r confess,
 When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast;
 She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
 The stage the great tribunal of mankind.

Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
 Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
 Who in base times a life of glory led,
 And for their country who have toil'd or bled;
 Hither they come; again they breathe, they live,
 And virtue's meed through ev'ry age receive.

Hither the murd'rer comes, with haggard mien!
 And the fiend Conscience hunts him o'er the scene.
 None are exempted, all must re-appear,
 And ev'n Kings attend for judgment here;
 Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
 Is a scene furnish'd to the Tragic Muse.

Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
 And while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
 Oh! when, resuming all her native rage,
 Shall her true energy alarm the stage?

This night a bard—(our hopes may rise too high,
 'Tis your's to judge; 'tis yours the cause to try)
 This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
 Once more, we hope, will rouse the gen'rous flame.

His

His no French play, tame, polish'd, dull by rule ;
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakespeare's
school.

Inspir'd by him, he shews, in glaring light,
A nation struggling with tyrannic might ;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides,
A bold conspiracy, which virtue guides ;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow ;
A tablet of honour, guilt, and woe.
If on his canvass Nature's colours shine,
You'll praise the hand, that trac'd the just design.

E P I L O G U E
 TO THE
 S I E G E O F S I N O P E,
 A
 T R A G E D Y

By Mrs. B R O O K E.

Spoken by Mrs Y A T E S.

IN all this bustle, rage, and tragic roar,
 Which some wits here politely call a *bore*,
 Have I not wept, and rav'd, and tore my hair,
 Till some I forc'd to weep, and some to stare?
 Yet now I must, by custom to divert you,
 Tell what I think of this heroic virtue.
 Mirth has increas'd, when tragedies are finish'd,
 Increases still, and must not be diminish'd.
 Alarm'd your passions tho' our play may keep,
 Behind the curtain you must have a peep.
 Tho' bright the tragic character appear,
 Our private foibles you delight to hear.
 In life's great drama the same rule we find:
 When, on that stage, the patron of mankind
 Performs his part, the public virtues strike;
 But 'tis the secret anecdote we like.

If there a Patriot rave with furious might,
 And love his country, out of downright spite ;
 It passes for a copy of his face ;
 Has he not been at Court to beg a Place ?
 When some bright Orator his country's cause
 Sustains, and talks of liberty and laws,
 Hear, hear, all cry ; in attitude he stands,
 Sprawling his feet, and stretching forth his hands :
 " In this petition, Sir ! the nation begs ;
 " And, Mr. Speaker ! while I'm upon my legs ;
 " And, Sir—our ancestors—and whig and tory ;
 " And, Sir—the laws ;—and, Sir—Great Britain's
 glory !"

All gaze ; all wonder ; such amazing powers !
 But how does he employ his private hours ?
 The nation sav'd, he hurries, in a trice,
 To shake the box, and be undone at dice ;
 Or tir'd of party, sinks into a place,
 And with a RIBBAND covers his disgrace.
 Some Politicians figure in debate,
 Then snore, to shew the quiet of the State.
 Your Hollanders, when treachery is ripe,
 Break every treaty, and can smoke their pipe.
 If by remonstrances you try to mend them,
 Mynheer smokes on—" 'tis all *ad referendum*."
 We storm upon the stage th' impassion'd breast,
 Then come, and turn all sympathy to jest.

And yet, shall flippant mirth, and giddy joy,
 The best impressions of the heart destroy ?

56 PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

'Tis yours, ye fair, to quell our Author's fear ;
A Female Poet draws the tender tear.
True to her sex, she copies from the life
The Mother, Daughter, and the faithful Wife.
Let her this night your kind protection gain :
The Critic then will parody in vain.
And let fair Virtue, ere she quit the age,
Here pause awhile, and linger on the stage.

E P I L O G U E

T O T H E

R O Y A L S U P P L I A N T S,

A

T R A G E D Y

By the Rev. DOCTOR DELAP:

Spoken by Mrs. B A R R Y.

WELL, these heroic times,—(I scarce can speak)
 These ancient fables borrow'd from the Greek
 Are all so full of horror, rage, and death,
 So violent! they take away ones breath.
 Let me recover, pray:—this tragic strife
 Night after night, leads one a weary life.

Through what variety of folks long dead,
 Through what strange times, and beings are we led?
 Now a fond daughter trembling for her fire,
 Now PHÆDRA burning with unlawful fire:
 Now a FAIR PENITENT my lungs I crack,
 Now Desdemona, smother'd by a black!
 To take these various shapes, and fill the whole,
 An actress needs a transmigrating soul.

This

58 PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

This night, you'll own, I've had full cause to
mourn,

A chief renown'd from my embraces torn !
Well might she weep, and hang her pensive head,
From whose fond arms fam'd HERCULES is fled.
The air with griefs a widow well might load ;
Oh ! such a husband can these times afford ?
With bright renown he fill'd the Eastern climes,
And differ'd, ladies, from these modern times.
Yet in one thing, which hist'ry wont disguise,
Tho' brave, heroic, generous, and wise,
The hero tam'd, aside his club could throw,
Chain'd to the distaff, like a modern beau.

And yet, ye beaux, think not in these light rhymes
From you we'll draw the colour of the times.
Ev'n at this hour, in these degen'rate days
Heroic virtue still can merit praise.
Survey the globe, where'er our navy rides,
Still British valour in each breast presides.
When round the ship, by dire disastrous chance,
Devouring flames on ev'ry side advance ;
No succour near ! when in each swelling breeze
Destruction rushing on the sailor sees ;
Lo ! on the anchor where the hero * lies,
With look serene, and still the foe defies !

* Captain Farmer, Commander of the Quebec, who fought a French ship of war off Ushant for upwards of three hours, and in the moment of victory, his ship accidentally taking fire, perished in the manner here described.

He

He views the flame ; he views the brawling wave ;
Then sinks, undaunted sinks, in glory's grave.

May worth like his each gen'rous breast inspire,
And kindle through the land our ancient fire ;
For nought, as Shakespeare sings, " can make us
rue,
" If England to herself will prove but true."

P R O L O G U E

FOR THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF

MISS B R U N T O N,

At the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, on Monday, October
the 17th, 1785.

Spoken by Mr. HOLMAN.

THE Tragic Muse long saw the British stage
Melt with her tears, and kindle with her rage:
She saw her scene with various passions glow,
The Tyrant's downfall, and the Lover's woe.

'Twas then her GARRICK—at that well known
name

Remembrance wakes, and gives him all his fame.
Then GARRICK came, and with him came each night
True comic mirth, or tears that gave delight.
To him great Nature open'd Shakespeare's store:
“ Here learn (she said) here learn the sacred lore.
“ His fancy realiz'd the bard shall see,
“ And his best commentator breathe in thee.”
She spoke: his magic talents Roscius tried:
Then HAMLET moraliz'd, and RICHARD died.

The

The dagger gleam'd before the murd'rer's eye,
And for old LEAR each bosom heav'd a sigh.
Then ROMEO drew the sympathetic tear :
With him and CIBBER love lay bleeding here.

Enchanting CIBBER ! from that warbling throat
No more pale sorrow pours the liquid note.
Her voice suppress'd, and GARRICK's genius fled,
MELPOMENE declin'd her drooping head :
She mourn'd her loss ; then fled to Western skies,
And saw at Bath another genius rise.
She saw her SIDDONS ; saw her pow'rful art,
Born to command, to seize, to melt the heart ;
To rival ancient fame, and reach the goal,
With notes that charm, with eyes that look the soul !
Old Drury's scene the Goddess bade her choose :
The Actress heard, and came, " herself a Muse."

From the same nursery this night appears
Another warbler, yet of tender years.
As a young bird, as yet unus'd to fly
On wings expanded through the liquid sky,
With doubt and fear its first excursion tries,
" And shivers ev'ry feather with surprize ;"
So comes our chorister :—the Summer ray
Around her nest call'd forth a short essay.
Now flutt'ring, ling'ring, on the brink she sees
This unknown clime, nor dares to trust the breeze,
But

62 PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

But here no unfledg'd wing was ever crush'd :
Be each rude blast within its cavern hush'd !
Soft swelling gales may waft her on her way,
Till eagle-like, she views the fount of day.
She then may dauntless soar : her tuneful voice
May please each ear, and bid the grove rejoice.

T O

Mrs. B A R R Y,

With the printed Copy of the

G R E C I A N D A U G H T E R.

ENchanting genius! Siren of the age!
 O form'd to animate a drooping stage!
 Blest in thy talents, matchless in thy art!
 Delightful tyrant of the feeling heart!
 This Play be thine, accept the Poet's praise,
 And still endure the scenes you help'd to raise.

Britain and France shall now the laurel share;
 Thou *Clairon* here, and she a *Barry* there.
 Proceed, great Actress! friend of every Muse!
 The Nine without thee half their rapture lose.
 Fair Virtue's image they can only trace;
 Thou giv'st her form, her harmony, and grace.
 In human shape (what Plato wish'd to see)
 She walks the stage; she breathes, she charms in thee.
 Proceed each night to draw the tender tear,
 Please ev'ry eye, and ravish ev'ry ear.
 Nor let the pride of a too selfish age
 Damp with unhallow'd sounds thy native rage.
 Ah! let not surly wealth thy art degrade,
 And genuine rapture call a mimic trade.

Thine

64 PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES, &c.

Thine is the art, which Tully priz'd of yore,
Himself instructed by theatric lore :
Thine is the art Demosthenes admir'd,
Th' Athenian State when his bold action fir'd ;
Aloft, like thine, when his extended hand
Appall'd the proud oppressors of the land ;
And, nerv'd by feelings equal to thy own,
Made haughty Philip tremble on his throne.

Go, fair Enthusiast ! with thy magic skill
Mould the obedient passions to thy will :
The passions, pliant to thy sov'reign sway,
Alternate rise, blend, mix, and melt away.
Shew how Euphrasia, of affections mild,
Doats on her fire, her husband, and her child.
Sweet fall the accents—oh ! let stillness reign,
While the soft warbler pours the plaintive strain !
Sweet fall the accents, meek as ev'ry grace
That decks that form, and beams around thy face.
Then rising higher, urg'd by Nature's laws,
Brave ev'ry danger in a father's cause ;
With pilgrim-feet ascend the craggy steep ;
There might the night-bird listen as you weep.
Thence to the tyrant wing thy rapid way,
And shake his soul with horror and dismay.
Alarm'd, distracted, wild with madd'ning fears,
“ Amaze the faculties of eyes and ears.”
To vengeance rous'd, charming in terror shine,
And bid ev'n Brutus' dagger envy thine.

Lovely

Lovely affassin !—hark !—with loud acclaim
 Consenting theatres attest thy fame ;
 Delighted hear thee, with true genius fraught,
 Give weight to words, and energy to thought.
 Wak'd by thy voice to life each Muse shall spring :
 “ What Muse for Barry can refuse to sing ? ”
 Whitehead once more shall form the just design,
 And tune the note, almost as sweet as thine.
 Glover shall open his poetic store,
 And his lov'd chorus meditate no more.
 Then shall new Rowes, new Southern, Otways
 rise ;
 A Shakespear comes but once from the indulgent
 skies.
 These scenes no longer shall attract thy eye,
 Poor lost Euphrasia thrown neglected by !
 A female Garrick Britain's stage shall see,
 And ev'n the Bard owe half his fame to thee.

Lincoln's-Inn,
 May 22, 1772.

G

M

THE
GAME OF CHESS,
A
POEM,

TRANSLATED FROM THE
SCACCHIA, LUDUS
OF
MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA.

—Angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.

VIRG.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

OF the original poem, which is here presented in an English dress, it were superfluous to say, that from the time of Leo X. it has been admired by all persons of a just taste. It was this performance that first recommended the Author to the patronage of the great, and raised him, afterwards, to the bishoprick of Alba. The art of ennobling trifles, and almost out of nothing raising a succession of beautiful images, is here displayed with a wonderful felicity. HOMER, in his battle of *the frogs and mice*, led the way; but it may be doubted, whether VIDA has not surpassed his master. In the former we see the passions of human nature assigned to irrational animals; VIDA has given the same to inanimate objects, and that vein of fancy, which runs the whole, is, perhaps, a step beyond the great poet of antiquity. In perusing VIDA's performance, the Reader may recollect a remark of Mr. Pope's, as sensible as it is elegant. "I believe, says that admirable author, "it will be found a just "observation, that the low actions of life cannot "be put into a figurative style, without being "RIDICULOUS; but things natural can. Metaphors "raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the "*Georgicks*; but throw the former into ridicule, as

“ in the *Lutrin*. I think this may well be accounted
 “ for. Laughter implies censure: Inanimate and
 “ irrational beings are not objects of censure, and
 “ therefore may be elevated, as much as you please,
 “ and no ridicule follows. But where rational beings
 “ are represented above their real character, it be-
 “ comes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in
 “ morality. The *Bees* in Virgil (were they rational
 “ beings,) would be ridiculous, by having their
 “ manners and actions represented on a level with
 “ creatures so superior as men; since it would im-
 “ ply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of
 “ ridicule.” Of this fine observation VIDA seems
 to have known the full extent. He has given to a
 Game of Chess all the grandeur of a battle in
 Homer or Virgil; and he has, withal, found the
 art of interesting the reader in the fate of his war-
 riors. The beautiful embellishments, which Mr.
 Pope derived from this poem, in the description of a
 game at cards, in the *Rape of the Lock*, will occur to
 every body.

For translating so ingenious a piece, the present
 writer, after saying that it is the production of his
 earliest years, will make no apology. He thinks it
 necessary to add, that the names of the chess men,
 in Vida's Poem, do not correspond with those now
 in use. What PHILLIDORE calls BISHOPS, KNIGHTS,
 ROOKS or CASTLES, and PAWNS, the language
 of poetry has entitled ARCHERS, CAVALRY, ELE-
 PHANTS,

PHANTS, and INFANTRY. Whether the latter were the original names in vogue, or were introduced by *Vida*, to give to his piece the graces of a more animated and poetic diction, is a point left to the Antiquarians, and to that race of men, who throw round every Author, however elegant or pathetic, the mist of their own dullness, and call themselves Commentators.

ARGUMENT of the First Canto.

THE subject proposed: a ludicrous war between two imaginary nations. The Kings contend for Glory. Invocation to the Nymphs of the river Serio. The difficulty of treating poetically so uncommon a subject. Origin of the Game of Chés: Neptune's Marriage: Jupiter with the other Deities attends the Nuptial Feast: Neptune, after dinner, to amuse the Company, produces a Chés Board. Description of a Chés Board. Neptune makes a speech: He produces the Chés Men. Description of the Men; their number; their colour, and their several functions. The two armies are drawn up in order of battle. The several stations of the combatants assigned. The Kings, the Queens, the Archers, the Cavalry, the Elephants, and the Infantry are all described. A simile. The laws of war are explained, and the various movements of the combatants set forth with precision. Jupiter recollects the consequences of party and faction among the Gods, and how Olympus had been shaken by the animosity of the leaders. He enjoins a strict neutrality. Apollo and Mercury are appointed to play the Game. The choice of their different sides is left to themselves, and to excite their ardor, ample gifts are promised as a reward to the Victor.

T H E

G A M E O F C H E S S.

C A N T O I.

FAntastic scenes of mimic war I sing,
 Contending heroes, and a routed king ;
 How two mock realms, their glory to maintain,
 Marshall their squadrons on the chequer'd plain :
 Ye blue-ey'd Nymphs, that haunt the flow'ry meads,
 Where his soft stream the silver SERIO leads,
 And knit in dance along the margin green,
 Charm with melodious airs the sylvan scene ;
 Celestial maids attend ; the theme display,
 The mighty theme, unknown to poets lay.

Hard

LUDIMUS effigiem belli, simulataque veris
 Prælia, buxo acies fictas, & ludicra regna :
 Ut gemini inter se reges, albusque nigerque,
 Pro laude oppositi, certent bicoloribus armis.
 Dicite, Seriaes Nymphæ, certamina tanta,
 Carminibus prorsus vaturn illibata priorum.

Nulla

74 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Hard is the task, and yet, inspir'd by fame,
And youthful ardour of poetic flame,
I mount aloft, unbeaten paths explore,
And range thro' wilds beyond the Muses lore.
The rather, Virgins, guide your bard along,
Through all the mazes of the mystic song;
From you Ausonia learn'd these wars to wage,
Pleas'd with the mockery of martial rage;
To you a sister told the wond'rous tale,
And what she taught shall over time prevail.

Old Ocean burn'd of yore with warm desire,
Not all his sea could quench the am'rous fire:
The nymph he wo'd, and to his arms for life
At length receiv'd a constant virtuous wife.

Fair

Nulla via est: tamen ire juvat, quò me rapit ardor,
Inviaque audaci propero tentare juvena.
Vos per inaccessas rupes, & inhospita euntem
Saxa, Deæ, regite, ac secretum ostendite callem.
Vos hujus ludi in primis meminisse necesse est:
Vos primæ studia hæc Italæ monstrâstis in oris,
Scacchidis egregæ monumentum insigne sororis.

Jupiter Æthiopum sedes, & Memnonis arva
Iverat, Oceani mensas dignatus amici,
Qui sibi tum optatis junxit Tellurem hymenæis.
Affuit unâ omnis Superûm chorus: omnia festo
Æquoris immensi resonabant littora plausu.
Ut dapibus compressa fames, mensæque remotæ,
Quò Superûm mentes ludo mulceret inani,

Fair Amphitrite her name: to grace the feast,
 Jove deign'd to visit him, an humble guest.
 Adown he march'd to Ethiopia's plain;
 The lesser deities attend his train.
 With genial mirth the sprightly jest went round;
 With genial mirth the wide-stretch'd shores resound.
 Soon as the banquet ceas'd, the hours to kill,
 The bride-groom meditates with eager skill.
 A board he brings, whose well contrasted die
 Presents a chequer'd object to the eye.
 Sixty and four small squares, in equal rows,
 Rank'd eight by eight, a larger square compose;
 Of equal size each small quadrangle's seen,
 But colours differing variegate the scene;
 A milky white succeeds to jetty black,
 Like tints that vary on the tortoise back.

Then

Oceanus tabulam afferri jubet interpictam.
 Sexaginta insunt & quatuor ordine sedes
 Octono; parte ex omni, via limite quadrat
 Ordinibus paribus; necnon forma omnibus una
 Sedibus, æquale & spatium, sed non color unus:
 Alternant semper variæ, fubeuntque vicissim
 Albentes nigris; testudo picta supernè
 Qualia devexo gestat discrimina tergo.
 Tum Superis tacitè secum mirantibus inquit;
 Marti aptam sedem, ludicraque castra videtis:
 Hoc campo adversas acies spectare licebit
 Oppositis signis belli simulacra ciere;
 Quæ quondam sub aquis gaudent spectacula tueri
 Nereides, vastique omnis gens accola ponti;
 Siquando

76 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Then Ocean thus : th' attentive Gods give ear :

“ Behold the seat of desolation drear ;

“ The hostile field, where oft with dire alarms

“ Contending nations meet in adverse arms.

“ The war's whole art, if e'er the watry plains

“ In calms subside, and grateful stillness reigns,

“ In their cool grots the Nereids pleas'd survey,

“ While unperceiv'd the minutes glide away.”

He said, and streight from his inverted urn

Th' imprison'd heroes on the table turn.

Touch'd into human shape by th' artist's hand,

Frowning in imitative box they stand ;

They seem to think, and emulous of life,

Look stern defiance, and demand the strife.

Sup-

Siquando placidum mare, & humida regna quiêrunt.
En verò simulata adfunt qui prœlia ludant.

Sic ait ; & versa in tabulam deprompsit ab urna
Arte laboratam buxum, simulataque nostris
Corpora, torno acies fictas, albasque, nigrasque ;
Agmina bina pari numeroque, & viribus æquis ;
Bis nivea cum veste octo, totidemque nigranti.
Ut variæ facies, pariter sunt & sua cuique
Nomina, diversum munus, non æqua potestas.
Illic & reges paribus capita alta coronis,
Et regum pariter nuptas in bella paratas,
Cernere erat : sunt qui pedibus certamina inire
Sueti ; sunt & equis qui malint, quique sagittis ;
Nec deest quæ ferat armatas in prœlia turres

Bellua;

THE GAME OF CHESS. 77

Superior strength on neither side they boast :
 But sixteen combatants in either host.
 Here the white troops their glitt'ring falchions wield ;
 There the black legions darken all the field.
 By diff'rent paths they urge their way to fame,
 Nor differ more in feature than in name.

In regal state two Monarchs first appear ;
 With these their Queens rush on devoid of fear.
 On foot some boldly to th' attack advance,
 And some on horseback shake the glitt'ring lance.
 Amidst the charging hosts some boast the art
 From the bent bow to aim the missive dart.
 Ev'n elephants attend the martial train,
 Add horror to the war, and tow'r along the plain.

And

Bellua ; utrinque Indos credas spectare elephantés.
 Jamque aciem in versum statuunt, structæque
 cohortes
 Procedunt campo, castrisque locantur utrisque.
 Linea principio sublimes ultima reges
 Parte utraque capit, quartis in sedibus ambos
 Tractu eodem adversos inter se ; sex tamen æquis
 In medio fedes spatii hinc inde relictæ :
 Sede albus sese nigra tenet, ater in alba.
 Proxima reginas capit orbita : regibus ambæ
 Hærent, quæque suo, dextrum latus altera, lævum
 Altera lege datis tangunt stationibus ; atrumque
 Atra tenet campum, spatio stat candida in albo,
 Et proprium servant prima statione colorem.

Inde

78 THE GAME OF CHESS.

And now from either camp in just array
 Pour fourth the nations eager for the fray.
 Deep in the rear, far as the utmost line,
 From danger safe the wary Monarchs shine.
 On the fourth tract, six squares between, they stand;
 The Moor on white, the foe on fable land.

Not so the Queens: to please the female mind,
 Congenial colours are to these assign'd;
 With their complexions such as just agree,
 And woman's vanity ev'n here we see.
 Around their Lords with anxious care they cling,
 One leads the right, and one the adverse wing.

Next two white archers boldly take their post;
 An equal number joins the fable host;

Intrepid

Inde sagittiferi juvenes de gente nigranti
 Stant gemini, totidem pariter candore nivali;
 Nomen Areiphilos Graii fecere vocantes,
 Quòd Marti ante alios cari fera bella laceffant.
 Continuò hos inter rex, necnon regia conjux
 Clauduntur medii: duo dehinc utrinque corusci
 Auratis equites sagulis, cristisque decori,
 Cornipides in aperta parant certamina Martis.
 Tum geminæ, velut extremis in cornibus arces,
 Hinc atque hinc altis stant propugnacula muris,
 Quas dorso immanes gestant in bella elephantii.
 Postremò subeunt octo hinc atque inde secundis
 Ordinibus pedites, castrisque armantur utrisque,
 Armigeri partim regis, partimque ministræ

Virginis

THE GAME OF CHESS. 79

Intrepid warriors all! to danger train'd,
 And fam'd for laurels in the combat gain'd;
 Hence sons of war to Grecian sages known,
 And dear to Mars, the God inspires his own.
 Next to their sov'reigns plac'd, they bend the bow,
 Their country's pride, and terror of the foe.

The troopers next in radiant vest appear,
 Their haughty crests high curling in the air;
 Two on each side bound o'er the chequer'd board,
 And brave the fury of the slaught'ring sword.

In either wing, far as the verge o'th' field,
 The warlike elephants their castles wield.
 Amidst the ranks they move in martial state,
 And the earth labours with the cumbrous weight.

Next

Virginis armifonæ, qui prima pericula belli,
 Congressusque ineant primos, pugnamque laceffant.
 Non aliter campis legio se buxea utrinque
 Composuit duplici digestis ordine turmis,
 Adversisque ambæ fulsere coloribus alæ,
 Quàm Gallorum acies, Alpino frigore lactea
 Corpora, si tendant albis in prælia signis,
 Auroræ populos contra, & Phaethonte perustos
 Infano Æthiopas, & nigri Memnonis alas.

Tum pater Oceanus rursus sic ore locutus:
 Cœlicolæ, jam quænam acies, quæ castra, videtis:
Discite

80 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Next eight foot combatants their strength combine,
 And form their phalanx on the second line.
 One half the King's own regiment compose,
 And half, a virgin train, their Queens inclose.
 'Tis theirs, 'midst scenes of death, in armour bright
 To march, and foremost to provoke the fight.

As when from Alpine heights the Gaul descends,
 And to the burning zone his progress bends;
 Unfurl'd in air the gilded lilies play,
 White from the snow of many a winter's day;
 Asia's alarm'd through all her wide domain,
 And her black sons come thick'ning o'er the plain.

The troops thus rang'd, again the God proceeds;
 " Now see, immortals, what heroic deeds,

" What

Discite nunc (neque enim sunt hæc sine legibus
 arma)

Certandi leges, nequeant quas tendere contra.

Principio alterni reges in prælia mittunt
 Quem pugnae numero ex omni elegere suorum.
 Si niger arma ferens primus processit in æquor,
 Continuò adversum semper se candidus offert;
 Nec plures licet ire simul, factò agmine, in hostem.
 Propositum cunctis unum, studium omnibus unum,
 Obsessos reges inimicæ claudere gentis,
 Ne quò impunè queant fugere, atque instantia fata

Evitare:

THE GAME OF CHESS. 81

" What wars I promis'd; and what dire alarms,
 " And learn what rules controul each nation's arms.
 " First then the Monarchs, with alternate sway,
 " Detach some chosen hero to the fray;
 " And, if a warrior of the fable host,
 " Straight a white champion issues from his post.
 " Ne'er in whole squadrons are they known t' ad-
 vance,
 " But man by man they brave the hostile lance.
 " One gen'ral aim each private foldier knows;
 " One common purpose in each bosom glows,
 " The adverse Monarch to encompass round,
 " And seize each apt advantage of the ground,
 " To bar his passage: with their Monarch's life
 " The conquer'd nation ends the doubtful strife.

 " But ere to fate the King beleaguer'd yield,
 " An Iliad rises on the chequer'd field.

" O'er

Evitare: etenim capiunt ita prælia finem.
 Haud tamen interea cuneis obstantibus ultro
 Parcunt; sed citiùs quo regem sternere leto
 Desertum evaleant, cædunt ferro obvia passim
 Agmina: rarefcunt hîc illic funere semper
 Utraque castra novo, magis ac magis area belli
 Picturata patet; sternuntque caduntque vicissim.
 Sed cædentem opus est sublato protinus hostis
 Successisse loco, & conatus vindicis alæ
 Sustinuisse semel: mox, si vitaverit ictum,
 Inde referre licet se in tutum præpete planta.

82 THE GAME OF CHESS.

" O'er the wide plain rage, death, and terror fly ;
 " By turns the heroes conquer, or they die.
 " The ranks are thinn'd by the wide wasting sword,
 " And carnage desolates the painted board.
 " Each hapless combatant, that falls in fight,
 " Meets in the hostile camp sepulchral rite ;
 " While the brave youth, who gave the deadly blow,
 " Seizes the station of the slaughter'd foe :
 " There if for once no mortal stroke he meet,
 " The hero then may seek a safe retreat.

" But the foot soldiers, an ignoble race,
 " The laws forbid their footsteps to retrace.
 " The wars whole art against their wily foe,
 " By diff'rent modes, the rival nations shew.
 " In a straight line the infantry advance
 " From square to square, and stand the doubtful
 chance :

" But

At pedites prohibent leges certaminis unus,
 Cum semel exierint, (facilis jactura) reverti.
 Nec verò incessus cunctis bellantibus idem,
 Pugnandive modus : pedites in prælia euntes
 Evaleant unam tantùm transmittere sedem ;
 Inque hostem tendunt adversi, & limite recto.
 Congressu tamen in primo fas longiùs ire,
 Et duplicare gradus concessum : at comminus hostem
 Cùm feriunt, ictum obliquant, & vulnera furtim
 Intentant semper lateri, cavaque ilia cædunt.
 Sed gemini claudunt aciem qui hinc inde elephantia,
 Cùm turres in bella gerunt, ac prælia miscent ;

Recta

" But when to war their first approach they make,
 " A double space they bravely then may take ;
 " And if enrag'd they aim the deathful wound,
 " Sidelong they walk the parti-colour'd ground ;
 " Across the angle of each square they tread,
 " And heap the plain with mountains of the dead.
 " The elephants right onward move, and to and fro
 " Their castles bear against the trembling foe.
 " Far as the limits of the plain you spy,
 " On ev'ry side without controul they fly.
 " O'er all the ranks the ruthless monster bounds ;
 " The groaning earth beneath his hoof resounds.
 " But never angular they move along,
 " With pace unwieldy, thro' th' embattl'd throng.
 " That way the archers scow'r along the field,
 " And bid their arrows pierce the sev'nfold shield.

" On

Recta fronte valent, dextra, lævaque, retroque,
 Ferre aditum contrâ, campumque impunè per omnem
 Proruere, ac totis passim dare funera castris.
 Ne tamen obliquis occultent nixibus ictum ;
 Qui tantùm mos concessus pugnantibus arcu,
 Dilectis Marti ante alios : nam semper uterque
 Fertur in obliquum, spatiis nigrantibus alter,
 Alter candenti semper se limite versat ;
 Directisque ineunt ambo fera bella sagittis.
 Nec variare licet, quamvis fas ire per omnem
 Hinc atque hinc campum, atque omnes percurrere
 fedes.

Insultat sonipes ferus, atque repugnat habenis :

G 2

Nun-

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" On a white line one ever tries his force,
 " Through a black tract the other drives his course.
 " Ne'er from this movement are they known to
 change,
 " But thus impell'd, the paths of war they range.

" The neighing steed, indignant of the rein,
 " Paws and insults the party-colour'd plain.
 " In a straight line the horse ne'er rush to arms,
 " But prance and curvet 'midst the dire alarms;
 " Forming a semicircle, spring with pride
 " Over two squares, and thro' the battle ride;
 " And if on fable land they wait the foe,
 " On a white station next they aim the blow.
 " By these fix'd laws the cavalry is bound,
 " And thus they change the colour of their ground.

" With soul all up in arms, with martial rage
 " Inflam'd, the Queens a dreadful combat wage;
 " From

Nunquam continuo stipata per agmina ductu
 Procurrit: tantum fursum sese arduus effert
 Semper, & in gyrum gressus magno impete lunat
 Curvatos, duplicemque datur transmittere sedem.
 Si nigrante prius campo expectaverit, album
 Mox petere, & sedis semper mutare colorem
 Lex jubet, ac certo semper se sistere saltu.
 At regina, furens animis, pars optima belli,
 In frontem, in terga, ac dextram, laevamque movetur,
 Itque iter obliquum, sed semper tramite recto
 Procedit;

" From right to left, thro' the thick war they fly,
 " And where they rush the vanquish'd legions die.
 " Back on the rear with martial rage they turn,
 " Or in the van with tenfold fury burn.
 " Sometimes obliquely 'cross each square they go ;
 " Nor bound, nor limit doth their courage know ;
 " Through ev'ry path they seek the trembling foe. }
 " Unless some warrior, raging in the fray,
 " Prevent the heroine, and obstruct her way.
 " But o'er the ranks to bound they ne'er prepare ;
 " The cavalry alone thus wage the war.

" In the fierce shock, with less impetuous rage,
 " The scepter'd rulers of each realm engage ;
 " The father of his people each ! on him the fate
 " Of war depends, and glory of the State.

While

Proce^dit ; neque enim curvato insurgere saltu
 Cornipedum de more licet : non terminus olli,
 Nec cursûs meta ulla datur : quocunque libido
 Impulerit, licet ire ; modò ne ex agmine quisquam
 Hostiliæ suove aditus occludat eunti.
 Nulli etenim super educto fas agmina saltu
 Transiliisse : equiti tantùm hæc concessa potestas.
 Cautiùs arma movent gentis regnator uterque,
 In quibus est omnis spes, ac fiducia belli.
 Omnibus, incolumi rege, stat cernere ferro ;
 Sublato, pugna excedunt, & castra relinquunt :
 Ille adeò in bello captus secum omnia vertit.
 Ergo, hærens cunctatur ; eum venerantur, & omnes
 Agmine circumstant denso, mediumque tuentur :

" While he survives, they meet the raging strife,
 " Firm patriots all, and prodigal of life :
 " But if their Monarch fall, in battle slain,
 " They sheath the sword, and, drooping, quit the
 plain.
 " Hence the wise Sov'reign, to the public good
 " Attentive still, preserves his sacred blood.
 " To him his subjects firm allegiance vow ;
 " Him they address ; to him they lowly bow ;
 " Round him they form, and as one man contend
 " Him with their lives and fortunes to defend.
 " Oft to his reign to give a longer date,
 " The self-devoted victims meet their fate ;
 " To save their sov'reign's life they hazard all,
 " And with their country's wishes bravely fall.'
 " The wary Kings ne'er seek the hero's name,
 " Nor rise by purple slaughter into fame.

" The

Utque armis sæpe eripiant, sua corpora bello
 Objiciunt, mortemque optant pro rege pacisci.
 Non illi studium ferendi, aut arma ciendi :
 Se tegere est satis, atque instantia fata cavere.
 Haud tamen obtulerit se quisquam impunè propin-
 quum
 Obvius ; ex omni nam summum parte nocenti
 Jus habet : ille quidem haud procurrare longius
 ausit ;
 Sed postquam auspiciis primis progressus ab aula
 Mutavit fedes proprias, non amplius uno

Ulterius

" The gentler proof of patriot minds they give :
 " 'Tis a King's glory for the State to live.
 " If the foe near him stand, by honour sway'd,
 " He sends him headlong to the Stygian shade ;
 " On ev'ry side inflicts his rage at will ;
 " His high prerogative is sacred still.
 " His first step knows no bound ; that motion o'er,
 " A free career, the laws allow no more ;
 " From square to square with caution he proceeds ;
 " The public weal inspiring all his deeds,
 " Whether unstain'd with blood he walk the plain,
 " Or hurl the foe to Pluto's gloomy reign.

" These are the manners, these their ancient laws ;
 " Now view them warring in the public cause."

Thus Ocean spake : the cloud-compelling Sire
 In his capacious mind revolving how the ire

Of

Ulteriùs fas ire gradu, seu vulneret hostem,
 Seu vim tela ferunt nullam, atque innoxius erret.
 Hic mos certandi, hæc belli antiquissima jura.
 Nunc aciem inter se certantes cernite utramque.

Sic ait : at quoniam, quoties fera bella fatigant
 Mortales, Superi studiis diversa foventes,
 Ipsi etiam inter sese odiis bellantur iniquis,
 Maximaque interdum toto ardent prælia cælo ;
 Jupiter omnipotens folio rex fatus ab alto
 Omnes abstinuisse jubet mortalibus armis ;
 Atque minis, ne quem foveant, perterret acerbis.

Of adverse nations sets all Heav'n in arms,
 Till high Olympus shake with dire alarms,
 The heav'nly Synod from his seat address'd,
 And spoke the thoughts deep rolling in his breast.
 He wills that unimpassion'd all forbear
 To aid the strife, or mingle in the war;
 On ev'ry mind strikes reverential awe,
 And gives his will the sanction of a law.

Then he selects, to guide the mimic fray,
 Unhorn Apollo, and the son of May,
 Fair blooming Mercury: not yet the God
 Had wav'd the wonders of the magic rod;
 Nor yet his golden pinions dar'd to try
 Through worlds and worlds, along the liquid sky;
 Not yet Apollo through the Heav'nly way
 Guided the chariot of the garish day;
 Distinguish'd only by his graceful air,
 The well-stor'd quiver, and the golden hair.
 Jove to their skill commits the martial train,
 And all the labours of the vast campaign;

He

Tum Phœbum vocat intonsum, Atlantisque nepotem,
 Egregium furto peperit quem candida Maia,
 Insignes ambos facie, & florentibus annis.
 Nondum Mercurius levibus talaria plantis
 Addiderat: nondum Titania lumina agebat
 Per liquidum curru gemmato Phœbus Olympum,
 Tantum humeros pharetrâ insignis, & crinibus aureis.

Hos

He adds the pow'r to choofe their diff'rent fides,
As fancy dictates, or as judgment guides;
With bright reward each gen'rous chief inspires,
And their young breasts with love of glory fires.

Hos Pater adverfis solos decernere jussit
Inter fe studiis, & ludicra bella fovere,
Ac partes tutari ambas, quas vellet uterque:
Necnon proposuit victori præmia digna.

He

tem,

n,
reis.
Hos

G

T H E

G A M E O F C H E S S .

C A N T O II.

ARGUMENT of the Second Canto.

THE Gods take their places. Apollo commands the white Army, and Mercury the black. They cast lots for the first move: Apollo begins. A white foldier advances, and is opposed by a black one. Being upon opposite squares, they cannot attack each other. The troops advance on both sides. The black foldier, that first stept from the lines, kills his man, and is slain in his turn. The black King moves to the left wing. The Cavalry, on both sides, come into the engagement. A dreadful slaughter follows. Mercury moves one of his horse to an advantageous post, from which check is given to the white King, and an Elephant is at the same time in danger. Apollo saves his King. The Elephant falls. The white army is covered with consternation. The black Trooper is slain by the white Queen. The Elephant is still lamented. A simile. Mercury is resolved to work by Stratagem. A black Archer threatens destruction to the white Queen. Apollo overlooks her situation, and is going to move. Venus favours the white army: She makes signs to Apollo: The Queen is saved. Mercury complains of foul play. Apollo justifies himself: He had a right to change his mind, before his hand was off. A new law is made, and for the future the rule is *touch man and go*. Jupiter reproves Venus by an angry frown. Mercury is enraged: he is tempted to throw the board in their faces. He endeavours to cheat by a false move: Apollo sees the fraud: The man is recalled. A hearty laugh among the Gods. Apollo watches Mercury's tricks. A black horseman attacks the white Queen. A white Archer interposes. The black King and Queen are both in danger from an Archer. The Archer is killed, and the black one, who gave the mortal wound, falls in his turn. A dreadful combat ensues. Both sides retreat alternately, and return to the charge. The Canto ends with a Simile.

C A N T O II.

TH' immortals take their seats; around them
stand

Of lesser deities a duteous band.

The white battalions to Apollo's sway

Submit; and Mercury the Moors obey.

The compact settled, that no pow'r shall show

To either side the meditated blow,

By lot they try, which state shall claim the right,

(A point of moment!) to begin the fight.

To the white nation this the fates assign:

Their chief conceives a deep well-laid design.

He bids a soldier tempt the Moorish host,

Before the Queen who took his faithful post.

The soldier marches forth; two paces makes;

The sable warrior the same measure takes.

Now

DII magni federe: Deûm stat turba minorum
Circumfusa; cavent sed lege, & fœdere pacto,
Ne quisquam, voce aut nutu, ludentibus ausit
Prævisos monstrare ictus. Quem denique primum
Sors inferre aciem vocet, atque invadere Martem,
Quæsitum: primumque locum certaminis albo
Ductori tulit, ut quem vellet primus in hostem
Mitteret: id sanè magni referre putabant.

Tum

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Now front to front each other they defy,
 And seem in wood to roll a threat'ning eye.
 Vain menacing! the laws restrain their rage,
 Nor let foot soldiers on one tract engage.
 Auxiliar aid straight joins each adverse band,
 Pour forth their camp, and people all the land.
 Nor yet the horror of the day is seen,
 And Mars but preludes to the swelling scene.
 At length the warrior of the fable crew,
 Forth from the lines who first to combat flew,
 On his left side directs a deadly wound,
 And plants his standard on the hostile ground.
 Unhappy youth! he little saw the foe
 With vengeful malice aim the sidelong blow;
 Prostrate the hero falls, untimely slain,
 And leaves his laurels on the crimson plain.

This

Tum tacitus secum versat, quem ducere contrâ
 Conveniat, peditemque jubet procedere campum
 In medium, qui reginam dirimebat ab hoste.
 Ille gradus duplices superat: cui tum arbiter ater
 Ipse etiam adversum recto de gente nigranti
 Tramite agit peditem, atque jubet subsistere contra
 Advenientem hostem, paribusque occurrere in armis.
 Stant ergo adversis inter se frontibus ambo,
 In mediis campi spatiis, ac mutua tentant
 Vulnera, nequicquam: neque enim vis ulla nocendi
 est
 Armigeris, tractu dum miscent prælia eodem.
 Subsidio focii dextra, lævaque frequentes

This from his rank beheld the Moorish king,
 And mov'd his sacred person to the wing.
 There deep furrounded, and from danger far,
 He eyes the quick vicissitudes of war.

And now the cavalry in all their pride
 From the left wing descend on either side,
 Furious they rush alternate on the foe,
 And scatter round destruction, death, and woe.
 From all retreat the laws of war debar
 The foot, who fall whole hecatombs of war.
 O'er the wide ranks the fiery Trooper bounds,
 And the drench'd field with pawing steeds resounds.

But while Apollo guides his horse along,
 And wreaks his vengeance on th' ignoble throng ;
In

Hinc atque hinc fubeunt, latè & loca milite complent,
 Alternantque vices : necdum tamen horrida miscent
 Prælia, sed placidus mediis Mars ludit in armis ;
 Excursusque breves tentant, tutique tenent se.
 Jamque pedes nigri rectoris, qui prior hostem
 Contra iit, obliquum læva clam strinxerat ensem,
 Atque album è mediis peditem citus abstulit armis,
 Illiusque locum arripuit præstantibus ausis :
 Ah miser ! instantem lateri non viderat hostem ;
 Ipse etiam cadit, & pugnas in morte relinquit.
 Tum cautus fuscæ regnator gentis ab aula
 Subduxit sese media, penitusque repôstis
 Castrorum latebris extrema in fauce recondit,
 Et peditum cuneis stipantibus abditus hæsit.

Nec

96 THE GAME OF CHESS.

In Hermes breast designs far deeper roll,
 Lodge in each thought, and settle in his soul.
 He bids his cavalry remit their sway,
 And unperforming thro' the battle stray.
 Th' obedient steed flies guiltless o'er the plain;
 Bounds o'er the ranks, nor hears the sounding rein,
 Till all his wiles, and all his doublings past,
 He gains the meditated post at last.
 There the bold enterprize confess'd to view,
 Proudly he halts before the hostile crew;
 Threatens destruction to the regal state,
 Or dooms an elephant to instant fate;
 A tow'ring elephant, on the right hand side
 That march'd in all his formidable pride.

Apollo, now what anxious thoughts possess
 Thy troubled soul? while in the last distress

A Monarch

Nec mora, surgit eques bellator lævus utrinque,
 Et mediis hinc inde insultant cœtibus ambo,
 Alternique ruunt, & spargunt fata per hostes.
 Sternuntur pedites passim, miseranda juvenus,
 Quòd nequeant revocare gradum: sonat ungula
 campo
 In medio, & totis miscentur funera castris.
 Dum verò peditum intentus Latonius heros
 Cœdibus instat atrox, equitemque per agmina versat
 Vastatorem alæ piceæ; longè Arcada major
 Ardor agit tacitis jamdudum invadere furtis
 Magnum aliquid; peditumque ultro sæpe obvia
 transit

Agmina,

A Monarch calls for aid ; or, doom'd to die,
 An elephant with mute imploring eye
 Sues for relief in vain ! The Monarch's life
 Claims his first care. Amidst the dangerous strife
 The elephant remains : The fatal blow
 At length is dealt him by the fable foe.
 Oh ! dire disaster to the milk-white train !
 The huge vast beast down drops upon the plain.
 " The time shall come," incens'd Apollo cries,
 " When thou shalt sorely rue that dear-bought prize ;
 " When thou shalt wish thee guiltless of the life
 " Of my brave warrior, noble in the strife.
 He said : His infantry sweep o'er the land,
 And round the victor close-embodied stand.
 The Trooper sees th' impending danger nigh ;
 He falters, looks aghast, attempts to fly.

Vain

Agmina, cornipedem ducens in prælia lævum,
 Qui regi insidias tendens huc vertitur, atque huc,
 Per mediosque hostes impunè infrænis oberrat.
 Constat, optataque diu statione potitus
 Letum intentabat pariter regique, elephantique,
 Alæ qui dextro cornu turritus in auras
 Attollens caput, ingenti se mole tenebat.
 Delius ingemuit, clauso succurrere regi
 Admonitus ; namque indefensum in morte elephan-
 tem

Linquere se videt, atque ambos non posse periclo
 Eripere, & fatis urgeri cernit iniquis.
 Cura prior sed enim est trepidum defendere regem,
 VOL. VII. H Quem

Vain his attempt ! Here the white Queen commands,
 And there the foot, a dreadful phalanx stands.
 At length, enrag'd, the fair one gives the wound,
 And lays him breathless on the chequer'd ground.
 Who would not be that youth ? no more to rise,
 Slain by a female hand, the hero lies,
 His comfort ev'n in death ! and clos'd his willing eyes.

But the white nation still their loss bemoan ;
 A mingled cry bursts forth, an army's groan !
 Rage and despair rise in each breast by turns,
 And the whole host with mix'd emotions burns.
 As when a bull enrag'd, with furious might
 Provokes the war, and rushes to the fight ;
 'Gainst his right horn if Fortune's blow hath sped,
 And shatter'd half the honours of his head ;

With

Quem rapit in dextrum latus : at niger emicat ense
 Stricto eques, & magnis elephantem intercipit ausis,
 Damnum ingens ; neque enim est, sævæ post virginis
 arma,

Bellantum numero ex omni magis utilis alter.
 Non tamen impuné evades, ait acer Apollo ;
 Et peditum cuneis densaque indagine cingit.
 Ille igitur trepidare metu, certique pericli
 Frustra velle fugam : nam, hinc fata minatur Amazon,
 Inde obstat conferta phalanx : tandem altiùs acto
 Virginis ense cadit, pulchræ solatia mortis.
 Æstuat alba, cohors latere heu ! minùs utilis uno,
 Et magis atque magis furit acri accensa dolore.

Sicut

With strength renew'd he kindles all his ire,
 And from his eye-ball flashes living fire;
 His huge broad chest, his limbs, he bathes in gore,
 And hills and woods rebellow to the roar.
 Revenge, revenge! exclaims the God of day,
 And animates his cohorts to the fray.
 On the black troops enrag'd his cohorts fall,
 Careless of life, and prompt at honour's call;
 In Moorish blood the crimson fields are drown'd;
 And shrieks and agonizing groans resound.

But Mercury, meantime, with deep intent
 Views all the war, and on destruction bent,
 Observes each motion, where the warriors glow,
 And plans the future slaughter of the foe.
 The snowy Amazon he views from far,
 As on she rushes thro' the ranks of war.

Her

Sicut ubi dextrum taurus certamine cornu
 Amisit, dum se adverso fert pectore in hostem,
 Sævior in pugnam ruit, armos sanguine, & altè
 Colla animosa lavans: gemitu omnis sylva remugit.
 Talis erat facies, cæsi post fata elephantis,
 Candentis turmæ: hinc furiis majoribus ardet
 Phœbus, & ultrices hortatur in arma cohortes,
 In ferrum & cædes pronus, cupidusque nocendi;
 Incautusque ambas perdit sine lege phalangas:
 Dumque hostes pariter cernat procumbere victos,
 Ipse suos morti indefensos objicit ultro.
 Mercurius, melior furto, cunctatur, & hærens

H 2

Usque

Her to ensnare his bold brigades he led,
 And ruin nods o'er her devoted head.
 The infantry, to hide the bold design,
 A man detach to tempt the hostile line.
 The man advances: with well-feign'd surprize
 The leader seems to mark where danger lies;
 Blames his rash conduct; with delusion fly
 Starts, looks aghast, and heaves a treach'rous sigh.
 Meantime a sable archer shifts his place,
 And from the right moves on with ardent pace:
 'Gainst the white Amazon with dextrous art
 He draws his arrow, levell'd at her heart.
 Apollo saw it not, with hopes elate,
 Unconscious of the scheme, and blind to fate,
 To the left wing he rolls a pensive eye,
 Resolv'd from thence an ambuscade to try;

There

Usque alium ex alio spectando prævidet ictum.
 Sæpe ille, ex longo meditatus fata superbæ
 Reginæ, peditem perdendum comminus offert,
 Dissimulatque dolos; mox pœnitet, & trahit alto
 Improbus, errorem fingens, suspiria corde.
 Atque sagittiferi è dextro jam spicula cornu
 Virginis in latus albentis tendebat: id hostis
 Haud primùm sensit, peditemque trahebat in atram
 Læva aciem, rerum ignarus: verùm improba cladem
 Et tantas Erycina Venus miserata ruinas,
 Incauto juveni furtim tacito innuit ore,
 Atque oculis; Phœbo nam forte adversa sedebat:
 Nulla mora, ad nutus Divæ tremefactus Apollo
 Constitit, atque oculis laté agmina circumspexit;

Et

There on a warrior's shoulder lays his hand ;
 The warrior felt him, eager for command.
 But the soft Queen of Love, who took her feat
 Before Apollo, saw the near defeat ;
 To her own lov'd white warriors still a friend,
 And griev'd to see unnumber'd woes impend,
 She nods, she smiles, she rolls a melting eye,
 And winks intelligence of danger nigh.
 Scar'd at the sight, Apollo checks his aim,
 And once again reviews the lists of fame ;
 Sees the black archer in close ambush wait,
 And from his Queen averts the feather'd fate,
 " She's mine, she's mine," enraptur'd Hermes cries,
 " What ho ! Apollo, yield the radiant prize ;
 " The Queen is mine," he shouts, and rends the
 sky ;
 The Queen is mine, the echoing shores reply.

But strong affections thro' the host divine
 Invade each breast, and different ways incline.
Phœbus,

Et subitò infidias sensit, peditemque retraxit.
 Quem contra impulerat dextra impiger ; atque periclo
 Reginam eripuit : tum Maia Atlantide cretus
 Littoreum cavæ confessum vocibus implet,
 Reginam captam ingeminans : fremit undique turba
 Cœlicolùm studiis variis, seseque tuetur
 Phœbus, & his alto fatur de littore verbis.

Quæ porrò invidia est dextram ludicra petenti
 Præmia corrigere incautam, in meliusque referre,
H 3
Cùm

Phœbus, who knew all parties, and their ends,
 Their views and wishes, thus his cause defends.
 "What law forbids me, provident and slow,
 "While yet I meditate the future blow,
 "Ere yet alone the untouch'd warrior stand,—
 "What law forbids me to retract my hand?
 "Wouldst thou enact, that when our fingers light
 "On a man's head, that man shall stand the fight
 "Without retreat from danger or surprize?
 "If such thy will"—"We will it," Hermes cries.
 The warriors hear; the law both nations choose;
 The Gods approve, and loud applause ensues.

Meantime, of Heav'n the cloud-compelling Sire
 Awful beholds the Queen of soft desire;
 Not with that look, which sends the storm aloof,
 But nods his fable brow, and frowns reproof.
 Cyllenius saw it not, but fore with pain,
 And still his wrath unable to contain,

*Cùm nec pacta vetent? Quòd si, Maia, fate, posthac
 Id sedet omnino prohiberi; lege caveto:
 Quique prior fuerit digitis impulsus in hostem,
 Sive albus, piceusve fuat, discrimine nullo
 Ille eat, & dubii subeat discrimina Martis.
 Dixit, & hæc toto placuit sententia circo
 Coelicolis. Venerem obtutu clam versus acerbo
 Juppiter increpuit; nec sensit filius Arcas:
 Sed puer ingemuit labefactus corda dolore
 Ingenti; vix se tenuit, quin ludicra castra,*

Injectisque

In rage well nigh o'erthrew the mimic world,
 And both the camps in one confusion hurl'd.
 With art he now resolves the foe to meet,
 Train'd up in fraud, and practis'd in deceit ;
 He bids an archer, in the deathful scene,
 Of a brave trooper counterfeit the mien.
 Too plain the cheat Apollo to beguile :
 To the cœlestial Synod, with a smile,
 " What tho'," he said, " Cyllenius boasts the art
 " To practise wiles, and play th' impostor's part,
 " And though, thou cunning deity, I find
 " Fraud is the ruling bias of thy mind,
 " Yet here no more thy stratagems perform ;
 " Call back your archer, and his pace reform."
 He said ; with joy the glad spectators roar,
 And unextinguish'd laughter fills the shore.
 Hermes with vain excuse his man withdraws,
 And through the ranks proclaims the martial laws.

But

Injēctisque acies manibus confunderet ambas.
 Tum secum statuit furtis certare dolisque
 Omnibus, ac totis fraudes innectere castris.
 Jam tum igitur juvenem pharetratum in prœlia ducens,
 Cornipedis simulare gradus jubet : ocius ille
 Emicat, atque albæ reginæ fata minatur.
 Non Phœbum latuere doli : subrisit & ore
 Versus ad astantes, Quamvis accommoda furtis
 Mercurio sit dextra, inquit, fraudique, dolisque,
 Callide Atlantiada, invigiles ; haud me tamen ultra
 Fallere erit ; jamque, improbe, iniquam corrige
 dextram.

But not less vigilant Apollo's mind ;
 He dreads a foe to perfidy inclin'd ;
 Watches each movement with observant eye,
 And marks the nimble fingers where they fly :
 The nimble fingers, as they move along
 Th' alternate soldier through th' embattl'd throng,
 Might else a second, ambush'd in his hand,
 Instruct to march, and gain his silent stand.
 A fable trooper now in martial state
 On the white Queen denounces instant fate ;
 But soon the Moor is check'd ; the wily foe
 An archer sends to ward th' impending blow ;
 Meantime, an elephant in snowy pride
 Is seen from far o'er all the ranks to ride.
 Now a white trooper, from his fatal post,
 Aims at both sov'reigns of the Moorish host.
 Mistaken youth ! smit with the love of fame,
 His breast high beating with the patriot's flame,

He

Spectantum cunei ingenti risere theatro,
 Atque Arcas, veluti deceptus imagine falsa,
 Summisit buxum concessio in prælia gressu
 Arcum intendentem: vigilat jam cautus Apollo,
 Fraudesque, insidiasque timens, occultaque furta.
 Ille etenim persæpe, manu dum ducit in hostes
 Alternam buxum, jus contra & fœdera pacta,
 Implicitans celeres digitos duo corpora bello
 Objiciat simul, observet nisi providus hostis.
 Jamque equitem contra nigrantem candidus arcum
 Intendens sese opposuit pharetratus, & arcet

Regina

THE GAME OF CHESS. 105

He takes his stand where fiercest valour shines,
 And fears no danger 'midst the hostile lines ;
 In fancy sees the swarthy Memnon yield,
 And deems his own the laurels of the field.
 To check his rage see the black archer fly,
 Proud self-devoted for his King to die.
 What tho' too near a snowy foldier stand,
 In act to stretch him on the crimson strand,
 Dauntless he draws the bow ; th' unerring dart
 Pierces the foe, and quivers in his heart.
 The snowy trooper falls, and bites the ground,
 Th' indignant spirit issues at the wound.
 Nor long the Moor rejoices : on the board
 Prostrate he falls, by a white foldier's sword ;
 Soon the white foldier dies the crimson plain,
 " And the gor'd battle bleeds in ev'ry vein."
 The tow'ring elephants with fury rage ;
 Archer meets archer ; horse with horse engage.

The

*Reginæ jugulo intentum : tum dexter oberrat
 Huc atque huc elephas, niveisque exultat in armis.
 Hæferat in medio, dominæ, regique minatus
 Albus eques ; ratus impunè, & jam sorte superbus
 Nequicquam spoliornm animum pascebat amore.
 Non tulit hanc speciem juvenis pharetratus, & arcu
 Contendit calamum, seseque immittit in hostem,
 Fata licèt pedes intentet, moriturus in armis
 Insigni pro laude : alvo mediæ hæsit arundo
 Stridula, & ima chalybs descendit in ilia adactus.
 Volvitur ille excussus humique, & calcibus auras
 Verberat ; in ventos vita indignata recessit.*

Inde

But not less vigilant Apollo's mind ;
 He dreads a foe to perfidy inclin'd ;
 Watches each movement with observant eye,
 And marks the nimble fingers where they fly :
 The nimble fingers, as they move along
 Th' alternate soldier through th' embattl'd throng,
 Might else a second, ambush'd in his hand,
 Instruct to march, and gain his silent stand.
 A fable trooper now in martial state
 On the white Queen denounces instant fate ;
 But soon the Moor is check'd ; the wily foe
 An archer sends to ward th' impending blow ;
 Meantime, an elephant in snowy pride
 Is seen from far o'er all the ranks to ride.
 Now a white trooper, from his fatal post,
 Aims at both sov'reigns of the Moorish host.
 Mistaken youth ! smit with the love of fame,
 His breast high beating with the patriot's flame,
He

Spectantum cunei ingenti risere theatro,
 Atque Arcas, veluti deceptus imagine falsa,
 Summisit buxum concessio in praelia gressu
 Arcum intendentem: vigilat jam cautus Apollo,
 Fraudesque, insidiasque timens, occultaque furta.
 Ille etenim persæpe, manu dum ducit in hostes
 Alternam buxum, jus contra & foedera pacta,
 Implicitans celeres digitos duo corpora bello
 Objiciat simul, observet nisi providus hostis.
 Jamque equitem contra nigrantem candidus arcum
 Intendens sese opposuit pharetratus, & arcet
Reginæ

He takes his stand where fiercest valour shines,
 And fears no danger 'midst the hostile lines ;
 In fancy sees the swarthy Memnon yield,
 And deems his own the laurels of the field.
 To check his rage see the black archer fly,
 Proud self-devoted for his King to die.
 What tho' too near a snowy foldier stand,
 In act to stretch him on the crimson strand,
 Dauntless he draws the bow ; th' unerring dart
 Pierces the foe, and quivers in his heart.
 The snowy trooper falls, and bites the ground,
 Th' indignant spirit issues at the wound.
 Nor long the Moor rejoices : on the board
 Prostrate he falls, by a white soldier's sword ;
 Soon the white soldier dies the crimson plain,
 " And the gor'd battle bleeds in ev'ry vein."
 The tow'ring elephants with fury rage ;
 Archer meets archer ; horse with horse engage.

The

Reginae jugulo intentum : tum dexter oberrat
 Huc atque huc elephas, niveisque exultat in armis.
 Hæferat in medio, dominæ, regique minatus
 Albus eques ; ratus impunè, & jam forte superbus
 Nequicquam spoliornm animum pascebat amore.
 Non tulit hanc speciem juvenis pharetratus, & arcu
 Contendit calamum, seseque immittit in hostem,
 Fata licèt pedes intentet, moriturus in armis
 Insigni pro laude : alvo mediæ hæsit arundo
 Stridula, & ima chalybs descendit in ilia adactus.
 Volvitur ille excussus humique, & calcibus auras
 Verberat ; in ventos vita indignata recessit.

Inde

The fiery troopers swell the purple flood,
 " Spur their proud courfers hard, and ride in blood."
 The ranks condense; with rage the battle burns;
 Plebeians, Heroes, Kings and Queens, by turns,
 Mix in the strife; arms clash, and bucklers ring;
 The fierce battalions throng around their King.
 Slaughter ensues; blood streams; the nations yield,
 And valour now, now fortune rules the field.
 The Moor retreats; enrag'd the milk-white train
 Pursue the swarthy legions o'er the plain.
 The white troops halt; they fly; the Moor pursues,
 Hangs on the rear, and the fierce fight renews.

As when th' Ionian wave fierce tempests sweep,
 Or where th' Atlantic heaves the rolling deep,

If

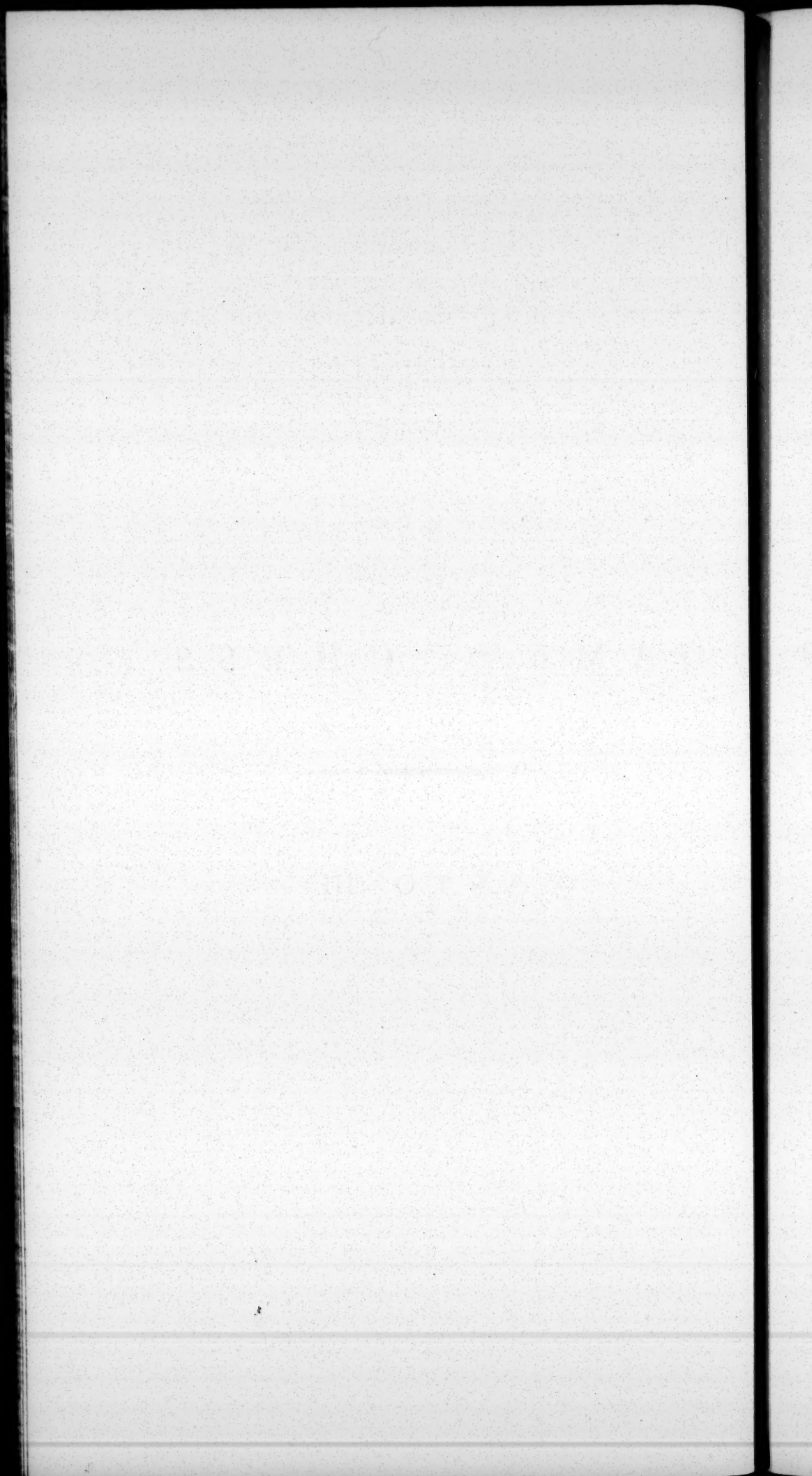
Inde sagittiferum sternit pedes: hunc pedes alter
 Hostili de plebe necat: pugna aspera surgit.
 Turribus occurrunt ingenti mole elephantis:
 Sæva pharetrigeri contendunt spicula nervis;
 Quadupedumque gemit bicolor sub verbere campus.
 Incaluerunt animi parte ex utraque, & in armis
 Concurrunt densi: simul omnis copia gentis
 Albæque piceæque, duces, ambæque phalanges;
 Confusæque acies magno certamine totis
 Densantur campis; virtus, fortunaque in unum
 Conveniunt: hi nunc victores agmina versa
 Æquore agunt toto; versis referuntur habenis
 Nunc iidem, variantque vices, & fluctuat omnis
 Area bellorum: vasti velut æquoris undæ,

Siquando

THE GAME OF CHESS. 107

If burſt from adverſe quarters of the ſky,
The winds their high engender'd battle try,
Now o'er the land the ſwelling billows roar,
Now back recoil, and foam along the ſhore.

Siquando inter ſe, recluſo carcere, ſæva
Bella cient animoſi Euri, vertantque profundum,
Ionio in magno, aut undifono Atlanteo,
Alternos volvunt procurva ad littora fluctus.



THE
GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO III.

.

ARGUMENT of the Third Canto.

THE Queen of the white nation is inflamed with warlike rage. She rushes into the thick of the battle. A prodigious carnage follows. She kills, as she advances, a black archer ; in her retreat, an elephant falls a victim to her fury. The Moors behold the havock with dismay. The black King sees the desperate situation of his affairs : He applies to his Queen to save the State from destruction. The Queen wants no importunity. She enters into the engagement. The battle now is warmer than ever. The two Queens enact wonders. The Kings, in the meantime, watch the part of their several camps, where the slain are deposited, that none may be brought back into the field of battle. Mars is a friend to the Moors : He endeavours by fraud to support their cause. He conveys from the burying ground a black Archer and a foot soldier into the ranks. The men come to new life. A Simile. Vulcan sees the cheat, and proclaims it. Jupiter reprimands the God of war for his treachery. The two men are carried back to the enemy's camp. Apollo and Mercury use their best exertions. The Queens continue the attack. At length the white Queen is slain. The black one does not long survive. Both armies are dejected : They lament their loss. The numbers are diminished on both sides. Apollo has only remaining an elephant, an archer, and three of his infantry : Mercury has the same number, but a trooper instead of an elephant. He is resolved to fight it out to the last. The field, which at first presented two powerful armies, is now a scene of desolation.

THE GAME OF CHESS. 111

C A N T O III.

MEantime the Queen, whom the white realms
obey,

Darts through the field, and scatters wide dismay ;

With rage resistless thunders o'er the ground,

And a black archer meets his deadly wound.

Back she retreats, and as she scow'rs the plain,

She hurls an elephant to Pluto's reign.

Now on the left she breaks the thick array ;

Now on the right with slaughter marks her way.

Launch'd from her arm the missive jav'lines fly,

And groans of dying warriors rend the sky.

Where'er the heroine treads the crimson field,

Horror attends ; the Moorish squadrons yield.

A thousand hearts within her bosom bound,

And if she falls, she falls with glory crown'd.

Impend-

AT medias acies inter crudescit Amazon
Candida, plena animis, multisque in millibus ardet.
Namque sagittiferum incursans, rediensque elephan-
tem,

Nigrantes sternit ; dextra, lævaque per alas
Fulminat, atque manu spargens hastilia sævit.

Bellanti dant tela locum, retroque residunt

Hinc,

112 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Impending fate the fable nation rues,
 And to his Queen th' afflicted Monarch fues ;
 Nor pause, nor stay ; the Queen her sabre draws,
 And asks no motive but her country's cause.
 Who first, brave Amazon, in scenes of death,
 Who last to thee resigns his fated breath ?
 To thee how many owe their mortal wound !
 Steeds fall on steeds, and bite the chequer'd ground.
 In heaps the infantry bestrew the plain,
 And mangled archers, dear to Mars in vain.
 To paint the fight what Bard shall dare aspire !
 Oh ! for a hundred tongues ! a Muse of fire !
 A Muse to fly, where'er the heroes call,
 Where dangers press, and where the thickest fall !
 With heaps of slain the field is cover'd o'er,
 And ruthless slaughter bathes her feet in gore.
 Horsemen and horse together swell the tide,
 And the wide plains with purple streams are dy'd.

Shouts

Hinc, atque hinc inimicæ acies : per tela, per hostes
 Illa ruit pulchram in mortem ; simul ultima tentat
 Castra, fugæ fidens, animosque in bella viriles
 Sæva gerit ; penetrat cuneos, aperitque viam vi.
 Tandem fusca cohors, nigrantisque arbiter alæ
 Ipse etiam arma suæ trepidus, viresque, animosque
 Virginis implorat : nulla est mora, fervida Amazon
 Emicat, atque ardens paribus se sistit in armis.
 Quem primum hasta, aut quem postremum, bellica
 virgo,

Demetis ; aut quot humi candentia corpora linquis ?

THE GAME OF CHESS. 113

Shouts from both nations intermingled rise ;
Who fights, meets death ; death follows him that
flies.

Thro' paths of blood the warlike heroines fly,
Determin'd each to conquer, or to die.

And now the Monarchs, who both nations sway,
The captives of the sword with care survey.
Safe from the foe a station they assign,
Where their entrenchments stretch their farthest line.
There the brave warrior, who disdain'd to yield,
And left his mangled body on the field,
With his fall'n countrymen, a gen'rous band !
'Midst heaps of slain lies welt'ring on the strand ;
And, left again he view the realms of light,
Or dare in steel complete provoke the fight,
Each sov'reign watches with observant eye :
In their King's cause 'tis giv'n but once to die.

But

Semianimes volvuntur equi niveique nigrique,
Et peditum cunei, dilectaque pectora Marti
Aligerâ juvenes ineuntes bella sagittâ
Quis cladem fando illius, quis funera pugnæ,
Prostratosque duces speret se æquare canendo ?
Sternitur omne solum buxo, atque miserrima cædes
Exoritur : confusa inter sese agmina cædunt ;
Implicitæque ruunt albæ, nigæque phalanges :
Sternuntur pedites, & corpora quadrupedantum.
Nam versæ inter se jactantes mutua tela

VOL. VII.

I

Fœmineis

114 THE GAME OF CHESS.

But now the God of war, an anxious friend,
 O'er his lov'd Moors sees various ills impend.
 He views the purple field, and round him throws
 His eye quick glancing, where the combat glows,
 In death's wide range, if aught he could explore,
 Of the black troops the fortune to restore.
 He views afar the melancholy plain,
 Where breathless lie the chiefs in battle slain,
 And from the heap conveys with furtive aim
 A soldier, and an archer known to fame.
 Wak'd to new life with glad surprize they view
 Their former camp, and to their country true
 Again they live, again the fight renew.

As when some wretch at Cholcos yields his breath,
 A ghastly form, stretch'd in the arms of death,
 Her potent charms Medea straight applies,
 And the ingredients of her cauldron tries :

The

Fœmineis ambæ nituntur Amazones armis,
 Usque adeò certæ non cedere, donec in auras
 Aut hæc, aut illa effundat cum sanguine multo
 Sævam animam, solâ linquentes prælia morte.
 Interea amborum populorum rector uterque
 Captivos hostes, & victa cadavera bello
 Carcere servabant castris vicina, caventes
 Ne capti semel, aut obita jam morte jacentes,
 In vitam revocati iterum certamina inerent.

At lateri innixus Phœbeo Threicius Mars,
 Junctus amicitia puero Arcadi, si quid amico

Fata

THE GAME OF CHESS. 115

The subtle drugs insinuate their force,
And the meand'ring blood renews its course :
The dead revives ; he joins the sons of men,
And wond'ring acts his functions o'er again.

But Vulcan, son of Heav'ns imperial Queen,
Observ'd each movement of the various scene :
He call'd on Mars, and call'd with cloud acclaim :
The Thracian hero burns with conscious shame ;
While grief and rage in Hermes' bosom roll,
Heighten despair, and desolate his soul.

The mighty Sire, to whom th' immortals bow,
Perceives the fraud, and awful shakes his brow ;
Then Mars addressing with indignant ire,
While from each eye shot forth cœlestial fire,
“ And dost thou hope,” he said, “ dost thou presume
“ To thwart our fix'd, irrevocable doom ?

“ Thy

Fata finant prodesse, animum per cuncta volutat,
Observatque omnes casus : tum corpora bina
Capta, pharetratum juvenem, peditemque nigrantes,
Cœtibus è functis jam vita, atque æthere cassis
Surripit, & castris rursus clam immittit apertis.
Ergo iterum gemini captivi prælia inibant ;
Miscebantque manus animosi, atque arma ferebant.
Haud secus (ut perhibent) cùm Colchis nacta cada-
ver,

Aut virgo Massylla, recens : cantuque triformem
Sæpe ciens Hecaten, ac magni numina Ditis,

116 THE GAME OF CHESS.

“ Thy arts are fruitless ; vain the bold design ;
 “ Let those, who once were slain, to death resign :
 “ Such is our sov’reign will.” He spoke, and straight
 The new recruits once more submit to fate ;
 Again they seek the pale, the silent shore,
 And all the order of the field restore.

And now the chiefs, inflam’d with tenfold rage,
 In the fierce horrors of the war engage.
 Breathing revenge, and terrible in arms,
 The Queens shake all the field with dire alarms.
 The lines shrink back, where’er the heroines tread,
 And the earth groans with mountains of the dead :
 Their vigour fails at length, by toil oppress’d,
 And weary slaughter pants awhile for rest :
 In sullen mood they quit the doubtful strife,
 And each repairs to guard her Monarch’s life.
 Soon the white Amazon new strength inspires,
 And love of glory still her bosom fires ;

Against

Falsam animam insinuat membris, aurasque loquaces:
 Continuo erigitur corpus, loquiturque, videtque,
 Et vivos inter fruitur cœlestibus auris.
 Non tulit indignum facinus Junonia proles
 Mulciber, (ille dolum solus deprendit) & ore
 Inclamat, Phœbumque monet : Thrax palluit heros
 Deprensus : Phœbo exarsit dolor ossibus ingens.
 Tum Marti Pater omnipotens iratus, iniqua
 Præsidia abduci, atque indebita corpora bello
 Protinus è castris jubet, atque retexere falsos
 Hinc atque inde ictus ; & cuncta in pristina reddit.

Jamque

THE GAME OF CHESS. 117

Against the Moorish Queen she wings her flight;
 The Moorish Queen sinks down in endless night.
 O short liv'd triumph! Short, alas! the date
 Of joy and victory! The hand of fate
 To death, ah! beauteous warrior! bids thee yield,
 And lays thee decent on the sanguine field.
 Their Queens both states lament in mournful strain,
 And grief and horror cover all the plain.
 Each bosom sighs; tears gush from ev'ry eye,
 On their cold bier as the pale slumb'ers lie.
 The last sad obsequies the nations pay,
 And the long funeral pomp obscures the day.

The rites perform'd, with zeal the troops repair
 To guard their Kings, sole object of their care.
 The thin battalions now scarce man the board,
 Remnants of war, and gleanings of the sword.

Each

Jamque duces furiis ambo majoribus instant;
 Reginaeque ambas conversa per agmina mittunt:
 Cæde madent illæ, toto æquore fata ferentes:
 Confidunt tandem obversæ, regesque tuentur
 Quæque suum. Ecce, autem bellatrix agminis albi
 A tergo ferro invasit, stravitque nigrantem
 Igraram: verum ipsa etiam cadit icta sagittâ
 Ah misera! & spoliis haud longum exultat opimis.
 Convertere oculos ambæ hinc, atque inde cohortes;
 Atque acies lacrymis & fœmineo ululatu

I 3

Ambas

118 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Each shatter'd host beholds with wild affright
 The waste of blood, and carnage of the fight;
 Equal their loss, and equal their dismay;
 An equal tempest swept their ranks away.
 One elephant, Apollo, in thy train,
 An archer, and three soldiers, now remain.
 These to oppose, the Moors direct their course;
 The same their numbers, but not so their force.
 No elephant is seen in tow'ring pride:
 Their last brave elephant in battle died.
 From the right wing a trooper dares advance,
 Firm to the last, and shakes his glitt'ring lance:
 In their King's cause the rest resign'd their breath,
 And peaceful lie in honourable death.

O'er the wide waste now Hermes rolls his eye;
 He views a scene of blood, and heaves a sigh:

Yet

Ambas incubuisse putes, dum funera ducunt.
 Tum reges mœstos ipsa ad prætoria densi
 Agglomerant sese circum; timor omnibus idem
 Incumbit; par tempestas, par hausit utrosque
 Diluvium populos; & sunt sua funera cuique.
 Haud prorsus tamen ambobus defecerat omne
 Robur: opes restant, & adhuc intacta juvenus,
 Tres pedites tibi, Phœbe, sagittifer alter, & ingens
 Bellua turrito dorso; totidemque tibi, Arcas,
 Excepto, elephante, alta qui nuper in aula,
 Pace fruens, cecidit, positisi nglorius armis,
 Eminus aligerâ percussus rundine pectus.
 Sed dexter tibi restat eques imperditus: hausit

Cetera

Yet nought his warlike ardour can abate,
 Resolv'd to grapple to the last with fate ;
 His troops, sad reliques of Apollo's rage,
 He orders now with caution to engage :
 His foldiers scorn capitulating fears,
 And the field gleams with their erected spears.
 Slowly they march ; each pass with care survey,
 Still to retrieve the fortune of the day ;
 Now ambush'd close they meditate the blow ;
 Now guard each post, and now assault the foe.
 Nor less Apollo burns with martial ire,
 Trembling with hope, and stung with fierce desire.
 His feeble lines present their thin array,
 The shatter'd cohorts of the long-fought day.
 The glitt'ring bands, which at the morning's dawn
 O'er the wide field in martial pride were drawn,
Now

Cetera bellantum Mars impius agmina, bellicue
 Alea, florentes & desolaverat aulas.

At Cyllenæo juveni spes occidit omnis.
 Æstuat, amissæ gentis memor, & suspirat
 Heroas magnos tot fato corpora functa.
 Non tamen excedit pugna : fracta agmina bello,
 Reliquias tenues immitis Apollinis, astu
 Cautior in pugnam mittit, post funera tanta
 Si qua fata sinant gentis sarcire ruinas.
 It nigrum campis agmen, stat ubique morari,
 Fortunamque omnem tentare, aditusque nocendi.
 Exultat contrâ non æquo prælia motu
 Cynthius invadens : facies indigna cohortum,

120 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Now mourn their chiefs, their bravest warriors slain,
And a dispeopled realm in one campaign !

Heu ! facies miseranda ducum ; raro agmine aperta
Castra patent latè, viduatæ & civibus aulæ.

ain,

erta

T H E

G A M E O F C H E S S .

C A N T O I V .

ARGUMENT of the Fourth Canto.

THE Kings are inconsolable for the loss of their Queens :
 They grow tired of a widowed bed. Though they still love their first wives, they have no objection to second nuptials. The white King proclaims his intention : He incites the virgins to contend for his throne and bed. That honour, by the laws, is for her only, who reaches the farthest line of the enemy. The white virgins exert their utmost courage. One on the right wing flies before the rest. The Moor gives no opposition. He is now bent on a second marriage. A black virgin urges on, but is a square later than her antagonist. The white virgin succeeds. The King weds her. Her coronation. Mercury is overwhelmed with grief. The virgin, whom he loved, is near her wishes, but does not dare step on the last line. An elephant of the enemy guards that whole tract. The white Queen urges on with prodigious slaughter. The black troops fly before her. A Simile. The slaughter continues. The black King is in danger. A post lies open to the white Queen, where she may be sure of victory. Mercury perceives it. He endeavours, by talking, to divert Apollo's attention. The scheme succeeds. Apollo overlooks his advantage, and kills a foot soldier. Mercury exults. He saves his King by interposing a black trooper, who soon after kills the white elephant. A black Queen is raised to the throne. The fight is renewed with great ardour on both sides. Mercury again cavils with Apollo, and puts him off his guard. Apollo answers with warmth. He sends his Queen into the thick of the enemy. A dreadful combat follows. Both armies are thrown into confusion. Victory inclines to neither side.

CANTO IV.

THE sceptor'd Monarchs, fore beset with
pain,

Strive to allay their grief, but strive in vain.

Since that black hour, when their lov'd consorts fell,

A thousand passions in their hearts rebel ;

Their fond regret no comfort can controul,

Each beauteous dame deep-imag'd in the soul.

But in the crisis of the war they dread

A vacant throne, and solitary bed.

To their first vows, and to their country true,

They think of pleasures past, and sigh for new.

By proclamation the white King invites

His blooming virgins to the nuptial rites ;

The blooming virgins, 'midst the din of arms,

Call forth at once their courage and their charms ;

In

MCEREBANT vacuis thalamis regnator uterque
Jamdudum exosi sine conjuge tædia læsi.

Primus amor maneat quamvis immotus utrisque,

Sors tamen ad nova conjugia, atque novos hymenæos

Flectit iniqua. Igitur primùm rex agminis albi

Reginæ comites olim, fidasque ministras

Regali invitat thalamo ; quæ, funera mœstæ

Post fera bellatricis heræ, tela irrita bello

Jactabant,

In deeds of glory with each other vie,
 Resolv'd, their Monarch to embrace, or die.
 The wary Monarch views the gen'rous strife,
 And from the laws alone demands a wife.
 The laws to her the diadem assign,
 Through the thick war, who gains the utmost line.
 The fiery virgins rush through sword and fire,
 Love and ambition all their souls inspire ;
 Eager they pant ; but on the army's right
 Thro' the third tract a rival wings her flight,
 And flush'd with hope, anticipates the charms
 Of love and empire in a Monarch's arms.

The Moorish King from his pavilion spies
 The warlike maid, as to the goal she flies ;
 Confess'd to view he sees her hopes appear,
 Inactive sees, nor checks the bold career.

*Jaſtabant, acies inter cuneosque nigrantes,
 Oppetere, amiſſæ, dominæ pro cæde, paratæ.
 Sed priùs explorare auſus ſedet, atque viriles
 Cunctarum ſpectare animos, ut digna cubili
 Intret : in hoſtiles ſedes, atque ultima caſtra
 Hortaturque, jubetque ſupremam apprehendere metam.
 Nulli fas etenim regis ſperare cubile,
 (Pacta vetant) niſi quæ per tela inveſta, per hoſtes,
 Tranſactis ſpatiis cunctis impunè ſuprema
 Attigerit priùs adverſi penetralia regis.
 Arrexere animos ſamulæ, pariterque per hoſtes
 Limitibus properant rectis : tamen ocior antè it*

Tertia

Of gentle love he too had felt the dart,
 The pow'r of beauty thrilling to his heart.
 On the fourth tract a sun burnt dame aspires
 To wake by valour a young Monarch's fires.
 But, ah! brave virgin! to thy cause unkind,
 The fates detain thee on one square behind;
 While the white Amazon with rapid pace
 Pursues her course, still foremost in the race;
 Till, bold ambition kindling in her eyes,
 On the last line she wins th' imperial prize.
 With joy the Monarch clasps her in his arms,
 Admires her valour much, but more her charms.
 The diadem, his former consort's pride,
 He orders forth, and crowns the beauteous bride.
 No blush she feigns, no amorous delay,
 But to the King's pavilion wings her way,
 "And keeps with joy her coronation day."

}
 Wide

Tertia quam dextro ducebat femita cornu,
 Exultatque, agitatque animo connubia regis:
 Nam comites spe sublapsâ cessere volentes.
 Illa volat cœptis immanibus; addidit alas
 Gloria præpetibus plantis, & plurima merces.
 Nulla obstat mora: nec facinus prohibere tyranno
 Cura nigro est; novaque ipse etiam connubia tentat,
 Et vacuis thalamis alias inducere nuptas.
 Ergo iter alternæ accelerant; famulamque sinistram
 Quarto limite agit, saltu sed tardior uno,
 Parrhasius juvenis: jamque imperterrita virgo
 Candida, facta potens voti, penetraverat omnes
 Sedes,

126 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Wide o'er the chequer'd field *te deums* ring,
 And the white legions *Hymeneals* sing.
 Loud peals of joy dejected *Hermes* hears ;
 Grief heaves in sighs, and anger streams in tears.
 For him what now remains ? in black despair
 He beats his breast, and rends his scatter'd hair ;
 Sees the black virgin, whom a crown inspires,
 Within one move of all her bright desires ;
 There sees her halt ; there sees, ah ! luckless maid !
 The prize in view, nor dares that prize invade.
 Lo ! on the farthest limit of the land,
 A warlike elephant hath fix'd his stand ;
 O'er all the line his glaring eye-ball throws,
 And threatens hideous ruin on the foes.

From the white camp, meanwhile, in martial pride,
 To battle issues forth the scepter'd bride.

Rage

Sedes, atque alacris metâ confederat altâ.
 Tum rector jubet afferri fellamque, tiaramque,
 Extinctæ ornatus, necnon fulgentia sceptrâ,
 Dignaturque toro meritam, optatisque hymenæis.
 Gaudet cana cohors, insultatque eminus atræ.
 Haud lacrymas cohibet Maia fatus, æthera voce
 Incessens, pictosque à pectore rupit amictus.
 Nigranti famulæ tantùm gradus unus ad ipsam
 Restabat metam ah ! miseræ ; sed limite recto
 Turritus fera fata elephas impunè minatur
 Insurgens, si supremam contingere sedem
 Audeat, & toto castra obsidet ultima tractu,
 Et pavidam observans extremis sedibus arcet.

Interest

Rage and despair, and death attend her train,
 And the pale fates stand trembling on the plain;
 Proud of her charms, and the imperial crown,
 She breathes revenge, and mows the battle down.
 Earth groans, Olympus shakes; a purple flood
 Imbrues the field; Bellona stalks in blood.
 The Moors behold her terrible from far,
 As on she drives, the thunderbolt of war!
 Apath'd, they wish for the earth's gaping womb,
 To sink at once in the deep cavern'd gloom.
 Now wild with fear, to the King's tent they fly,
 There to obtain relief, or there to die.

As in the meadows, when the lowing brood
 To pasture stray, and crop the verdant food,
 If chance a wolf, with rage and hunger keen,
 Who all night long had roam'd the Sylvan scene,
 Soon

Interea nova regali dignata virago,
 Connubio exultans, toto dat funera campo.
 Illam tollit honos novus, & fortuna tumentem;
 Fulminis in morem ruit, atque nigrantia sævit
 Castra, per, & fedes, ac fidera territat armis.
 Horrescunt faciem invisam nigra agmina crudæ
 Virginis, atque imæ exoptant telluris hiatus.
 Diffugiunt trepidi vasto irrumpente fragore
 Hostes, metuque omnes acti glomerantur in unum,
 Aulæ in medio juxta latera ardua regis.
 Haud secus alta boves sparsæ per pascua quondam,
 Ut

128 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Soon as the east glows with the blushing dawn,
From his high hill comes thund'ring down the lawn;
Cow'ring the heifers fly, a dastard train!
To the strong bull that lords it o'er the plain;
Him they surround; him with their horns assail,
And hollow groans are heard along the vale.

Thro' the thick war the fierce virago flies,
They yield, she follows; who resists her, dies.
The wonders of her daring all behold,
And now their King in closer ranks infold.
In ev'ry sound the Amazon they hear;
On ev'ry side her deathful blade they fear,
Now flaming in the van, now hanging o'er the rear.
She rushes on, each avenue to bar,
And to the King's pavilion drives the war.

There

Ut sensere lupum venientem, protinus omnes
Conveniunt trepidæ, & fortem facto agmine taurum
Ductorem armenti implorant, ipsique propinquant
Certatim inter se trudentes cornua, rauco
Murmure; mugitu longè nemora alta resultant.
At regina furens trepidos toto agmine victrix
Impingens in terga, ipsique ante omnia regi
Fata parans, pugnas alta ad prætoria miscet:
Nunc ruit huc, nunc huc; tunc &, nisi læva fuisset
Mens illi, poterat candentem invadere sedem
Limite in obliquum quarto, & concludere fauces.
Ultimus ille labor regi, gentique fuisset

Nigranti

There rushes on, where the fierce chiefs engage,
 And round the Monarch bids the battle rage;
 In fancy sees him bleed; but oh! vain boast!
 Tho' now defenceless lies the wish'd-for post;
 Tho' a white square a vacant space afford,
 A station to command the checquer'd board;
 Ne'er to her valour shall that conquest bow,
 Ne'er shall those laurels deck the heroine's brow.
 Ah! blind to fortune! fury in her eyes,
 She looks around, nor sees the radiant prize;
 Or one bold step had made the day her own,
 And the black tyrant tumble from his throne.

Afflicted Hermes sees impending fate,
 And his king falling with a falling state.
 Then thus, if yet he can prevent the stroke,
 In taunting accents thus his mind he spoke:
 "How long, Apollo, wilt thou stand at bay?
 "Why loiter thus? and why this dull delay?
 "Wake

Nigranti, & fatis Arcas lugeret iniquis:
 Nempe erat hinc leti facilis via in ilia regis;
 Nec poterat quisquam se tantæ opponere cladi.
 Sensit Atlantiades tacitus, dubioque tremebant
 Corda metu: accelerare hostem jubet improbus, ictum
 Ne videat, verbisque rapit per inania mentem,
 Castigatque moras: Adeon' juvat usque morari,
 Nec pudor est? quæ tanta animis ignavia? sic nos
 Increpitas semper cunctantes impiger ipse?
 Scilicet expectas dum nox certamina tollat?

"Wake from your trance: your legions ling'ring stand;
 "Still must they wait their leader's trembling hand?
 "Or wilt thou pause, till yon' bright orb decline,
 "And to the shades of night the world resign?
 "Are these the arts, the maxims you pursue?
 "Why blame in others, what yourself will do?"

Stung by the taunt, Apollo views with pain
 His lengthen'd cares, and all his toil in vain.
 Nor fees, while rising passions cloud his sight,
 Where honourable deeds his queen invite;
 Nor makes the post on the white square his own,
 Nor shakes the swarthy Tyrant on his throne;
 But sends, with meaner blood to glut his blade,
 A soldier down to night's eternal shade.

The field now open, and the passes freed,
 Hermes beholds the unavailing deed.
 Joy fills his soul; joy sparkles in his eyes,
 Exalts his voice, and rends with shouts the skies.

Then

His actus, peditem imprudens dum captat Apollo,
 Præteriit fortunam: alacer vocem extulit astris
 Lætitiâ exiliens Cyllenius: inde periclo
 Regem ipsum eripiens, opponit Amazonis armis
 Haud invitum equitem, qui sævos arceat ictus.
 Tum secum meditans candenti letum elephantî,
 Qui meta arcebat famulam, ne regis iniret
 Concessos thalamos, curvato perculit arcu:
 Concidit, atque ictu tellurem bellua vasto
 Pulsavit moriens; dum regi intentat Apollo
 Necquicquam

Then from the Queen enrag'd his King to shield,
 He bids a trooper tempt the lifted field.
 To shield his King the willing trooper stands
 "Proud to obey his leader's just commands."
 The leader meditates, now bolder grown,
 With a new bride to fill the vacant throne.
 Tow'rd the last line he darts an ardent eye,
 And dooms the tow'ring elephant to die.
 The time is apt; the fatal word he said;
 An archer draws his arrow to the head:
 With fatal aim the twanging bow he plies,
 And to its mark th' impatient arrow flies.
 The monster's side pours forth a purple flood;
 He falls, he groans, he welters in his blood.

The road now level to ambition's aim,
 The sun-burnt maid pursues her path to fame.
 No danger threatens from opposing foes;
 No more Apollo can her flight oppose:

Eager

Nequicquam exitium: tum metam impunè ministra
 Nigra tenet, (nec Phœbus obest) jam regia conjux
 Jamque alacres paribus certamina viribus ambo
 Rursum ineunt, nuptasque ferunt in bella secundas.
 Tum, quanquam ambiguae spes sint, incertaque belli
 Alea adhuc, tamen, ac si palmæ certus, & omne
 Discrimen positus sit supra, gaudia ficto
 Ore puer Maiæ simulat, verbisque superbit

K 2

Improbis

Eager she rushes to th' imperial scene ;
The willing Moors pay homage to their Queen.

Proud of their second loves, the Kings review
Their strength recruited, and the war renew.
Still doubtful hangs the fortune of the day,
And equal valour turns th' alternate fray.
But Mercury, who could with sly address,
Feign what he felt not, what he felt suppress ;
With notes of triumph fills the ambient sky ;
Fear in his heart, and rapture in his eye ;
He seems with scorn the enemy to treat,
Boasting of conquest, dreading a defeat ;
And while (sly fraud !) their numbers he defies,
His confidence is terror in disguise.
Apollo brook'd not the insulting strain ;
" Thy vaunts," he said, " are insolent and vain."
" Not yet has Victory her purple wing
" Wav'd o'er thy banners ; unsubdued my King
" Against thy swarthy prince still keeps the field,
" And my brave hardy vet'rans scorn to yield.

" For

Improbus, insultans, (astûs genus !) & sua creber
Vocibus extollens, albæ premit arma cohortis.
Quem sic deprensa juvenis Latonius arte
Increpitat : Nondum extremam dubio ultima bello
Imposuit fortuna manum, & jam voce superbis.
Proinde mihi insulta & tumidis reple omnia verbis,
Certa tuum annuerit tibi cùm victoria Martem.

Sec

THE GAME OF CHESS. 133

“For thee, when fate has turn’d the doubtful scale,
 “Then swell with triumph; then let pride prevail:
 “But now this stroke, to dash thy promis’d joys,
 “This stroke, vain boaster! this thy hope destroys.”

The snowy Queen obeys his stern command,
 The crimson sabre glitt’ring in her hand.

Again both hosts in dreadful strife engage,
 And the war kindles with redoubled rage.
 One common ardour, one great soul in all;
 ’Tis fix’d to conquer, or in battle fall.

The combat thickens; helms and shields resound;
 Swords flash; shields glitter; darts bestrew the
 ground;

A melancholy scene of death around.

For victory or ruin all prepare;

And sword to sword, and man to man they dare.

Now these press forward, where the foe declines,

And proudly hope to storm the hostile lines;

Now backward roll, as ebbs the tide of war,

From their own camp the enemy to bar.

Their

Sed jam nulla mora est; tua nunc, nunc irrita faxo
 Dicta manu. Hæc fatus, reginam hortatur in hostes.
 Continuò oxoritur magnum certamen, & ingens
 Hinc atque hinc rabies; dum fixum vincere utriusque.
 Audentes in tela ruunt: stat multus ubique
 Terror, ubique pavor, mortisque simillima imago.
 Nituntur cuncti adversi, seseque viro vir

K 3

Obtulit:

134 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Their panting breasts now fickle fortune plies,
 And bids alternate passions fall and rise :
 Now warm with hope, they bear the prize away ;
 Now desolate with fear, they lose the day,
 And with quick change their throbbing bosoms play.

Obtulit : invigilant castris avertere pestem
 Quisque suis, hostemque fugant, hostiliaque ipsi
 Castra petunt, variantque vices, fortunaque ludit
 Spe cupidos, & corda moræ impatientia torquet.

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ay.]

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dit
et.

THE
GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO V.

THE

ARGUMENT of the Fifth Canto.

THE black Queen enters into the heat of the engagement. The white troops give way. Their Queen is busy in another part of the field: She forces her way to the royal tent, puts the sentinels to the sword, and gives check to the King. The black Queen comes to his relief: She throws herself between him and the enemy. Apollo is in the utmost distress. A black trooper has gained a post, from which he threatens the white King and Queen at once. In this situation of affairs Apollo is sorely grieved. Mercury exults. The white Queen falls. The King revenges her death. The black trooper is slain. Apollo sees impending ruin: his people are almost all cut off. Two foot-warriors and an archer are all that remain. Mercury musters the Moors. The black Queen meditates the destruction of the adverse King. She hews down all before her. The white archer and the two foldiers are put to the sword. The King now stands alone: he will not abdicate his crown. He flies and baffles the enemy. The black King pursues him. After passing through various defiles, the white King halts upon his first line. The black Queen takes post on the second line, and hems him in. The black King wishes to gain the honour of the day; but in vain; one square is always between him and his adversary. The black Queen gives the finishing stroke. The white King dies in the field of battle. Mercury exults and triumphs. Jupiter rewards him. Mercury instructs a Nymph in the game of Chess. He meets her on the banks of the river *Serio*. His amour is related. He gives the Nymph a Chess Board, as a token of his love. The Nymph teaches the Game to the people of Italy. The Poem concludes.

C A N T O V.

FROM the Moor's Camp, meantime, in armour
bright,

The fierce Virago animates the fight.

At glory's call she presses on with speed,

Where the war glows, and where the bravest bleed.

With the bold Amazon none dare engage,

Nor the white Queen attempts to check her rage.

Through paths far distant, the white Queen proceeds,

Prompt of design, and bold in gen'rous deeds.

Round the Moor's camp each avenue she tries,

In his pavilion where the Monarch lies.

The picket guard, the sentinels around

Fall by surprize, and bite the checquer'd ground.

Each post obtain'd, each fastness of the place,

Tow'rds her design she moves in silent pace,

There

FUNERA spargebat fuscæ regina cohortis

Per medias animosa acies : non æmula contrà

Opposuit sese virgo, sed calle per hostes

Secreto interea regis tendebat ad alta

Limina : dein subitò captis custodibus arcis

Irruit, atque aditus irrumpens obsidet aulam,

Intentatque

138 THE GAME OF CHESS.

There hopes to triumph by resistless might,
And at one blow conclude the ling'ring fight.

This from afar beheld the fable Queen,
Her eye quick glancing o'er th' embattl'd scene.
She sees the plan by bold ambition form'd,
Her King besieg'd, and the entrenchment storm'd.
With rage her bosom heaves, now sinks with grief;
What shall she do? where turn? how bring relief?
O'er vulgar lives she scorns her sword to wield,
And leaves unglean'd the harvest of the field.
Swift as the wind, she measures back the plain,
And darts and glitt'ring swords oppose in vain.
Between her king and the proud foe she stands,
And bravely there defies the hostile bands:
On her, on her their fury dares invoke,
And lays her bosom naked to the stroke.

This

Intentatque necem regi. Tum nigra virago,
Postquam altis vidit canam in penetralibus hostem,
Cæde madens strages citò linoit, & imperfecta
Funera, & acta pedem retro exanimata repressit;
Nec timuit mediam se certæ opponere morti,
Et patriæ, & trepido properans succurere regi.

Hic aliud majus Phœbo, graviusque dolendum
Objicitur: nam cornipedem Cyllenius atrum
Huc illuc agitans campo insultabat aperto.
Ardet equus, saltuque furit; nec destitit ausis,
Donec, reginæ pariter regique minatus,
Optatum tenuit sedem, exitioque futurus

Aut

THE GAME OF CHESS. 139

This check'd Apollo's rage ; nor this alone ;
 Lo ! other evils now invest his throne.
 For Mercury, who knew with prudent care,
 For each event his measures to prepare,
 Detach'd a trooper, with insulting pace,
 To range at large the parti-colour'd space.
 The gen'rous steed spurns, at each pause, the rein ;
 His hoof, in fancy, beats the absent plain ;
 He champs, he foams, indignant of control,
 Devours the ground, and stretches to the goal.
 There the proud trooper feels his bosom glow,
 Fierce of design, and rising to the blow ;
 The blow that fells a Monarch on the plain,
 Or sends his queen to Pluto's gloomy reign.

Scar'd at the sight, Apollo fees too late
 The dire dilemma that involves the state ;
 The conqu'ring Moor elate with martial pride,
 And the white nation press'd on ev'ry side.

Grief

Aut huic, aut illi, nigrantibus obstitit armis.
 Ut vidit, tristi turbatus pectus Apollo
 Ingemuit ; largusque genis non defuit humor.
 Et jam jam labi, atque retro sublapfa referri
 Spes omnis, fluxæ vires, averfa Deûm mens.
 Arcas successu exultans, ac munere Divûm
 Lætus, ovanſque, animum vocemque ad fidera tollit ;
 Et tandem rediit vigor in præcordia victo.
 Protinus inclusam feriens sub tartara mittit
Reginam,

140 THE GAME OF CHESS.

Grief swells his breast, and tears bedew his eye;
 Such tears as patriots shed, when nations die.
 His ruin'd cause the Gods averse survey,
 And fortune to the Moor transfers the day.
 Hermes exults; and now, with brandish'd blade,
 The white Queen's life a trooper dares invade.
 Ill fated princess! she resigns her breath
 In honour's cause, and seeks the shades of death;
 While, poor atonement for so great a prize!
 By the King's hand the fable trooper dies.

Nor yet Apollo quits the crimson field;
 He scorns to sue for mercy, or to yield.
 Where'er he views the wide extended plains,
 A poor epitome of war remains.
 Two soldiers only in the ranks appear,
 And one bold archer, still untaught to fear.

To

Reginam, & spoliis potitur non fegnīs opimis:
 Tantūm olli bellator equus cadit, ilia fossus
 Ultoris ferro regis. Nondum tamen expes
 Phœbus abit, sed pugnat adhuc: atq; agminis albi
 Reliquiæ, pedites duo, & arcu insignis eburno,
 Martis amor juvenis, nequicquam bella laceffunt.
 Audentes facit amiffæ spes lapsa salutis,
 Succurruntque duci labenti in funera: sed non
 Talibus auxiliis, nec defensoribus istis
 Tempus eget: toto Maia fatus æquore sævit.
 Instat vi multâ nigra virgo, septaque regis
 Circuit, excidium intentans, hac perfurit atque hac:
 Nec

To shield their King, undaunted they repair ;
 Their hope of safety fix'd in brave despair.
 Ah ! gallant warriors ! check your ardent course :
 Not your weak aid, nor such unequal force
 The time demands ; o'er all the checquer'd ground
 Lo ! Hermes storms, and calls his Moors around :
 The Moors obey ; the Queen her aid combines,
 Braves ev'ry danger, and lays waste the lines.
 The King she seeks ; the King, where'er she flies,
 Burns in her soul, and flashes from her eyes.
 Aloud she calls, " What ho ! young Monarch, ho !
 " 'Tis the black Amazon, thy mortal foe."
 Him low in dust her vengeance pants to lay,
 And where she rushes, ruin marks her way.
 She shakes her crimson steel : the shatter'd foes
 Her crimson steel no longer can oppose ;
 An undistinguish'd prey their lives they yield,
 Till man by man they perish on the field.

The

Nec requievit enim, donec certamine iniquo
 Reliquias gentis candentis, & ultima bello
 Auxilia absumpsit. Medio rex æquore inermis
 Constitit amissis fociis ; velut æthere in alto,
 Expulit ardentes flammæ ubi lutea bigis
 Luciferis aurora, tuus pulcherrimus ignis
 Lucet adhuc, Venus, & cælo mox ultimus exit.
 Nulla salus illi superat, spes nulla salutis :
 Non tamen excedit victus, sed claudere sese
 Hostiles inter cuneos, impunè per enses

Actus,

142 THE GAME OF CHESS.

The helpless King bemoans his slaughter'd host,
And troops of friends he now no more must boast:
He mourns a ruin'd, solitary reign,
His guards, his people wek'ring on the plain.

As when the morn has chac'd the shades of night,
And purpled o'er the East with orient light,
The stars withdraw their ineffectual fires,
And one by one the Heav'nly host retires;
Thy orb, fair Venus, still emits a ray,
A while to gleam alone, then fade away.

Deserted, helpless, thus the King remains,
But still th' unconquerable mind retains;
He scorns to abdicate, though numbers press,
In ruin brave, majestic in distress.
Exploring ev'ry path, he stands at bay,
And thro' th' embattled phalanx wins his way,
Secure of life, while none his passage meet,
And the field opens still a safe retreat.

Till

Actus, avet, donec nusquam spatia ulla supersint
Effugiis. Nam si nemo illi fata minetur,
Nec superet sedes, quam impunè capeffere possit;
Nil tantorum operum impensis foret omnibus actum:
Sed labor effusus frustra, viresque fuissent;
Nec titulos quisquam, aut victoris nomen haberet.
Ergo per vacuas sedes, desertaque castra
Nunc huc, rursus illuc, incertos implicat orbes
Diffugiens:

Till fate has stretch'd one monarch on the plain,
 Of all their toil the warriors boast in vain.
 For this the snowy King his flight renews;
 The fable Monarch, where he flies, pursues;
 And where the fable Monarch bends his course,
 The white King flies, and still eludes his force;
 Seizes each post, the vacant lines afford,
 Retreats, advances, flies, and skims along the board.
 But who from destiny can hope to fly?
 Th' inevitable hour of fate draws nigh:
 For now the limit of the checquer'd ground
 His steps have reach'd; his fortune's utmost bound!
 There as he moves, the fable Queen from far
 Darts o'er the plain, and rushes through the war:
 The captive Monarch eager to confine,
 She plants her standard on the second line.
 Her King exults, as with experienc'd eyes
 He views the field, and to the conquest flies;

Pursues

*Diffugiens: niger insequitur rex æquore toto,
 Atque fugæ semper spatiumque abitumque relinquit.
 Pòst, ubi supremo tendentem limite gressum
 Vidit, reginam sedes servare secundas
 Jussit, ab angustis ne se ille abducere posset
 Ordinibus; tantumque fugæ misero ultima restat
 Linea: tum sese contrà niger æmulus infert
 Dux gentis propiore gradu; sedes tamen una
 Alterum ab alterius contactu summovet usque.
 Ut verò contra exultantem victus, & expes*

Pursues the foe, by love of glory led,
 And now he lays, or thinks he lays him dead.
 Vain the pursuit! where'er they tread the scene,
 One square still leaves a vacant space between.
 The fable Amazon beholds with pain
 The ling'ring labour of the long campaign.
 Forward she springs, and on the farthest land,
 With rage insatiate, takes her fatal stand.
 Unhappy Prince! which way the danger shun?
 Fate calls thee hence; thy race of glory's run!
 Thirsting for blood, the heroine gives the blow;
 Th' indignant Monarch seeks the shades below.
 On the bare earth his limbs extended lie;
 The Gods applaud, and rend with shouts the sky.

Hermes in triumph sees his labours o'er,
 And Io Pæan rings along the shore.
 Keen shafts of wit aim'd at Apollo fly,
 Who durst in arms the matchless chief defy.

The

Constitit invitus, fortunam nacta virago
 Extremam infiliit sedem, totoque minatur
 Limite: nec misero restat locus ampliùs usquam.
 Tandem illum surgens virgo crudelis in ensẽ
 Immolat, & finem imposuit fors aspera pugnæ;
 Ingenti Superùm plausu, & clamore secundo.

Victor Atlantiades exultat litore toto
 Improbus, & victo insultat, ridetque dolentem:

Quem

THE GAME OF CHESS. 145

The matchless chief with pleasure Jove surveys,
 Approves his toil, and crowns his deeds with praise.
 Then gives the wand, the magic wand, whose aid
 Draws from the realms of night th' unbodied shade ;
 Whose unrelenting pow'r to endless pain
 In Stygian lakes can send the guilty train ;
 Can quench in slumber the unwilling fight,
 Or call the fleeting spirit back to light.
 Such was the gift to grace the victor's claim.
 The victor taught th' Italian swains the game :
 What the God taught, th' Italian swains obey,
 And their sons celebrate the mimic fray.

These sports, (if aught of truth old Bards relate)
 These festive sports to love first ow'd their date.
 For where thro' arching bow'rs the SERIO glides,
 And with his silver stream the lawn divides,
 A train of Virgins haunt the flow'ry plain,
 Their feet responsive to the vocal strain,

With

Quem pater omnipotens ad se vocat, & dat habere
 Felicem virgam, qua puras evocet umbras
 Pallenti Styge, ut infectum scelus eluit ignis ;
 Quaque Erebo damnet fontes, & carcere cæco ;
 Detque adimatque oculis somnos ; & funere in ipso
 Lumina lethæo claudat perfusa sopore.
 Mox verò gratum ludum mortalibus ipse
 Ostendit Deus, & morem certaminis hujus

VOL. VII.

L

Italiæ

146 THE GAME OF CHESS.

With these a Nymph appear'd, surpassing fair ;
 Of heav'nly feature, and majestic air.
 Her, as she rovd where cooling banks invite,
 Hermes beheld, and kindled at the sight.
 Oft, when retiring from the noon-day beam,
 She sought the freshness of the limpid stream,
 He saw each charm in all its native grace,
 Charms that eclips'd the wonders of her face ;
 Now saw that form on the green margin's side,
 With softer gleam now in the azure tide ;
 And now, where, bending thro' the quiv'ring reeds,
 With snowy hand her silver swans she feeds.
 Her virgin-pride too soon the God disarms :
 She blush'd, and blushing gave him all her charms.
 Hermes, the yielding fair-one to requite,
 With fond remembrance of the dear delight,
 Bestow'd, still gazing on that heav'nly face,
 The checquer'd board, and party-colour'd race ;
 Explain'd the laws by which the troops engage,
 And taught the Nymph the various war to wage.
 The

Italiæ primùm docuit celebrare colonos.
 Namq; olim, ut perhibent, dilectam Scacchida, qua
 non
 Inter Seriadas præstantior, altera Nymphas,
 Compressit ripâ errantem, & nil tale putantem,
 Dum pascit niveos herbosa ad flumina olores.
 Tum bicolorem illi buxum dedit, atque pudoris
 Amissi pretium, vario ordine picturatam
 Argentique aurique gravem tabulam addidit, usumque
 Edocuit,

THE GAME OF CHESS. 147

The Nymph well pleas'd, and of the present vain,
Display'd love's trophy to her sister-train ;
Taught them the art, the manners of the game,
And bade the mimic strife retain her name.

Her name the Nymphs record in ditties sweet,
And oft at eve the wond'rous tale repeat.
Oft have I heard them ; in my vernal day
Oft has attention listen'd to the lay ;
What time I first essay'd the sylvan strains,
And with the Muse walk'd o'er my native plains.

Edocuit, Nymphæque etiam nunc servat honorem,
Et nomen ludus, celebrat quem maxima Roma,
Extremæque hominum diversa ad littora gentes.
Omnia quæ puero quondam mihi ferre solebant
Seriades, patrii canerem dum ad flumina Serii.

P O E M A T A.

T

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TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER PRIMUS.

TEMPUS erat cum blanda dies, pluvixque
feraces

Irriguas revocant animas surgentibus herbis ;
Cum jam vere novo lactentes germen honores
Elicit ad solem, Zephyrique tepentibus auris
Formæ in mille modos se dædala terra resolvit ;
Tum, tenerè irrorans jucunda oblivia curis,
Obrepsit somnus ; fugiunt luctusque metusque,
Nec malefuada Venus vivo pertentat amore

Jam

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs,
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray ;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)

A train

Jam resides sensus ; sed enim simul alma reluxit,
 Somnia grata ferens, Tithoni Roscida conjux,
 Morpheus, assumens variæ simulamina formæ,
 Occupat, et multâ fallens sub imagine rerum
 Sopitum ludit mentis dulcissimus error.

Scilicet eVectus subito super astra videbar
 Sublimem in sedem, terras unde arduus omnes,
 Cunctaque spectabam, quidquid de vertice Olympi,
 Vastum emensus iter, clarâ sol lampade lustrat.
 Ætheris in medio, proprio libratus ab axe,
 Orbis erat ; varii hinc atque hinc capita ardua montes
 Attollunt ; raucis terram circumsonat undis
 Oceanus ; vada falsa fremunt ; deserta locorum
 In longum tendunt spatium ; sylva alta coruscis
 Frondibus horrescit, captans et Carbasus Austros
 Radit iter liquidum vasti per Cærula Ponti.

Fervet

A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
 The whole creation open to my eyes ;
 In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow ;
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green ;
 Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes,
 There trees and intermingled temples rise ;

Now

Fervet opus; surgunt urbes, et templa deorum
Thure novo redolent plena, in cœlumque minantur.
Sole sub ardenti varios nunc scena colores
Induitur, tenues mox vanida fugit in auras.

Miranti, passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti,
Attonitas ingens subito fragor impulit aures,
Ceu distante polus tonitru cum parte cietur,
Aut cum rauca sonans scopulis inæmurmurat unda.
Continuo clarâ se objectat luce videndum
Magnæ molis opus, vastum cui nubila culmen
Turbida caligant circum, involvuntque tenebris.
Nix concreta gelu, radiisque impervia solis,
Fundamenta dabat monti, cui semita gressum
Clementi facilique jugo præbebat in altum,
Lubrica sed fallax subdit vestigia plantæ.
Marmoris in speciem duratis frigore lymphis
Prodigiosa

Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders, that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd;
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;

The

Prodigiousa fîlex stat ceu Marpesia cautes,
 Perspicuo et solidum mentitur Corpore Saxum.
 Hinc atque hinc gelidi circum latera ardua montis
 Nomina gliscenti in faxo descripta videres
 Magnanimûm heroum, in terris dum vita manebat,
 Eximiæ peperêre sibi qui laudis honores,
 Et per vatis opus, et sacræ dona camænæ
 Speravere diu mansuram in sæcula famam.
 Heu! vatum promissa fides! post fortia facta,
 Nunc plorant meritis non respondere favorem,
 Et multos trepidavit edax abolere vetustas.
 Parte aliâ, aspiceres subito splendore poetas
 Inscriptos rupi; nec longum tempus, in auras
 Diffugiunt cuncti, et vestigia nulla supersunt.
 Vidi et censores, vatum qui rebus iniqui
 In cunctos gaudent crudeles sumere pœnas.
 Illis ira modum supra est, et laudis avari
 Admiranda suis concedere nomina cogunt;

Inque

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdued;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd:
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
 Critics I saw that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place;

Their

Inque vicem illorum, celeri devota lituræ,
 Fama periit mendax, atque illachrymabilis altâ
 Nocte jacet, Phœbo quondam dum digna locuti
 In lucem redeunt, recidivaque carmina monstrant.
 Nec tantum venti, tempestatesque sonoræ
 Circum faxa fremunt; interdum faucia sole
 Liquitur, inque putrem mitescit lubrica moles.
 Namque extrema fugit, pennâ metutente resolvi,
 Fama, incerta nimis, medio et tutissima semper;
 Nec magis invidiæ peritura sequacibus iris,
 Quam nimium effusæ fatali munere laudis.
 Pars tamen est, quam nulla unquam inclementia cœli,
 Nulla procella potest, nulli penetrare calores,
 Sed chrystalla velut, ferro quæ sculptor edaci
 Format, et arte jubet verborum fumere sensus,
 Cuncta tenax servat saxo commissa fideli.
 Namque hic cernere erat muros inscripta per omnes
 Nomina clara virûm, primâ quæ ab origine mundi
 Obtinuere

Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy, then excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,
 Like chrystal, faithful to the graving steel:
 The rock's high summit, in the temples shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storms invade.
 Their

Obtinuere locum, et feros visura nepotes
Immortali ævo summâ cum laude fruuntur.

Sic ubi Zembla jacet, liquidi miracula faxi,
Dædala quæ finxit vis frigoris, ardua surgunt,
Lugentesque super campos, et inertia regna
Perpetuo candore rigent: per nubila Phœbus
Cana gelu tenues, pallens, experisque caloris,
Obliquat radios; neque sentit fulguris ictum
Sæva, jugis habitans, servansque æterna rigorem
Indomitum deformis hyems; ferus ingruit horror
Grandinis, et molem crescit super altera moles,
Altius insurgens, donec ceu maximus Atlas
In cœlum erigitur rupes immensa pruinae,
Miraturque ævi glaciem et nascentia saxa,
Congeriem dum mille hyemes glomerantur in unam.
Impositum

Their names inscrib'd, unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days,

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the light'nings play:
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky.
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.

On

Impositum rupi, summoque in vestice stabat
Sacrum, Fama, tibi, visu mirabile ! Templum ;
Ædes vasta, ingens, in cœlum erecta, nec unquam
Mortali fabricata manu : portenta laboris,
Quæ præsens, vel lapsa retro quæ viderit ætas,
Egregium superabat opus ; licet inclyta rerum
Jactet Romæ sibi capitolii immobile saxum ;
Quamvis immensas miretur Græcia moles,
Pensilibusque hortis Babylon confurgat ad astra.

Quà se diversas ad cœli quatuor oras
Expandit tellus, foribus domus alta superbis
Quatuor ostentat portas : quà bruma nivali
Frigore constringit terram, mediufve rubente
Fervet sole dies ; qua lucis spargit eoo
Primitias Aurora redux, vel pronus in undas
Hesperias Titan fluctu se tingit ibero ;
Adverso totidem panduntur cardine valvæ.

Non

On this foundation Fame's high Temple stands,
Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome, or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.

Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace.
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,

Or

Non cunctis facies eadem, at par gratia formæ.
 Effigies variæ decorant longo ordine muros
 Magnanimûm heroûm, nati melioribus annis,
 Qui genus humanum varias coluère per artes ;
 Qui bello fulsere duces, et laudis amore
 Pro patria meruère mori ; qui monstra per orbem
 Victrici domuère manu ; qui fœdera legum,
 Atque urbes posuere suis : de marmore ducti
 Arma viri rursûm tractant, et torva tuentur,
 In Saxo et rigidi meditantur jura SOLONES.

Quà languente die sol vibrat mitior ignes,
 Janua vasta patet : molis capita alta columnæ
 Ingentes tollunt : variæ circumque supraque
 Postibus illudunt facies, spirantia signa !
 Atque homines ficto videas effulgere in auro.
 Theseus, hirsutâ vestitus pelle Leonis,
 Primus adest : clypeum furiis et Gorgone sævum

Perseus

Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace ;
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.

In

Perseus ostentat, donum fatale Minervæ.
 Atque hic Alcides, defessus membra labore,
 Asper, acerba tuens, clavæque innixus, et hortis
 Victor ab Hesperidum, vigili direpta draconi
 Poma manu gestat. Cytharâ Rhodopeius Orpheus
 Pulsat dulce melos ; auritæ ad carmina quercus
 Sedibus exiliunt, sylvæque nemusque sequuntur,
 Atque ingens subito vatem super imminet umbra.
 Parte aliâ, Amphion blandâ testudine musam
 Suscitât ; en mirum ! Thebanæ conditur arcis
 Moles, magna, ingens ; respondent flumina, valles,
 Et nemora, et montes ; dulci clamore Cytheron
 Adsonat, et rupes, passimque sequacia saxa
 Agglomerant sese, et muros volvuntur in altos.
 Assurgunt variæ celsis compagibus arces ;
 Inque arcus speciem, vasto curvamine, moles
 Statcomplexa forum ; trabibus, Pariisque columnis
 Innixæ surgunt ædes, et templa Deorum,
 Ceu subiti, quos terra parit tollitque vapores,
 Nubibus immiscent sese, & tenuantur ad astra.

Quâ

In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld;
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield.
 There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil.
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Citheron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :

VOL. VII.

M

There

Quà montes primo gemmantes rore peragrans
 Irriguis redimita rosis Aurora nitefcit,
 Vestibulum apparet pretiofo infigne labore,
 Artificumque manu : vibrantes fulgura gemmæ
 Barbarico splendore micant, spatiumque per omne
 A prifcis deducta viris longiffima rerum
 Stat circum series, fulvoque ardefcit in auro.
 Illic Affyriæ primus fundamina gentis
 Qui pofuit, lateque plagas ditione tenebat,
 Ninus fceptra gerit. Perfærum gloria, belli
 Fulmen agens, morumque viris legumque repertor,
 Cyrus adefc. Et vos niveo velamine cincti,
 Thurea dona, Magi, fertis ; nec non Zoroafter
 Incedit, virgamque manu tenet, ipfe piorum
 Lætus adefcē choris ; populum telluris Eoæ
 Qui docuit folisque vias, lunæque meatus.
 Et vos, Chaldæi ritus et numina regni
 Qui colitis, veneranda cohors ! longo ordine adefcis,
Erecto

There might you fee the length'ning fpires afcend,
 The domes fwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations, rife,
 And the huge columns heave into the fkies.

The eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
 With diamonds flaming, and barbaric gold.
 There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Affyrian fame;
 And the great founder of the Perfian name :
 There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand ;
 Grave Zoroafter waves the circling wand.

The

Erecto in cœlum vultu, dum vestis ad imos
In longum diffusa pedes, candore nivali,
Per terram trahitur. Læti socia agmina jungunt
Brachmanni, quorum divino carmine Luna
Languescit moriens, medioque sub ætheris axe
Sydera fixa manent, mirâ dulcedine cantûs.
Hi magicas norunt artes, stygiisque tenebris
Pallentes revocant umbras, atque agmine factô
Gramineis ineunt læti convivia mensis :
Utque epulis satiata fames, per amœna vireta
Exultant, ducuntque choros, et carmina dicunt,
Carmina quæ possunt, gemmisque, et marmore et
auro,

Auroræ gazas, Regum et superantia Luxum
Extruere immensis penetralia longa columnis,
Ante oculos varii ludunt ubi mille colores,
Et simulacra modis circum volitantia miris.
Parte aliâ, solus, generoso pectore verum
Secum agitat, longèque viros supereminet omnes,
Confucius, cœlo duxit qui γυνῆσι σεαυτοῖον,

Et

The sage Chaldæans, rob'd in white, appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert groves rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd the unbody'd
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades ;
Made visionary fabricks round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
Of Talismans and Sigils know the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.

M 2

Supe-

Et docuit gentes, lucis melioris origo,
Quam purè virtus pectus tranquillet honestum.

Quà vero incendit radiis flagrantibus axem
Orbe dies medio, muros et limina circum
Fertilis a Nili ripis, & littore rubro,
Apparent vates, redimiti tempora vittis,
Ægypti qui sacra colunt, ritusque Canopi,
Omnigenumque Deum Monstra. Hi terræque
 marisque
Mensores, solisque vias, atque ætheris alti
Describunt tractus, & quæ per inane verendo,
Lege sub æternâ, volvuntur sydera lapsu,
Ordine quæque suo; fastosque & tempora mundi
Perpetuo ducunt per sæcula lapsa tenore,
Dum cunctos numerant spatiis lunaribus annos.
Atque hic ex bello reducem, post fulmina dextræ,
Everfasque urbes infano Marte, Sesostrim
Sublimi in vectum curru, spoliisque superbum
Barbaricis vidi; parte ex utrâque, catenis

In

Superior and alone Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Ægypt's priests the gilded niches grace;
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:

His

In seriem vincti, incedunt longo ordine reges,
 Victorisque trahunt, vultu haud celante dolorem,
 Temonem auratum, & gemmis stellantia lora.
 Arduus interea stat celsâ fede tyrannus
 Mole gyganteâ: necdum fera fulgura belli
 Decedunt oculis: vibrat de more sonantem
 Arcum læva manus; præfixâ cuspide dextra
 Intentat jaculum; vastosque amplexa lacertos
 Textilibus vestis squamis, auroque rigenti,
 Implicuitque artus, textitque immania membra.
 Hic inter varias imitantia marmora formas,
 Pyramides vasto surgunt ad sydera sumptu,
 Vestibulique oras animalia sculpta per omnes
 Naturam rerum monstrant, & clara reperta,
 Indiciis miris, & verba fugacia signant.

Ast ope Barbaricâ, terram quâ despicit Arctos,
 Stat vastæ molis, magnoque operosa labore,
 Porta ingens, nimiumque suo sub pondere nutant
 Ornamenta: illic ingenti mole Colossi

In Stant

His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride:
 There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.

M 3 There

Stant horrore rudi, sacrataque vertice summo
 Arma ducum fulgent, & rapta ex hoste tropæa.
 Nec non per muros Runicis inscripta figuris
 Carmina cœlantur, Musæ licet antiquâi.
 Atque hic Zamolxis sublinem ad sydera vultum
 Tollit, et obtutu meditatur numen in uno.
 Nec procul inde Odin, lassos cui spiritus artus
 Fugerat, exanimum linquens in morte propinquâ:
 Iam vires rediêre, simul color ora notare
 Incipit; ille canit subito ut super astra furore
 Tranarit nubes, superasque evaserit arces
 Ad Divûm alloquium, & sancti commercia cœli.
 De ferro solidæ, tinctæque cruore, columnæ
 Attollunt capita alta: tenent de marmore culmen,
 Qui Scythiæ populos duxêre in bella furentes,
 Terribiles visu formæ! Martemque reposcunt.
 Nec non hic Druidæ; nec non, pia carmina, Bardi,
 Qui quondam cecinêre, locum stationibus aptis
 Ornant, heu! tristes tandem, nec ut ante canoros
 Fundunt ore modos: passis incompta capillis
 Musa filet, dulcique jacent sine pectine chordæ.
 Nec procul hinc juvenes, vatum qui numine pleni

Per

There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes;
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that died, to be by poets sung.

These,

Per medias rupêre acies, per tela, per ignes,
 Ferro ausi tentare vias, & Marte perempti,
 Prælia liquêrunt sacris dicenda camœnis.
 Limina mille alii circumstant agmine denso
 Antiqui Heroes, dubio quos lumine vestit
 Fabula, jamque fidem fictis dat longa vetustas.
 Sole sub adverso murorum lubrica moles,
 Æmula crySTALLI, vario splendore coruscat;
 Hincque repercussi radii dant lumina rebus
 Mille coloratis, & nunc majora videri
 Cuncta patent, & nunc, varias induta figuras,
 Multiplicant sese, & clarâ omnia luce nitefcunt.
 Haud aliter cum Fama volat, res mille vagantur,
 Permutantque vices, & primo murmure parvæ
 Paulatim affurgunt, mensuraque crescit in horas.

These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
 For thus romantic fame increases all.

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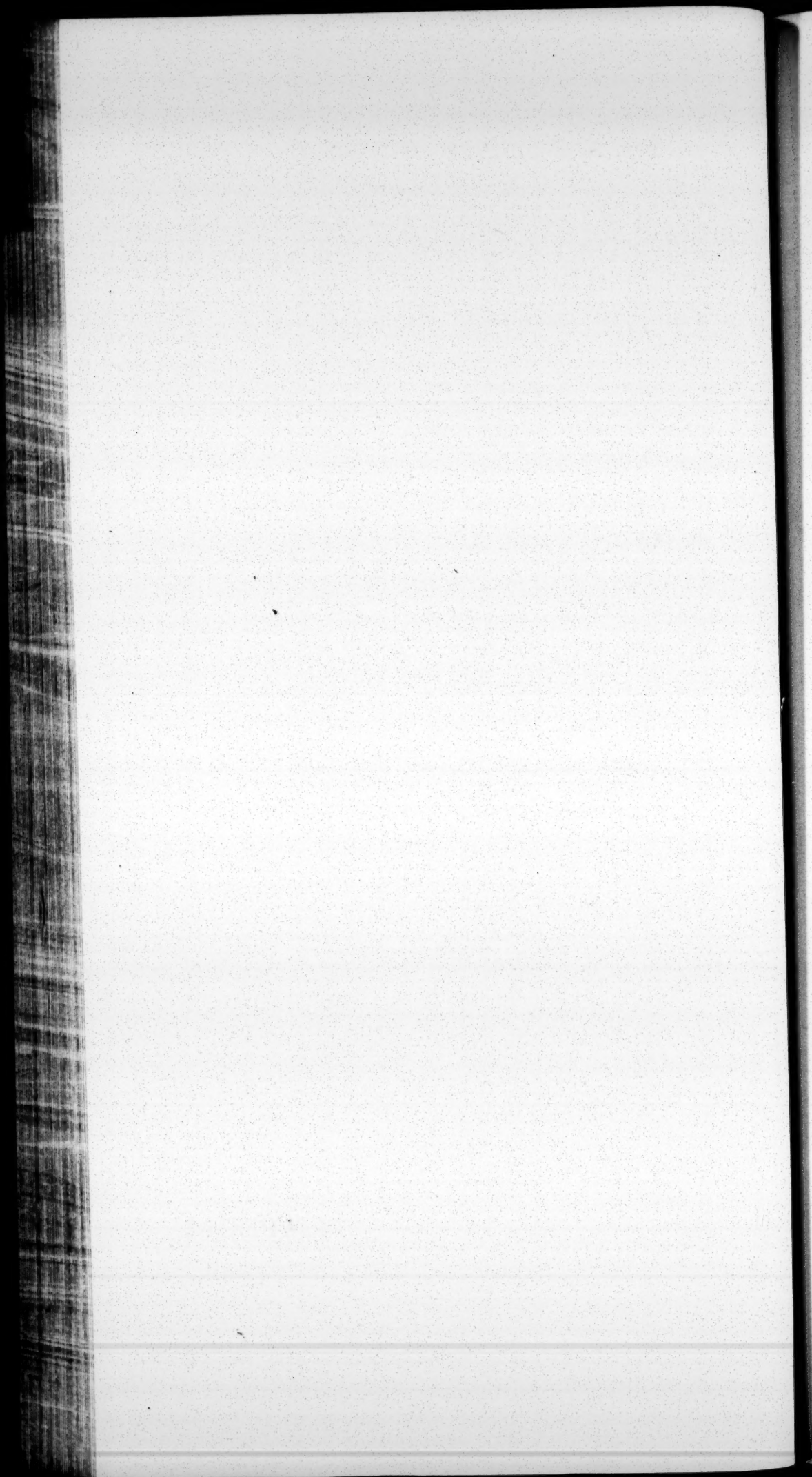
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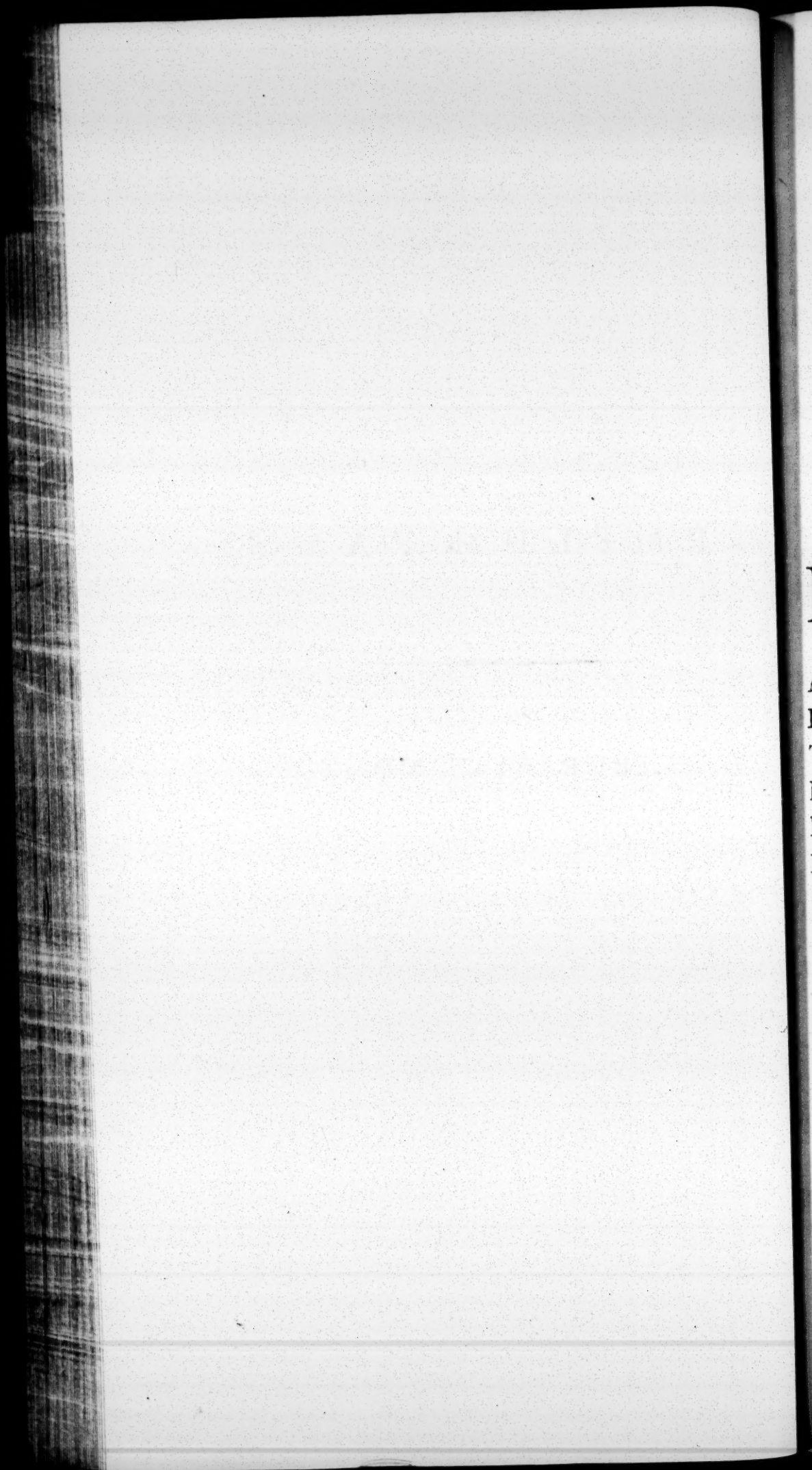
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TEMP LUM FAM Æ.

LIBER SECUNDUS.



TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER SECUNDUS.

IAMQUE exaudiri subito fragor, omnia motu
Visa quati, templumque tremit, biforesque
reclusæ

Apparent valvæ ; penetralia longa patefcunt,
Et convexa domus vasto curvamine pendent.
Tecta auro laqueata nitent, et mænia circum
Mæandro viridi flectit se plurima laurus,
In fummoque fedet rostro Jovis ales adunco.
Berilli paries puro splendore renidet,
Lucidiorque vitro : veluti fulgentibus aptum
Syderibus cœlum, fummi fastigia Templi

Scin-

THE Temple shakes ; the founding gates unfold ;
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd.
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The fringes gold, and gold the capitals.

Scintillant gemmis, radiisque micantibus ardent,
Ex alto dum pendentes longo ordine lychni
Accendunt sacros æterni luminis ignes.

Porticibus mediis, templique in limine primo,
Adstant, historicis ævi monimenta prioris
Qui servant chartis : cunctis circumdata palla,
Quæ candore nives anteiret. Nec procul inde
Temporis apparet vivo de marmore forma,
Sed non more fugam meditantis præpete pennâ :
Vinctæ humeris hærent alæ, manibusque bipennis
Nunc inversa manet, veteres oblita ruinas.

Intus amor patriæ, laudumve arrecta Cupido
Quos olim immisit mille in discrimina Martis,
Magnanimi heroes : cinctum florente coronâ
Hic juvenem vidi, sibi non superabilis hostis,
Præter atrocem animum, qui mundi cuncta subegit:
Perfarum

As Heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the passage of each various gate
The sage Historians in white garments wait :
Grav'd o'er the feats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.

Within stood heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.

High

Perfarum ſceptrum, et, regale inſigne, tiara,
Sub pedibus deſpecta jacent, et cornua fronti
Addit ovans mentita Jovem, immortalis haberi
Dum cupit, et nutu jam jam tremefecit Olympum.

Hic belli et pacis medius, geminiſque Minervæ
Muneribus felix, fortunâ ſemper in omni
Temporibus dubiis major, majorque ſecundis,
Divus adeſt Cæſar, terrarum victor et iræ;
Et quamquam in patrûm, et populi, legumque ruinâ,
Grata viri virtus ſupereſt, et crimine in ipſo
Vix damnatus adhuc, fruitur popularibus auris.

Aſt inter bello claros loca prima tenebant,
Non ſibi, ſed mundo geniti, pro legibus, atque
Pro dolci in ferrum qui libertate ruebant,
Auſi omnes mediis ſeſe objectare periclis.

Stant

High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd:
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Lybian God.

There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone,
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his country's fate.

But chief were thoſe who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:

High

High

Stant circum illustres, magnâ comitante catervâ,
 Heroes, mediisque in millibus Epaminondas
 Os sacrum ostendit. Fraternâ morte cruentum
 Timoleon vibrat gladium, patriæque receptas
 Gratatur leges, et libera jura senatûs.

Hic quoque, qui tumidas Pœnorum contudit iras,
 Una salus patriæ, Mavortis, Scipio, fulmen,
 Romulidumque decus, lætis seu curribus urbem
 Intrat ovans, Tyrioque sedet spectabilis ostro,
 Seu civis posito privatus pondere rerum
 Virtutis nunc quærit iter, moresque togati.

Addit se focium, famâ super Æthera notus,
 Aurelius, mentis sancto jus fasque recessu
 Qui coluit, rerumque tulit moderator habenas,
 Ipse sui judex, patriæque hominumque voluptas.

Proxima deinde tenent meritæ præconia Famæ
 Insignes pietate viri, fata aspera sæclis
 Qui subiêre suis, cruciatus, vulnera et enses,

Imme-

High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind,
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd;
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

}
 Much

Immeritamque necem; quamquam ambitione re-
motâ,

Sancta, silens, veneranda cohors virtutis, in umbrâ
Condebant sine labe dies, ad culmina rerum
Haud sibi gaudentes aditum fecisse ruinâ.

Occupat hos inter primos pietatis honores
Graius homo, vitæ gentes præcepta beatæ
Qui docuit, tandemque, Anyti damnatus iniquo
Judicio, exhaustit contemptâ morte cicutam.

Hic et Aristides, rigidi fervator honesti,
Inter Cecropidas quo non fuit æquior alter,
Justitiâve prior, populo vefana jubente,
Si non fatalem signasset nomine concham.

His se jungit Agis, Spartam qui legibus, atque
Moribus ornavit, sanctum per sæcula nomen.
Nec non hic Phocion, patriæ quem tempore iniquo
Arripuit

Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shone the godlike Socrates:
He, whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just but when he sign'd the shell.

Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But

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Immeritamque necem; quamquam ambitione re-
motâ,

Sancta, filens, veneranda cohors virtutis, in umbrâ
Condebant sine labe dies, ad culmina rerum
Haud sibi gaudentes aditum fecisse ruinâ.

Occupat hos inter primos pietatis honores
Graius homo, vitæ gentes præcepta beatæ
Qui docuit, tandemque, Anyti damnatus iniquo
Judicio, exhaustit contemptâ morte cicutam.

Hic et Aristides, rigidi servator honesti,
Inter Cecropidas quo non fuit æquior alter,
Justitiæ prior, populo vesana jubente,
Si non fatalem signasset nomine concham.

His se jungit Agis, Spartam qui legibus, atque
Moribus ornavit, sanctum per sæcula nomen.
Nec non hic Phocion, patriæ quem tempore iniquo
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And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But

Arripuit populi rabies, multisque priorum
 Addidit hunc tumulis crudeli funere civem.
 Et tu, magne Cato, gladium, tu nobile vulnus
 Ostendis, duro admittens fera gaudia vultu ;
 Dum tibi fidus adest Brutus, te fixus in unum,
 Te solum aspiciens, genii haud jam territus umbrâ.

Ast intus, vasti medio sub pondere templi,
 Sex magnâ ante alias confurgunt mole columnæ,
 Atque deæ sacros adytus munimine vasto
 Circumstant, penitusque altâ dominantur in arce.
 Hæc inter decora alta domûs, sublimis Homerus
 Summa tenet, folioque sedens adamante perenni
 Effulget, sacrâ redimitus tempora lauro.
 Salve, magne parens vatum, divine poeta!
 Pieridumque decus ! de mento candida pendet
 Barba viri, et quamquam clauduntur lumina nocte,
 Clara dies animi superest, viridisque senectus.
 Apparent acies Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,

Magna-

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone ;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne.
 Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.

The

Magnanimique duces, et sævi fulmina belli.
 Hic niveam, Cytherea, manum tibi vulnerat ense
 Tydides : illic prostrato victor ab hoste,
 Exuviis bellator ovans redit Hector Achillis,
 Atque idem raptatur equis ter Pergama circum.
 Ardet opus, magnosque duces, velut æmula vitæ,
 Vivida vis agitat; spirant, vivuntque, moventque,
 Absistitque oculis divini flamma furoris.
 Namque opus egregio faber optimus omne calore
 Excuderat, celerique manu feliciter audax
 Hinc atque hinc sprevit generosa incuria culpam.

Haud procul hinc solido ex auro constructa columna
 Vasta, ingens surgit, summoque in culmine sedes.
 Artificis pretium manus addidit, atque per omnem
 Cœlata apparent bella, horrida bella, columnam.

Est

The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
 Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire ;
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire.
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unwearied art.

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N

The

Est labor in cunctis, atque anxia cura decori.
 Hic solium infedit, Latii sceptroque potitur
 Virgilius! verecunda viri quæ temperat ora
 Majestas! quantumque oculis est numen in ipsis!
 Ut sibi diffusus magnum veneratur Homerum,
 Luminibus tacitis, pendetque canentis ab ore!
 Arma re percusso vibrant radiantia Phæbo
 Bellantes acies: instructo Marte videres
 Ausoniam excitam, atque undantem sanguine Tibrim,
 Et Turnum exanimum, tamen ipsâ in morte ferocem.
 Hic regina pyram super altam accensa furore,
 Infelix Dido, pectus percussa decorum
 Ense cadit, miseramque juvat sic ire sub umbras.
 Nec procul inde auro flammâ imitante videres
 Ardentem Trojam; volvunt incendia lucem,
 Et stragem ostendunt miseris; per tela, per ignes
 Quærit iter, sanctâ Æneas pietate parentem
 Grandævum attollens humeris; et culmine summo,

Quæ

The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread,
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
 Æneas bending with his aged fire:

Troj

Quæ vincant monumentum æris, verba ipsa poëtæ,
ARMA VIRUMQUE nitent, claris inscripta figuris.

Quatuor elato blandè ut temone jugales
Sublimem rapiunt currum super æthera cygni,
Expanfisque alis in longum colla canora
Dant spatium! nimbique simul, simul astra recedunt.
Atque ipse interea, attoniti novus hospes Olympi,
Pindarus, accipiens flammato pectore numen,
Lora tenet, zephyrique domos et nubila tranat,
Arduus ad solem; rabido jamque insonat ore,
Jamque manu per fila lyræ volat huc, volat illuc,
Explorans numeros, et totâ fulminat arte,
Nil mortale sonans, musas et fuscitat omnes.
Urbibus Argolicis, campisque excita juvenus,
Neptuni ante oculos, magnique ante ora Tonantis,
Curfibus, et crudo decernit præmia cæstu.
In medio ad metam properantes axe citato

Cernuntur

Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight.
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.

Cernuntur currus, juvenesque in verbera proni
 Speque metuque urgent, simili dum laudis amore
 De saxo exiliens sonipes quatit æquora cursu.
 Parte aliâ, pugiles, contento pòplite, pugnam
 Intentant, vitantque ictus, feriuntque vicissim;
 Mens viget artificis partes diffusa per omnes;
 Nulla mora in parvis, nulla usquam frigida cura;
 Et variæ species, rerum sed discolor ordo.

Detinet hic doctas numerosus Horatius aures,
 Aufoniâ dum culta lyrâ nova carmina pangens,
 Pindaricum levioze melos nunc pectine pulsat,
 Alcæique graves nunc temperat arte camœnas,
 Æoliæ admiscens numerosque modosque puellæ.
 Divinum hic vatem, columnenque perennius ære,
 Stant circum variæ sculptoris mollius arte
 Spirantes formæ: risus, blandique lepores,
 Alma Venus, Venerisque puer cum lampade fervens;

Gratia

The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
 The champions in distorted postures threat;
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Aufonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
 Pleas'd with Alcæus manly rage, t' infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.

Gratia cum nymphis, atque oscula nectare tincta;
 Et tu, Bacche pater, redimitaque pocula fertis.
 Interea tremulis volitant super aera pennis,
 Quæ quondam infantis ludo somnoque soluti
 Fronde novâ texêre caput, pia turba! palumbes.
 Parte aliâ, infueto percurrens lumine nimbos,
 Ardescit radiis divini Cæsaris astrum,
 Dum sacrum ascendens clivum, et post terga subactas
 Marte trahens gentes, Augustus limina Jani
 Claudit ovans, pronique solo sua sceptrâ reposcunt
 Barbarici reges, ad fas et jura redacti,
 Miranturque novos animos, mansuetaque corda.

Cernitur hic veri et naturæ splendidus auctor,
 Magnus Aristoteles: capiti circumdata mitra,
 Intertexta auri claro subtemine, monstrat
 Per duodena poli quâ Sol redit aureus astra;
 Perque latus, circumque humeros animalia reptant.
 Atque ipse, ex adytis, ceu jam responsa daturus,
 Plurima

Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
 The doves, that round the infant poet spread
 Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite:
 His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround;

Plurima secum agitans, folio spectatur in alto,
 Vultu, quo penetrat leges et fœdera mundi,
 Rimaturque oculis arcana latentia rerum.

Nec minor apparet facundi Tullius oris,
 Eloquii immortale decus, lux altera Romæ.
 En vulgi rabida ora silent, fellamque curulem
 Consul's eximii decorant fulgentia rostra,
 Romanumque forum. Magna et præclara minantis
 Colligit una manus tunicam, multoque decore
 Altera porrigitur, dare pondus idonea dictis.
 Ac Romæ interea genius, sub numine cujus
 Imperii robur viguit, dum fata sinebant,
 Desuper impendens, circum pia tempora lætus
 Implicat ob cives servatos dona coronæ,
 Et patriæ patrem agnoscit, totumque pererrat
 Captus amore virum, atque obtutu fixus inhæret.

Amphi-

His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
 And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:

Scarce

Amphitheatrali in formâ spatia ampla columnæ
 Ingentis circi claudunt; domus alta superbo
 Vertice fixa nitet: summum spectare cacumen
 Haud oculi possunt, tantum se tollit ad auras
 Æthereas moles, abeuntque in nubila turres.
 Perque domum totam, vasti per mœnia templi
 Absistunt gemmis flammæ; longo ordine muros
 Illustrant teretes radio viridante smaragdi,
 Mitius et croceum jactant electra nitorem.
 Sub pedibus nitet omne solum; flagrantior igne
 Sedes celsa Deæ; curvataque culmina lucis
 Mille trahunt radios, ceu cum Thaumantias Iris
 Obvia stat Phœbo, variisque coloribus ardet.
 At primo aspectu magni Diva ipsa theatri

Vix

Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
 The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye;
 The flaming rubies shew their sanguine dye;
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne:
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;

N 4

But

Scarce

Vix moduli bipedalis erat; sed crescere forma,
 Augeri subito vultus, majorque videri,
 Attollique caput, donec fastigia summa
 Mole gyganteâ attingat; tum testa moveri,
 Liminaque, Templumque Deæ, totumque videres
 Surgere opus, vastas ascendere ad astra columnas,
 Atque novos aperiri aditus, longosque recessus.
 Talis Divæ habitus, qualem cecinere poëtæ:
 Aptantur pedibus pennæ, et, quæis navigat auras,
 Sunt humeris alæ; vigiles per membra ministrant
 Mille oculi, totidemque avidæ volitantia captant
 Verba aures; linguæ totidem dant ore loquelas.
 At circa folium dulces fidæque ministræ,
 Pierides Musæ, natæ Jovis, atria cantu
 Assiduo resonant, Famam fixisque tuentur
 Luminibus, fumuntque novas in carmina vires.

Nam,

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 'Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
 And ampler vista's open'd to my view.
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 The arches widen, and long isles extend.
 Such was her form, as antient bards have told;
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold.
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears:
 Beneath in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
 (Her virgin hand-maids) still attend the shrine:

With

Nam, Dea, tu vatum numen; tu pectora anhela
 Laudis amore trahis; per te, Dea, tempore in omni
 Exoritur quidquid magnum, vel amabile quidquid;
 Per te æterna manet divini gloria versus.

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
 With Time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.

TEMP LUM

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TE M P L U M F A M Æ;

LIBER TERTIUS.

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TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER TERTIUS.

DUM spectant oculi cuncta hæc miracula
rerum,

Attonitusque animus tantis fulgoribus hæret,
Ære cavo increpitans subito clangore per auras
Buccina dat late signum, quo protenus omnes
Intremuere adyti; tremit alto a culmine Templum,
Excitæque ruunt diversi a partibus orbis,
Adulæi in medio gentes; coalescit in unum
Diffociata locis, ingens, confusaque turba,
Quam varios induta habitus, tam dissona linguis.
Non æstate novâ per amænos floribus agros

Sic

AROUND these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall.
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toil, and sip the fragrant dew,

When

Sic glomerantur apes, spolia exuviasque rosarum
 Cum rapiunt, finguntque favos et roscida mella;
Vel cum linquentes patriam croceosque penates
 Educunt turmas, et rupto fœdere regni
 Emigrant; sedesque alias, nova mœnia quærens
 Obscurat cœlum fugitiva colonia pennis:
 Fit murmur, tractimque sonant stridoribus agri.

Quis populos numerare queat, qui limen inundant,
 Suppliciterque manus tendunt? stant agmine denso
 Imbelles, validique, inopes, auroque potiti,
 Indociles, et quos æquat sapientia cœlo,
 Et pueri, et longo gaudens sermone senectus.
 Nam neque laudis amor generoso in pectore tantum
 Accendit flammam; ad summos grassatur honores
 Fraude malâ vitium, et formam mentitur honesti.

Jan

When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly;
 Or settling, seize the sweets that blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.

Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their requests the same:
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd:
 Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus

Jam Dea per varias dispensans munera gentes,
Exquiratque, auditque viros, et facta recenset.
Hic damnatus abit, meritam capit ille coronam.
At non æquali virtus examine semper
Libratur; fallax interdum gratia vincit,
Famaque mendaci multos extollit honore.
Haud aliter, cum cæca soror, Fortuna, gubernat,
Nunc pretium sceleris crucem dat, nunc diadema
Imponit, celerique rotat mortalia casu.

Imprimis adsunt, quorum pia pectora Phæbus
Castaliis roravit aquis, atque ignea virtus
Parnassî super alta, poli super ardua vexit.
Incipiunt, dulci que Deam sic ore precantur,
En vatam pia Turba! tuo sit numine, Diva,
Fas posse hominum generi, variasque per artes
Delectare animos liceat. Labor omnibus hic est,
Huc spectant curæ, veroque impendimus annos.
At meritis quis dignus honos? Hoc degener ævo
Quis solvit grates? Ah! quis nunc talia curat?

Tu,

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r :
Long have we fought t'instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;

But

Tu, Dea, tu nobis spes unica, sola voluptas,
 Lenimenque mali : da non indebita curis
 Præmia, quando equidem in terris nihil amplius
 usquam est,
 Quod sperare datur : sanctæ da munera famæ.

Audivit regina loci, Musisque vocatis,
 Ite, ait, egregias animas, quas publica cura
 Exercet, tantosque jubet tolerare labores,
 Carminibus celebrate Deæ ; nunc pectinis arte,
 Nunc opus est vestrâ ; litui, simul atque tubarum,
 Immortale melos famam diffundat in omnes
 Terrarum cœlique plagas. Mandata capeffunt
 Pierides, sonitumque extremis partibus orbis
 Sentit uterque polus ; gentes quocumque sub axe
 Exultant, plausumque ferunt ad fydera venti.
 At non, ceu tonitru, numerorum exordia totis
 Viribus erumpunt : primo modulamina motu

Leniter

But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne :
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddesses heard, and bid the Muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise.
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Nor all at once, as thunder breaks the clouds ;
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud ;

By

Leniter aspirant, cœlo mox vecta fereno
 Incipiunt agitata tumescere, donec ad auras
 Grandior assurgens, & miscens cuncta tumultu
 It chorus; & lætis gaudens concentibus æther
 Balsama dat ventis, in terras imbre rosarum
 Depluit, & dulces passim diffundit odores,
 Quales non Arabum zephyri prædantur in hortis,
 Aut ubi thuris opes redolet Panchaia tellus.

Jam Divæ cinxere thronum virtutis alumni,
 Acclinesque solo, demisso talia vultu
 Subjiciunt: "Quoniam meritis jam nullus in orbe
 "Tutus ab insidiis locus, hostilemque furorem
 "Invidiæ, dum vita manet, fata aspera cogunt
 "Insignes perferre viros, te supplice voce,
 "Te, Dea, te miseri oramus, res aspice nostras,
 "Et pretium meritis (nihil ultra poscimus) æquum
 "Annue,

By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
 Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
 At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
 Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread:
 Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
 Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these, the good and just, an awful train,
 Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:
 Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
 And the best men are treated like the worst,

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O

Do

" Annue, Diva potens; virtutibus eripe nubem,
 " Et profit nobis, profit non esse nocentes."
 Tum " Dea, vultis," ait, " justos pietatis honores?
 " Immo ultra placitum laudabo: Fama perennis
 " Nunc dabitur, supraque modum. Nunc carmina
 " nervis
 " Jungite, Pierides; totoque enuntiet orbi
 " Nomina clara virum sublimi buccina cantu,
 " Æternamque ferat super aurea sydera famam."

Atque his dimissis, non inferiora secuti
 Successere viri, placido quæis vita tenore
 Effluxit, sine labe, carens popularibus auris.
 Pulchrum omnes meruere decus; tamen acta furore
 Invidia infelix, tempus jam nacta nocendi,
 Successusque hominum metuens, exarsit in iras,
 Exurgitque tubam attollens, atque ære recurvo
 Tartareum emittit sonitum, quo sedibus imis

Intremuit

Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
 And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
 Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown'd
 (Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
 Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
 And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
 Prefer'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
 The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
 No less deserv'd a just return of praise.

But

Intremuit convulsa domus, ceu fulmine nubes
 Cum disrupta tonat : gentes fragor horridus omnes
 Impulit, atque imis terræ ingemuere cavernis.
 Murmura tum passim cunctis vibrantur in aure,
 Rumoresque volant, et falsa vocabula rerum
 Millia nascuntur, linguisque sub omnibus hærent.
 Nec tantum feralis sonans cava buccina bellum
 Virtuti indicit; scabrâ rubigine nigris
 Faucibus eructat nocturno horrore tenebras,
 Undantemque vomit flammato sulphure fumum.
 Afflatum horrescunt pallentia lumina cœli;
 Sylvarum perit omne decus; perit omnis amœni
 Ruris honos; tristes moriuntur graminis herbæ.

Jamque aderant, nova turba, duces in bella furentes,
 Quique dabant olim per gentes jura tyranni.

Tela

But strait the direful trump of Slander sounds;
 Thro' the big domè the doubling thunder bounds;
 Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
 The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
 In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
 And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
 From the black trumpeter's rusty concave broke
 Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke;
 The poisn'ous vapour blots the purple skies,
 And withers all before it, as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
 And proud defiance in their looks they bore:

O 2

For

Tela manu vel sceptrâ gerunt, capitique coruscat
Impositum diadema; oculos notat igne micantes
Dira rubens furor, et famam sibi vindicat armis.

“Magnanimi heroes” (dictis sic ora resolvunt)

“Adsumus, experti vestro sub numine, Diva,

“Rerum mille vices, et mille pericula Martis,

“Fluctibus adversis et tempestatibus acti.

“Nos tua progenies! pro te, Dea, tempore in omni

“Et ferro et flammâ dedimus tot stragis acervos,

“Diruimusque domos, et desolavimus urbes,

“Per cædem, et matrum lachrymas, et sanguine
campos

“Undantes, rerum summa ad fastigia vecti.

“A te principium; tu nobis fons et origo

“Virtutis; quodcumque mali, quodcumque ruinæ

“Fecimus, omne tuum est. Fortes et fortia facta

“Fama

For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee, whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd.
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then

“ Fama tegit fulgore suo, sonituque tubarum
 “ Obstrepit, et sceleri nomen prætexit honestum.”
 Conticuere viri: vultu tum Diva minaci:
 “ Usque adeòne animos scelerata infania vexat ?
 “ Et fas atque nefas nullo discrimine veri
 “ Miscere audetis ? procul hinc, procul impia turba !
 “ Intereant fortesque duces, et nomina vana,
 “ Arma virûm, statuæque, et rapta ex hoste tropæa,
 “ Et quæcumque manent sævi monumenta laboris.”
 Nulla mora est; densâ circum ferrugine noctis
 Fundit se nubes; fugiunt, ceu fumus in auras,
 Magnanimi heroes, et longa oblivia ducunt.

Quis tamen ille procul paucis comitantibus ordo ?
 Ut tardè incedunt ! Velamen simplice cultu
 Membra tegit ; verecunda viris quæ gratia in ore !
 “ Diva potens” (sic incipiunt) “ Dea læta ciere
 “ Audentes in bella duces, quæ numine sancto,
 “ Illecebrisque tuis mortalia pectora ducis,
 “ Non nos laudis amor tua limina adire coegit ;
 “ Non ea vis animo ; nec quod bene fecimus ultro,
 “ Mercedem petimus. Sylvas habitare remotas
 “ Semper erat cordi, strepitumque et murmura vulgi
 “ Fallere

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen,
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
 Great Idol of Mankind ! We neither claim
 The praise of merit, nor aspire to Fame ;
 But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

- " Fallere & effugere, & nomen subducere Famæ.
 " Viximus ignoti; liceat sic ire sub umbras.
 " Nil petit externi virtus, nihil indiga laudis,
 " Munus at ipsa suum est. Tu, Diva, ignosce,
 " precamur,
 " Euge tuum nostros si nunquam repfit in actus:
 " Virtutem (Dea parce piis) amplectimur unam".

Adstupuit tantâ rerum novitate, virosque
 Admirata Dea est: " Quis tandem mentibus, inquit,
 " Quis novus hic ardor? quæve hæc fiducia vestri?
 " En erit ut posthac nostrum contemnere numen
 " Incipiant gentes, aras nec thure vaporent,
 " Nec quisquam pia vota ferat? Nunc discite leges,
 " Quæis se Fama tenet: Nullis impune licebit
 " Esse bonis. Quodcumque aut rectum, vel quod
 " honestum

" Clam

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight,
 Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
 O let us still the secret joy partake,
 To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?
 Who then with incense shall adore our name?
 But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
 To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
 Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.

“ Clam faciunt homines, proprio vestire colore
 “ Muneris est nostri : sancta hæc & summa voluptas.
 “ Quare agite, & tantis Phæbi chorus omnis alumnis
 “ Affurgat : jam fila lyræ, jam tendite chordas
 “ Castalides Musæ, totumque Helicon virentem
 “ Pandite ; nulla piis obstet penuria laudum”.

Dixerat ; incipiunt Musæ : modulamina cantus
 Expatiata fluunt liquido super æthera lapsu,
 Subvecta & ventis nimbisque curulibus aures
 Mille modis mulcent variæ discrimina vocis ;
 Et nunc alta sonant, dulci jugique tenore
 Nunc tenuata cadunt, summo dum vertice Olympi
 Cœlicolæ aspiciunt, vultu quo cuncta serenant,
 Ambrosiæque omnes terrarum spiritus oras
 Permeat, & grato superis ascendit odore.

Jam nova progenies, animis elata juvenus :
 Illusæ cunctis auroque & murice vestes,
 Et capiti tremulæ pendent a vertice plumæ.

Eliciunt

She said : in air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from Heav'n to hear ;
 To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd.

Eliciunt tenero blandas ex ore loquelas.

- “ En juvenum formosa cohors ! nos respice, Diva;
 “ Belli homines ! quos sola exercet cura decoris.
 “ Sunt Cytharæ cordi ; ad numeros effingere gressum,
 “ Et curare cutem, & structis dare jura capillis,
 “ Hæ nobis artes ; juvat inter pocula læta
 “ Lascivire jocos ; vel cum furibunda theatris
 “ Melpomene stringit ferrum, salibusve Thalia
 “ Exagitat mores, juvat, admirante coronâ,
 “ Ardentesque genas, nitidosque ostendere dentes.
 “ Cantamus vacui, nulloque cupidinis igne
 “ Pectora nostra calent ; at fingere ludus amorem.
 “ Amplexus passa est nostros si Lesbia nulla,
 “ Quid tamen inde perit ? Veneris non gaudia nobis
 “ Sunt tanti ; absentes ridet sat dulce puellæ :
 “ Absentûm alloquio fruimur, thalamisque videntur
 “ Esse simul nostris, & inanem amplectimur umbram.
 “ Inde triumphali decoramus tempora lauro ;
 “ Implet fama domos, commentaque nostra vagantur,
 “ Magna

Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry ;
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days ;
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
 To pay due visits, and address the fair :
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid :
 Of unknown duchesesses lewd tales we tell,
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.

The

" Magna tropæa fatis, si non incredulus artes
 " Fallaces populus naso suspendat adunco,
 " Et pro more crepat stolidæ convicia linguæ.
 " Quo tu, Diva magis, famæ succurre labanti :
 " Reverâ amplexus, atque oscula dulcia nymphis
 " Dent alii ; mendax nobis pars fama triumphî."
 Annuit, et veri subridens Diva colorem
 Adjecit fictis ; tuba protenus ære canoro
 Pro factis infecta canit, perque oppida mille
 Matronæ pereunt castæ, innuptæque puellæ,
 Et (modo sint pulchræ) nullis licet esse pudicis,
 Sed decus et famam virgo illibata resignat.

Jamque alii immeritis donari præmia palmæ
 Mirantur, circaque thronum stant agmine denso,
 Et votis precibusque eadem sibi munera poscunt.
 Tum Dea, "cæcus," ait, "quis mentes impulit error ?
 " Et vos laudis amor, vos gloria ducit hiantes ?
 " Vanum

The joy let others have, and we the name,
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents ; the trumpet rends the skies,
 And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
 press'd
 Around the shrine, and made the same request :
 What you (she said) unlearn'd in arts to please,
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
 Who

" Vanum a stirpe genus ! gratis et semper anhelans !

" Quæis anima est oneri ; quies tempus inutile
donum,

" Et decor omnis abest, neque gratia contigit ulla.

" Et quisquam nugas et inertis gaudia vitæ

" Audebit tenero prætexere nomine amoris ?

" Ite hinc turba levis ; posthac ludibria Musis

" Nunc eritis cuncti, risusque et fabula vulgi."

Nec mora ; concentu signum illæ tabile rauco

Cornua dira canunt ; clamor, confusaque verba

Misceri ; simul atque virûm volitare per ora

Ambiguæ voces, opprobria mille vagari.

It jocus, it livor mordax, it murmure parvo

Conjectura levis, mox totis viribus audax

Ad cœlum assurgit, populi clamore secundo,

Effuso passim resonant dum compita risu.

Postremi adveniunt, quos dira infania belli
Humanâ cum strage tulit ; qui civibus arma

Auf

Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lovers dear-bought praise ?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound ;
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round ;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the croud.

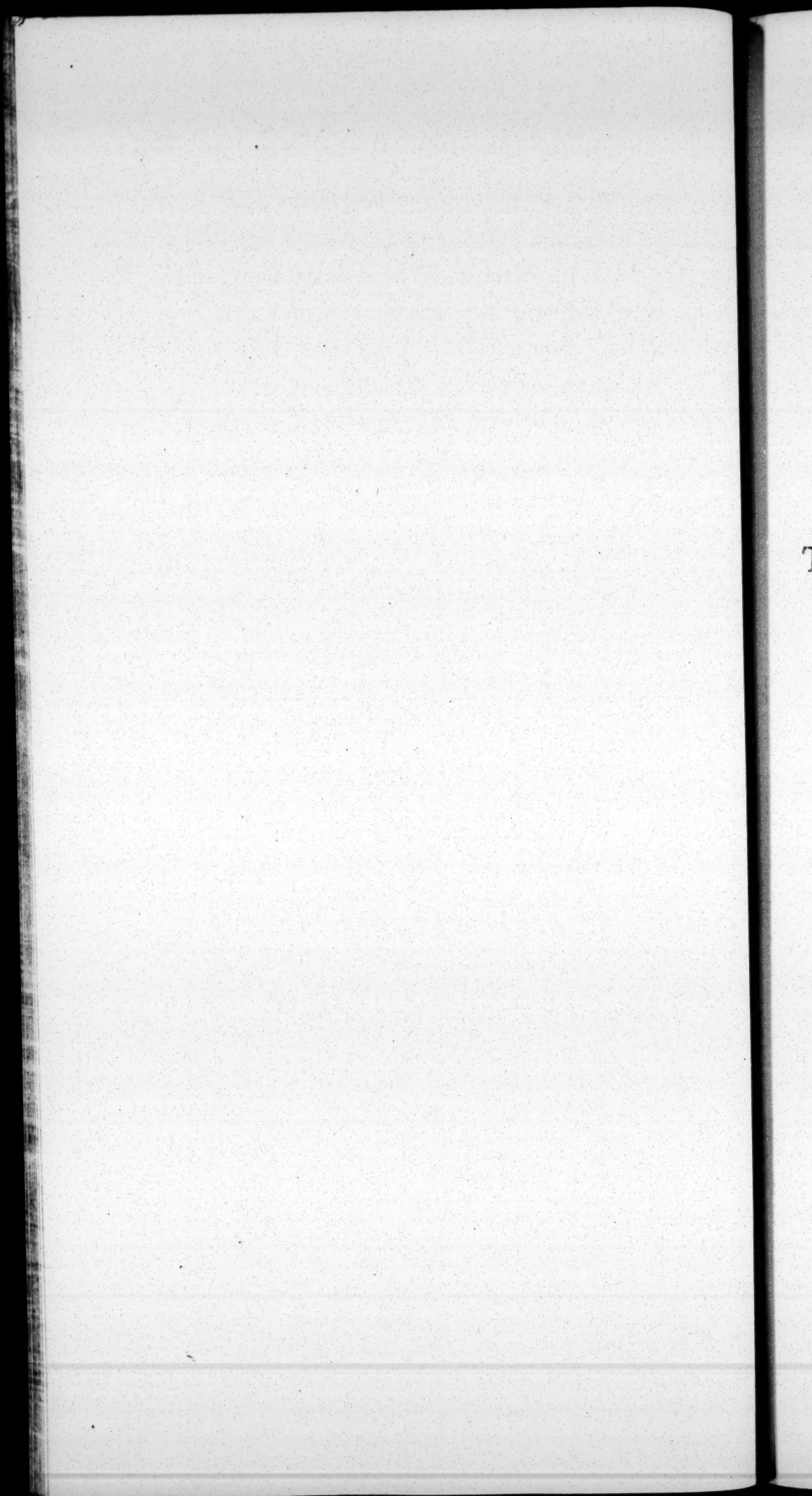
Last those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;

Or

Ausi inferre suis, seclerumque furoribus acti
 Sub juga miserunt patriam; qui Marte nefando
 In reges justis moderantes legibus orbem
 Eduxêre aciem; quês non reverentia legum,
 Non pulchri, justive decor, pietasque, fidesque
 Deterre animum poterant feralibus ausis.
 Mens immota manet; sedet alto pectore crimen,
 Dum solium Divæ cingentes agmine vasto
 Ob fraudem æternæ sperant præconia famæ.
 Continuo horrendum stridens cava buccina cantu
 Increpat, ore vomens flammæ et turbine nigro
 Undantem fumum: trepidant mortalia corda,
 Attonitæque timent funesta incendia gentes.

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
 On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
 Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix;
 Of crooked counsels, and dark politics:
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars; long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.
 At the dead sound pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled nature trembled with the blast.

TEMPLUM



TE M P L U M F A M Æ.

LIBER QUARTUS.

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TEMPLUM FAMÆ.

LIBER QUARTUS.

ATQUE hic dum vasto miscentur cuncta
tumultu,
Ecce aliud, subitoque novum et mirabile monstrum,
Non sine mente deûm: tenuis ceu fumus in auras
Et Divæ folium, et Templum, sanctique recessus
Diffugiunt. Feror inde alias delapsus in oras,
Atque iterum ante oculos sublimi vertice ad astra
Assurgit domus alta, ingens: fundamina molis
An tellus sustentet iners, vel pondere nullo
Libratam attollat sedem circumfluis aër,

Ut

THIS having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the
throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain if in earth or air;

With

Ut superi volucre latet. Statione quietâ
 Haud unquam remanet, sed enim versatur in orbem
 Perpetuum, et rapido torquetur in æthere gyro.
 Tecta fremunt intus; stridentes murmure muri
 Assiduo resonant; nec tot æstate serenâ
 Luxuriant sylvæ foliis, aut littore curvo
 Tot spumante salo ad terram volvuntur arenæ,
 Quot sunt hic aditus, Templique in limine portæ.
 Nocte dieque fores ventos panduntur ad omnes.
 Ad cœlum ascendens propriâ vi tendit ut ignis,
 Et quæ pondus habent, gravitate feruntur ad imum;
 Oceani ut properant se flumina condere in undis;
 Ut stylus, a magnete novas vires animumque
 Qui tulit, ad septem excubias agit usque triones,
 Et trepidans inhiat glaciale semper in ursam;
 Haud aliter loca nota petens huc, quidquid in orbe
 Exoritur, seu lingua procax, tenuesque fufurri,

Rumorum

With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound.
 Not less in number were the spacious doors,
 Than leaves on trees, or sand upon the shores;
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open every way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll,
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
 Hither as to their proper place arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,

Or

Rumorum aut commenta, locum coguntur in
unum :

Huc omnes tendunt voces, sonus emicat omnis.

Nec mora, nec requies ; æterna loquela, nec un-
quam

Atria longa silent ; sunt muri et limina linguæ.

Sic cum forte lacus, viridanti margine cinctus,

Illimem ostendit nitido sub gurgite fundum ;

Injectu lapidis tremuit si mobilis unda,

Ilicet apparet primo vibramine parvus

Circulus ; inde novus sequitur, mox alter et alter,

Et magis atque magis crescunt ex orbibus orbes,

Donec, per viridem motu gliscente liquorem,

Amplior it vortex, et ripas lambit utrasque.

Haud aliter primo impulsu cum truditur aër,

Extemplo

Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;

Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.

As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes,

The sinking stone at first a circle makes ;

The trembling surface, by the motion stir'd,

Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;

Wide and more wide the floating rings advance,

Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance.

Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break

On neighbouring air, a soft impression make ;

Another ambient circle then they move ;

That in its turn impels the next above ;

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P

Thro'

Extemplo incipiunt varii procedere motus,
 Impelluntque novos, verbis dum fluctuat æther,
 Multiplicatque fonos, et voces vocibus instant.

Tota domus fremitu resonat, partesque per
 omnes

Crebrescit murmur : rumores mille vagantur :
 Jam bellum exoritur, pax rursus ; Marte per-
 emptus

Ille jacet, vivitque iterum ; nunc conjuge gaudet,
 Qui cælebs moritur : metuunt, cupiuntque do-
 lentque

Curarum expertes. Nummos qui servat in arcâ,
 Perdidit infelix totum : miracula rerum,
 Et mores hominum referunt, habitusque locorum,
 Qui nunquam solvère ratem. Nil tale merentes
 Dat pestis letho populos ; his terra dehiscens

Motibus

Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
 Of peace, and war, health, sickness, death and life,
 Of loss, and gain, of famine, and of store,
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore ;
 Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
 Of fire, and plagues, and stars with blazing hair ;
 Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
 The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,

Motibus insolitis tremuit, perque aëra longum
Stella trahit fulcum; mutant regna cometæ
Triste micant; trepidant reges, regumque mi-
nistri,

Sejanusque novus ruit alto a culmine rerum.
Talia jactantur spatium portenta per omne,
Quodque est, aut non est, homines quodcumque
loquuntur,

Hic repetunt muri, et cum veris falsa remiscunt.

Desuper, atque intra templum, circumque, su-
praque,

Innumeræ apparent gentes: factæ agmine turmas
Diducti evolvunt, variisque ambagibus errant;
Adventant, referuntque gradum, totumque tenebris
Mox reddunt numerum, spectacula vana timoris.
Vidi hic astrologos, miseris quævis pectora pulsans
Exanimat

Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;

P 2

And

Exanimat terror, venturi conscius ævi.
 Nec non hic adsunt, semper quos ardua regni
 Exercent, rebusque novis, sine numine divûm,
 Impendunt curas; legum jurisque periti,
 Exiguo fas atque nefas qui limite cernunt;
 Atque sacerdotum collegia, pharmacopolæ;
 Et qui rumores intra sua mœnia natos
 In vulgus spargunt, vel quæ novus advena vexit
 Cum pipere et prunis, avidi mendacia captant.
 Hic palam in triviis sese venientibus offert.
 Ast alii secreta petunt loca; scilicet illis
 Dulcis amor patriæ, et vasto sub pondere rerum
 Triste supercilium. Rumores murmure parvo
 Incipiunt, et mox vires, quocumque feruntur,
 Accumulant: vacuas vox nulla allabitur aures,
 Quin iterum repetita novas narrantis ab ore
 Ducat opes, majorque sonans, alimenta rerum
 Undique

And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands;
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands.
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told:
 And all, who told it, added something new,
 And all, who heard it, made enlargements too;
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.

Undique mille trahens, populos, urbesque domosque
Territet, et passim volet auxiliaribus alis.

Quà sol astra fugat, vel quà se condit in umbras;

Unde venit Boreas, nimbos ubi colligit Auster,

Rumores volitant, totusque perhorruit orbis.

Ac veluti cum forte jacens scintilla recondit

Ædibus in magnis fatalia femina flammæ;

Si furtim adrepens mox arida pabula circum

Corripiat, totis grassantur viribus ignes

Per tabulata domûs; sævit Vulcania pestis,

Præcipitesque trahit turres et templa Deorum,

Et Phaetonteis iterum micat ignibus æther.

Hic sobolem generant mendacia cuncta foment-
que,

Atque hinc, cum vires teneras firmaverit ætas,

Expanfisque audent alis se credere cœlo,

Exoptant lucem, terrasque invifere gaudent,

Atque

Thus flying East, and West, and North, and South,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth,
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ng flames advance,
'Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs, and temples, sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,

P 3

Thro'

Atque hominum cœtus ; tanta est fiducia falsis.
 Sublimi in folio, medio sub fornice templi,
 Rumor adest, numerosque suos, totamque recenset
 Progeniem, assignans cunctis, simul inde volarint,
 Munus et officium, metasque et tempora vitæ.
 Hinc variæ volitant voces, quas vividus ardor
 Intus alit, validas præbens ab origine vires.
 Pars quærunt cœlo lucem, pereuntque repertâ.
 Longior est aliis ætas, sed robore primum
 Incedunt dubio : mox totis viribus altas
 Invadunt urbes, et vastâ mole feruntur,
 Et crescunt magis atque magis, pereuntque, ca-
 duntque,
 Ceu nunc vanescens cum Cynthia contrahit orbem,
 Cornua mox reparans recidivis ignibus ardet.
 Insonuere tubæ, et rapido per inane volatu
 Desuper incumbunt rumores agmine facto,
 Et falsis verisque implent terroribus urbes.

Vestibulum

Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below.
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force.
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
 Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro'
 the sky,

Vestibulum ante ipsum, circumque foramina
mille,

Dum celerare fugam tentant, et lucis amore
Expandunt alas certatim, sæpe videres
Rumores falsos et verba tenacia veri.
Explorant aditus, fugiunt, redeuntque vicissim;
Nulla via est; fixis inter se amplexibus hærent,
Impediuntque fugam, donec jam fœdere pacem
Longam ineunt: exhinc fugiunt socialiter ambo,
Et quacumque volat verum, contraria promens
It falsum, et gressus semper comitatur euntis.

Dum miror, passimque oculis dum singula lustro,
Tum mihi nescio quis placido spectabilis ore,
Occurrit, prensâque manu, "Quis te quoque, dixit,
" Impulit

There at one passage oft you might survey
A ly and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent:
At last agreed together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and ly;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this, or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear;
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise;
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

“ Impulit huc ardor ? vel quæ tibi causa morandi ?
 “ Et tibi laudis amor stimulos sub pectora versat ?
 “ Te quoque Fama trahit, juvenemque his appulit
 oris ?”

Sic ait ; hæc refero : “ Succensum laudis amore,
 “ Atque animo erectum non me venisse negabo.
 “ Nam famam sequimur vatum chorus omnis, et idem
 “ Est ardor cunctis, tenerisque insuescit ab annis.
 “ Sed tamen Aonidum præcingere tempora lauro,
 “ Quam paucis licitum ? Quam multi laude
 vigentes
 “ Præmatura suæ viderunt funera Famæ ?
 “ Nempe quid hæc fama est ? Heu ! Vatum vita
 secunda,
 “ Post mortem incipiens, alieni spiritus oris,
 “ Non audituro cineri Præconia reddens.
 “ Hoc est quod pallent ; hoc est incerta sequuti,
 “ Quod vitam, quod opes, atque omnia tuta
 relinquunt,

“ Ut

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
 But few alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
 How vain that second life in others breath ?
 Th' estate, which wits inherit after death !
 Ease, health, and life for this they must resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)

The

ullis.

“ Ah!

Or

“ Ah ! mihi si mentem fubeat tam dira cupido;
“ Intereant versus; renuant in carmina vires
“ Pierides, Pater ipse chelyn nec tendat Apollo.
“ Desidiosus, iners, culpæ tamen inscius, ævum
“ Ah ! potius ducam, rapiantque oblivia nomen.
“ Sit mihi verus honos; si non, procul omnis abesto.”

Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's Fame,
Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh! grant an honest Fame, or grant me none.

O D E.

O TER, O plusquam quater ille felix,
Urbium quisquis procul a tumultu
Degit, exercens sua rura, parvo
Sub lare dives.

Plena cui lactis faciles capellæ
Mulctra submittunt, Cererisque tellus
Fluctuat culmis, et inempta præbent
Vellera vestem.

Cui per æstatem sociare gaudent
Arbores umbram, nivibusque prata
Cum rigent canis, gelidæ repellunt
Frigora brumæ.

Infolens

POPE'S ODE ON SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breath his native air
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest,

Insolens culpæ, vacuusque curis
 Respicit cursum properantis ævi;
 Fortis et sanam gerit usque sano
 Corpore mentem.

Cernit hunc Phœbus vigilem renascens,
Cernit occumbens gravidum sopore:
Cernit alternis catus ut remiscet
Otia curis.

Pectore hic semper bene præparato
Excipit casus animosus omnes;
Mentis et sancto fruitur recessu,
Non sine musis.

Semită

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation ;
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus

Semitâ in vitæ mihi sic latentis
Condere obtingat sine labe soles;
Sic mori detur, careatque sculpto
Marmore nomen.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

O D E.

O MUSCA folers, impigra, sedula,
Affueta rapto vivere, quo fames
Te cunque defert, huc vocata
Flecte fugam trepidante pennâ.

Conviva dulcis ! Nunc tibi, nunc mihi
Potare fas est ; prolue te mero,
Nunc solve curas, nunc fugacis
Te memorem decet esse vitæ.

Lapfu

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I ;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Cou'dst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may ;
Life is short, and flies away.

Both

Lapſu citato tempora defluunt
Utrique noſtrûm : Te nimium brevis
Heu ! cernit æſtas, atque brumæ
Frigus iners tibi claudit ævum.

Natura quid ſi ſex decies mihi
Revolvitur annos ? res homini diu
Ah ! nulla : ſex deni peracti
In nihilum tenuantur anni.

Both alike your days and mine
Quickly haſten to decline :
Thine's a ſummer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threeſcore :
Threeſcore ſummers when they're gone,
Will appear at laſt but one.

ELEGIA.

IN

E L E G I A

THOMÆ GRAY,

IN CARMEN LATINUM CONVERSA.

IN

E L E G I A

THOMÆ GRAY,

IN CARMEN LATINUM CONVERSA.

H

O
A

T
T
A

O D E.

IN CŒMETERIO RUSTICO SCRIPTA.

EHEU! fugaces præcipiti rotâ
Volvuntur horæ, pronus et aureum
Jubar sub undis sol recondit,
Arva mihi tenebrisque cedens.

Opaca lentis jugera passibus
Armenta linquunt: saxa remugiunt
Sylvæque & amnes, atque fessis
Signat humum pedibus colonus.

Nuper

GRAY'S ELEGY.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Q 2

Now

Nuper renidens mille coloribus
 Jam scena transit : Triste silentium
 Incumbit agris ; sola raucum
 Musca ciens queribunda murmur,

Obtundit aures ; vel per ovilia
 Saudente somnos murmure perstrepit
 Tinnitus æris, dum quiescunt
 Graminis immemores capellæ.

Audin ? tenaces faxa hederæ tegunt
 Quà celsa turris, flebilis integrat
 Bubo querelas, atque lunam
 Torva tuens gemitu fatigat,

Nigris ut istis frondibus imminens
 Contristat herbas ulmus ! ut ordine
 Longo trementes cuncta taxi
 Funereis tenebris obumbrant !

Congesta

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;
 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The mopeing owl does to the Moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Congesta subter vimine textili
 Humus refurgit, ruris & accolæ,
 Cellis repositi quisque parvis,
 Perpetuo recubant sopore.

Non sorte functos eliciet toro
 Aurora blandis vecta favoniis ;
 Nec jam ciebit, qui canoro
 Ore diem reducem salutat,

Cristatus ales : Cornua non, feris
 Audita, somnos excutient leves ;
 Arguta nec subter cacumen
 Stramineum volitans hirundo.

Haud rursus illis sub lare paupere
 Focus nitescet ; sedula non dapes
 Apponet Uxor, dum tenello
 Ore patrem, pia turba ! nati

Adeffe

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap ;
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cocks shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Adesse clamant, & genua & manus
 Et colla densis nexibus æmuli
 Prenfant, inexpletumque parvis
 Oscula præripiunt labellis.

At quantus olim luce fruentibus
 Vigor juventæ ! per segetes darent
 Seu falce stragem, five fulcum
 Vomer edax ageret per arva.

Quam corde læti ! seu Cereris boves
 Onusta donis plaustra reducerent,
 Nutans sub ictu five quercus
 Præcipitem traheret ruinam.

Ah!

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 'The short and simple annals of the poor.

The

Ah! ne potentûm vana superbia
 Hæc pura vitæ munera pauperis
 Contemnat, aut parvo beatos
 Agricolas, humilesque fastos.

Quid longa profunt stemmata? quid Tagus
 Quod volvit aurum? Forma quid, aut ducum
 Virtus in armis? Marte claros
 Urna manet; cinis æquat omnes.

Si non sepulcro marmorea aslidens
 Fletu decentes musa rigat genas!
 Tropæa si non vana ludunt,
 Signa novi peritura luctûs!

Si non tumescunt organa næniis
 Templi superbis sub laquearibus,
 Nec longa mærentes amici
 Fana docent resonare cantu!

Heu

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long drawn isle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Q 4

Can

Heu vana rerum ! Phidiacâ manu
 Sit urna sculpta, aut marmore vivo
 Stet forma spirans ; rupta vitæ
 Stamina num reparant sorores ?

Quid si sacerdos eloquio potens
 Ad astra vanis laudibus efferat
 Quondam superbos ? Fama manes
 Postuma num veniet sub imos ?

Forfan sub isto pulveris aggere
 Præclara torpent pectora, vel manus
 Languescit illic, per subactas
 Quæ poterat dare jura gentes.

Hoc forte vates sub tumulo latet,
 Sacrum canoris qui poterat melos
 Ciere chordis ; qui camœnas
 Pierio elicuisset antro.

Doctrina

Can storied urn, or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?
 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But

Doctrina sed non sacra volumina

Evolvitur illis; res tenuis domi

Tardavit omnes, nec refulsit

Ingenii generosus ardor.

Sæpe inquieto sub maris æquore

Ignota fulvis gemma micat vadis;

Furtim & rubescens flos in agris

Dulcem animam zephyris remittit.

Quis scit sub isto an cespite dormiat

Pagi tyrannos indocilis pati

Agrestis Hamdenus? vel alter,

Mæonidem superare cantu

Miltonus

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some Village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some

Miltonus ardens ? nunc sine nomine,
 Mutusque ! forsan pectore fervido
 Cromvellus, expers sed cruoris
 Immeriti, scelerumque purus.

Heu sortem iniquam ! nam neque contigit
 Depræliantûm pectora civium
 Mulcêre, pleno dum senatu
 Consiliis moderantur orbem.

Infanientis non licuit truces
 Vultus tyranni temnere ; non datum
 Per damna, per cædes mereri
 Perpetuæ monumenta laudis.

Quod si negatâ non potuit viâ
 Prodire virtus, nec potuit scelus ;
 Nec dira regnandi cupido
 Strage virum viduavit urbes.

His

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbid : nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad

His vita semper fallere nescia :
 In ore cunctis ingenuus pudor ;
 Nec vana mendaci superbos
 Musa dedit decorare versu.

Curis remotis, & procul urbium
 Vano tumultu, lene fluentibus
 Vixêre fatis, & peregit
 Quisque dies tacitus sub umbrâ.

Nunc luce cassos terra tegit ; locum
 Atque ossa tristi carmine consecrat
 Sculptura simplex, & viator ;
 Siste gradum pia Mûsa clamat.

Hic

Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muses flame.
 Far from the madding croud's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learnt to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their

Hic siste, clamat; nam lacrymam brevem
 Humana poscunt, sanctaque dogmata
 Illiteratis dant colonis
 Indomitæ meminisse mortis.

Quis namque prædam se dedit invidæ
 Oblivioni? Lucida quis poli
 Convexa linquens non retrorsum
 Vota, preces, gemitusque fudit?

Morte in propinquâ deficiens manus
 Prensat foventes; sæpe oculi diem
 Quærunt; amicos & reposcunt;
 Igne calent cineres eodem.

Et

Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd Muse
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For

Et te, sepulcra hæc qui lacrymis rigas,
 Qui nunc inani munere pauperum
 Spargis favillam, certa lethi
 Te quoque vis rapiet sub umbras,

Forfan colonus tum senio gravis
 Memorque nostri "Vidimus" inquiet,
 " Ut sol reluxit, montis herbas
 " Rore novo madidas prementem.

" Crebro sub istâ vidimus ilice
 " Nunc membra stratum, nunc ad aquæ caput
 " Fixis oculis, dum per agros
 " Lympha fugit saliente rivo.

" Musis

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.
 Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 " There at the foot of yonder nodding beach,
 " That wreaths its old fantastick roots so high,
 " His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 " Hard

" Musis amicus per nemorum avios
 " Tractus ruebat, composito regens
 " Amara rifu, vel medullis
 " Vulnus alens, tacitumque amorem.

" At mane nuper montibus in suis
 " Ah ! nullus errat : Lux redit altera ;
 " Nullus recumbit, qua loquaces
 " Per salebras trahit amnis undas.

" Aurora surgit tertia, proh dolor !
 " Pullatus ordo flebilibus modis
 " It tristis, & portant amici
 " Enanimum juvenem feretro.

Adstant

" Hard by yon' wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 " Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 " One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
 " Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
 " The next with dirges due in sad array,
 " Slow through the church-yard path we saw him
 borne,
 " Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
 " Grav'd on the stone beneath yon' aged thorn.

THE

" Adstant sepulcro ; fletur, & aggere
 " Tectum reponunt ; carmina rustico,
 " Qua vepris horret, sculpta saxo
 " Perlege (namque potes) viator.

EPI T A P H I U M.

HIC jacet exiguo juvenis sub pondere terræ,
 Quem non evexit Fama per ora virum ;
 Qui non splendorem fulvo quæsit ab auro,
 Nec meruit populo prava jubente decus.
 Musa tamen placido nascentem lumine vidit,
 Perculit at cœco vulnere corda dolor.
 Quod potuit, dedit usque inopem miseratus ; habebat
 Nil præter lacrymas ; flumina larga dedit.
 Talibus

T H E E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large

Talibus & meritis cœli Pater annuit æquus,
 (Quod solum in votis) pignus amicitiae.
 Virtutes culpasque viri quid quærimus ultra?
 In gremio maneant cuncta reposta Dei.
 Spemque metumque inter trepidat novus advena
 cœli;
 Dum Domini & Patris respicit ora sui.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear;
 He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.
 No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father, and his God,

T H E
RIVAL SISTERS.

A
T R A G E D Y.

—— Scelerate, revertere, Theseu ;
Flecte ratem ; numerum non habet illa suum.

R

OVID.

P R E F A C E.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing more uninteresting than the generality of those preliminary discourses, in which Authors too frequently lay out much of their time in talking of themselves and their works. The importance of a Man to himself is fully displayed, while the Reader yawns over the tedious page, or laughs at the rhetoric, that would fain persuade him that he ought to be pleased. The present Writer has been unwilling, upon almost all occasions, to conform to a practice which he saw attended with so little success: But the following Tragedy is sent into the world in a manner that may require some explanation. It has not gone through the fiery trial of the Theatre; nor is it recommended by the favourable decision of an Audience. The pomp of splendid scenery, and the illusions of the skilful performer, have not awakened the public attention:—The

Play ventures abroad, without having previously gained, by the advantages of representation, a character, which in the leisure of the closet is not always supported. But this circumstance, while it raises no expectation, may, on the other hand, excite a prejudice not easy to be surmounted. If it be of any value, why was it not produced in the usual form of a Public Exhibition? The reasons that influenced the Author, would lead to a long and frivolous detail. Whatever those reasons were, whether caprice, whim, or peevishness, or delicacy, they were of weight to determine his conduct. His work, however, does not go forth with accusations of any kind against the Proprietors of either Theatre: it makes no appeal from their judgment. The fact is, it never was in their hands, and where there was no refusal, there can be no room for complaint.

It need not be dissembled, that the Play was written with a view to the Stage. It was begun and finished in the Summer 1783, at a time when the Author was disabled, by a nervous disorder in his eyes, from pursuing a more important work, which has engaged several years of his life. It was painful to read, and he found amusement necessary. He walked in green fields, made verses, and threw them upon paper in characters almost illegible.

illegible. For a subject, he was not long at a loss. He remembered that Madame *de Sévigné** mentions her having attended the representation of *ARIANE*, a Tragedy by the younger *Corneille*. The play, says that amiable Writer, though in its general style and conduct flat and insipid, was, notwithstanding, followed by all Paris, not for the sake of the poetry, but the Actress, *La Champmêlé*, whom she calls the greatest prodigy the Stage ever beheld. The other characters were disgusting; but when the *Champmêlé* entered the scene, a murmur of applause ran through the Theatre; every heart was interested, and every eye dissolved in tears.

When this country could, with pride, boast of an Actress equally followed, and perhaps with better reason, it occurred that a Tragedy, with the beauties of the original, but freed from its defects, might, at such a season, be acceptable to the Public. The defects, which drew down the judgment of so enlightened a Critic as Madame *de Sévigné*, are pointed out with minute exactness, by the judicious *Voltaire*†. From that pleasing Writer we learn, that the Tragedy in question still keeps its rank upon the Stage, whenever an Actress of emi-

* Vide her Letter 1st April, 1672.

† See his Edition of *Corneille's Works*.

nence wishes for an opportunity to display her talents in a principal character. The situation, he observes, is interesting and pathetic; "A princess, who has done every thing for her hero; who has delivered him from a cruel death, and sacrificed all considerations for his sake; who loves him generously; who thinks herself loved in return, and deserves to be so; who finds herself, at last, abandoned by the Man whom she adores, and betrayed by a Sister whom she also loved: A Woman thus situated, says *Voltaire*, forms the happiest subject that has come down to us from antiquity." Notwithstanding this general account, *Voltaire's* observations, which trace the Author scene by scene, shew that *Madame de Sévigné* was not mistaken in her judgment.

Shall the present Writer flatter himself that he has removed the vices of the first concoction, and substituted what is better in their room? He certainly has endeavoured to do it. For this purpose a New Fable was necessary. The progress of the business required to be conducted in a different manner, with more rapidity, and without those languid scenes which weaken the interest, and too often border upon the dialogue of Comedy. The characters were to be cast in a new mould, and
instead

instead of definitions of the passions, their conflict, their vehemence, and their various transitions, were to be painted forth in higher colouring, than are to be found in the French composition. The Reader, therefore, is not to expect a mere translation. The Author does not scruple to say that he entered into a competition with the original; that he has aimed at a better Tragedy; and to use the words of a late elegant Writer, *he hopes he has shewn some invention, though he has built upon another man's ground.*

But here again the question recurs, if the new superstructure raised upon the old foundation has any merit, why not produce it with all the advantage of that celebrated Actress, who, it seems inspired the first design? The plain truth shall be the answer. When the piece was finished, the Author had his moments of self-approbation, and in his first ardour, hinted to a friend, that he intended to give it to the Stage. But self-approbation did not last long:—That glow of imagination, which (to speak the truth) is sometimes heated into a pleasing delirium with its own work, subsided by degrees, and doubt and diffidence succeeded. A Play, that might linger nine nights upon the

Stage, was not the object of the Author's ambition: Whether he has been able to execute any thing better, he has not considered for a long time, nor has he now courage to determine. He has often said to himself in the words of TULLY, *Nil hic, nisi perfectum ingenio, Elaboratum Industriâ, afferri oportere*; and after adopting, in his own case, so rigid a rule, how shall he presume to say, that the production of a summer can boast either of genius, or the elaborate touches of industry?

In this irresolute state of mind, the Author's respect for the Public, who have done him, upon former occasions, very particular honour, increased his timidity: he was unwilling to appear a candidate for their favour, when he was not sure of adding to their pleasure. At present, being to give an Edition of such Pieces, as he has been able to produce, he could not think of keeping back the only dramatic work left upon his hands. He, therefore, sends it into the world an humble adventurer: with one of his predecessors, he says, "*Va mon Enfant; prens ta Fortune.*" The Play amused him while he was engaged in the writing of it, and should the candid Reader find an hour

of leisure not intirely thrown away in the perusal, the Author will not think his time altogether mis-employed. He now dismisses the Piece, if not with indifference, at least with resignation, content to leave the honours of the Theatre to Writers of more ambition than he possesses at present.

Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, neque vincere certo :
Quamquam O ! fed superent, quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti.

VIRG.

———Veianius armis

Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro,
Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.

HOR.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
March 4, 1786.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PERIANDER, *King of Naxos.*

THESEUS,

PERITHOUS,

ARCHON, *an officer of Periander,*

ALETES, *Ambassador from Minos, King of
Crete.*

W O M E N.

ARIADNE,

PHÆDRA,

VIRGINS, *attending on Ariadne, &c.*

SCENE, *the Isle of Naxos.*

T H E
R I V A L S I S T E R S.

A T R A G E D Y.

A C T the F I R S T.

SCENE, *a magnificent Apartment in PERIANDER'S Palace.*

A violent storm of Thunder and Lightning.

PHÆDRA and ARCHON.

PHÆDRA.

A WAY! no more:—why thus pursue my steps?
Begone and leave me; leave me to my
woes.

ARCHON.

Yet, Phædra, be advis'd.

PHÆDRA.

Prefume no further.

Advis'd by thee! no, let your pliant king,
Your king of Naxos, to thy treach'rous counfels
Resign

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PERIANDER, *King of Naxos.*

THESEUS,

PERITHOUS,

ARCHON, *an officer of Periander,*

ALETES, *Ambassador from Minos, King of
Crete.*

W O M E N.

ARIADNE,

PHÆDRA,

VIRGINS, *attending on Ariadne, &c.*

SCENE, *the Isle of Naxos.*

T H E
R I V A L S I S T E R S.
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Your king of Naxos, to thy treach'rous counsels

Resign

Resign himself, his people, and his laws.
 Thou hast undone us all ; by thee we die ;
 Yes, Ariadne, Phædra, Theseus, all,
 All die by thee !

ARCHON.

Princess, your fears are groundless.
 Your timorous fancy forms unjust suspicions,
 If you but knew me —

PHÆDRA.

O ! too well I know thee.
 This very morn tis fix'd ; yes, here your king
 Gives audience to th' Ambassador of Crete ;
 Here in this palace ; here, by your persuasion,
 He means to yield us to the rage of Minos,
 To my vindictive father's stern demand.
 Ere that I'll see your king ; here wait his coming,
 And counteract thy base ungen'rous counsel.

ARCHON.

This storm of passion bears your reason down.
 Let prudence guide thee. In a night like this,
 Why quit your couch, and to the whirlwind's rage,
 The vollied light'ning, and the war of nature,
 Why wilt thou thus commit thy tender frame ?

[Thunder and lightning.]

Again that dreadful peal !—All-gracious pow'rs !
 What crime provokes your wrath ? must this fair
 island,
 That long hath flourish'd in th' Ægean deep,
 Must Naxos with her sons, a blameless race,

Burn

Burn to the centre, and the brawling waves
Close o'er the wreck for ever?

[Another clap of thunder.]

PHÆDRA.

Oh! that burst
Shoots horror to my soul.

ARCHON.

Thus through the night
Hath the wild uproar shook the groaning isle.
Fierce rain and liquid fire in mingled torrents
Came rushing o'er the land. The wrath of Heav'n
Rides in the tempest. Tow'rs and sacred domes
Fell in promiscuous ruin. Ships were dash'd
On pointed rocks, or swallow'd in the deep.
Destruction rages round: amidst the roar,
When all things else, when ev'n the fiercest natures
Shrink from the hideous ruin, you alone
Walk through the storm, with fierce, with hag-
gard mien,
A form that suits the dreadful wild commotion.

PHÆDRA.

Yes, with a heart, in which the storm that rages,
Surpasses all the horrors of the night.
Yes, here I come supreme in misery.
I only wake to cares unknown to him
Who treads secure the paths of humble life,
And thanks the Gods for his obscure retreat,
For the blest shade in which their bounty plac'd
him.

ARCHON.

'Twere best allay this tempest of the soul.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

'Tis you have rais'd this tempest of the soul.
 You, Sir, are minister; you govern here,
 And bend at will an unsuspecting monarch.
 To thee he yields, his oracle of state;
 And when with wrongs you have oppress'd mankind,
 'Tis the king's pleasure; 'tis the royal will.

ARCHON.

Unjust, ungen'rous charge! have you forgot,
 When first your vessel reach'd the coast of Naxos?
 You sued for leave to land upon the isle:
 You and your sister Ariadne sent
 To pray for shelter here. Ere that we heard
 Theseus was with you; Theseus, whom the state
 Of Athens sent a sacrifice to Minos,
 A victim to absolve the annual tribute,
 Impos'd by conquest: Ariadne's love,
 Her generous efforts to redeem the hero,
 Ev'n then were known at Periander's court.
 The wond'rous story on the wings of Fame
 Had reach'd our Isle; she pity'd, and she lov'd him.

PHÆDRA.

She lov'd him!—Yes, she saw, and she ador'd.
 Gods! who could see the graces of his youth,
 His cause, his innocence, the hero's mien,
 Manly and firm, yet soften'd by distress,
 Gods! who could see him, and not gaze entranc'd
 In ecstacy and love?—What have I said?
 My warmth too far transports me—ah! beware (*aside*)
 'Twas as you say; she pity'd, and she lov'd.

ARCHON.

ARCHON.

She favour'd his escape : you fled together.
 To ev'ry neighb'ring isle you wing'd your flight.
 You visited each realm ; with pray'rs and tears
 Wearied each court. All fear'd your father's
 pow'r.

You came to Naxos ; Periander's will
 By public edict had forbid your landing.
 You anchor'd in the bay ; with olive branch
 Your orator came forth. Did not I then—

PHÆDRA.

You succour'd our distress : the tear of sympathy
 Stood in your eye ; and you may boast your merit,
 You play'd it well, Sir,

ARCHON.

This ambiguous strain
 But ill requites the offices of friendship.
 For you I watch'd the temper of the king,
 His ebbs and flows of passion : in apt season
 You landed here. Thrice hath the waning moon
 Conceal'd her light, and thrice renew'd her orb,
 While you, meantime, have liv'd protected here.
 Each hour has seen your sister Ariadne
 Rise in her charms, and now with boundless sway
 She reigns supreme in Periander's heart.

PHÆDRA.

True, we have found protection from your king.
 Three months have pass'd ; but in that time a
 statesman

May

May change his mind. New views of interest,
New plans of policy, fair seeming motives;
May give new principles.

ARCHON.

It is my first,
My best ambition to relieve the wretched.
You wrong me, princess ; you had best retire.

PHÆDRA.

No ; Periander first shall hear my suit.
Here will I wait his coming ; on the earth
Fall prostrate at his feet, implore his mercy,
Cling round his knees, and never loose my hold,
Till his heart melt, and save us from destruction.

Enter THESEUS.

THESEUS.

What plaintive sorrow thro' the lonely palace
Alarms my list'ning ear ?

PHÆDRA.

That well-known voice
Dispels my fears. O ! Theseus, how my heart
Bounds at thy lov'd approach ! and yet this day
Decides your doom. Archon can tell you all.
This day resigns you to my father's pow'r.
Here Periander has resolv'd to answer
Th' ambassador of Crete.

THESEUS.

Controul thy fears.
Archon has serv'd me, and I thank him for it.

All

All will be well ; the king protects us still.
 Archon, the storm that threaten'd hideous ruin
 At length subsides. The angry blast recalls
 Its train of horrors. Through the sev'ring clouds
 Faint gleams of day disclose the face of things.
 The raging deep, that rose in mountain billows,
 Sinks to repose : The winds, the waves are hush'd.
 From yon high tow'r, that overhangs the bay,
 I view'd the ocean round. No sail appears,
 No vessel cleaves the deep, save one escap'd
 From the wild uproar of the warring winds,
 That with it's shatter'd masts, and lab'ring oars,
 Stems the rough tide, and enters now the harbour.

PHÆDRA.

Another sail ! and enters now the harbour !
 From whence ? Who and what are they ? From
 what coast ?
 Alas, from Crete ! 'tis Minos sends ; my father's
 wrath
 Pursues us still ; another embassy
 Comes to demand us all.

THESEUS.

Controul this wild alarm,
 And banish ev'ry fear.

ARCHON.

Perhaps some vessel
 Rich with the stores, which busy commerce sends
 From the adjacent isles, on Naxos' coast
 Now seeks a shelter from the roaring deep.

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S

I'll

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I'll to the harbour. Theseus, be it thine
To pour o'er Phædra's woes the balm of comfort,
And hush her cares to peace. From Crete, I trust,
The messengers of woe no more will come,
To urge their stern demand.

[Exit.

PHÆDRA, THESEUS.

PHÆDRA.

Go, traitor, go;
Pernicious vile dissembler!

THESEUS.

Ah! forbear.

PHÆDRA.

He seems a friend, the surer to betray.
Full well he knows that Ariadne's charms
Have wak'd a flame in Periander's heart.
To that alliance with a statesman's craft
He stands a foe conceal'd: He dreads to see
On Naxos' throne a queen from Minos sprung,
And therefore plans our ruin.

THESEUS.

Yet thy fancy,
Still arm'd against itself, turns pale and trembles
At shadowy forms. Were thy suspicions just,
Wherefore reveal them? Why unguard thyself,
And lay each secret open to your foe?
With him, whose rankling malice works unseen,
While smiles becalm his looks, 'twere best pretend

Not

Not to perceive the lurking treachery.
 Reproof but goads him, and new whets his passions,
 Till what was policy becomes revenge.
 Detected villany can ne'er forgive.

PHÆDRA.

And must I fall in silence? must we perish,
 Abandon'd by ourselves, tame, willing victims,
 Nor let the murd'rer hear one dying groan?
 Must I behold him with his treach'rous arts,
 A lurking foe, nor pour my curses on him,
 But poorly crouch, and thank him for the blow?
 Oh! love like mine, the love which you inspir'd,
 That each day rises still to higher ardour;
 Think'st thou that love like mine will calmly see
 thee
 Giv'n up a victim to my father's rage?

THESEUS.

And think'st thou then that Archon is my foe?

PHÆDRA.

He is; I know him well; he means destruction.
 Th' ambassador of Crete will soon have audience.
 Archon concerted all. Oh! if my care
 Could counteract his dark, his fell designs,
 Then were I bless'd indeed. When first you landed
 A helpless victim on the Cretan shore,
 Full well you know, soft pity touch'd my heart,
 And soon, that tender pity chang'd to love.
 I wish'd to save you: Ariadne's fortune
 Gave her the clue that led you thro' the maze.
 Her zeal out-ran my speed, but not my love.

S 2

And

And would my fate allow me now to save thee,
Then by that tie ('tis all my sister's claim)
I then should prove me worthy of thy love.

THESEUS.

Deem me not, gen'rous Phædra, deem me not
Form'd of such common clay, so dead to beauty,
As not to feel with transport at my heart
Thy pow'rful charms. To Ariadne
I owe my life. That boon demands respect,
Demands my gratitude. But love must spring
Spontaneous in the heart, its only source,
Unmix'd with other motives than it's own,
Unbrib'd, unbought, above all vulgar ties.

PHÆDRA.

And yet while ruin——

THESEUS.

Check this storm of passion,
Nor think, with abject fear that Periander
Will e'er resign us. Ariadne's charms
Have touch'd his heart. His words, his looks
proclaim it.
In the soft tumult all his soul is lost.
He dwells for ever on the lov'd idea,
And with her beauty means to grace his throne.

PHÆDRA.

Archon abhors the union : To prevent it,
His deep designs——

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Hear what I shall disclose,
And treasure it in sacred silence seal'd.
Last night admitted to a private audience,
Wrapt in the friendly mantle of the dark——

Enter an OFFICER.

THESEUS.

What wouldst thou? speak thy purpose.

OFFICER.

At the harbour
That fronts the northern wave, a ship from Athens
This moment is arriv'd.

PHÆDRA.

Relief from Athens!

OFFICER.

Your presence there by all is loudly call'd for.

THESEUS.

Say to my friends, I will attend them straight.

[Exit Officer.]

PHÆDRA.

A ray of hope to gild the cloud of woe.

THESEUS.

Now Phædra, mark me. Let thy fears subside.
 Last night when ev'ry care was lull'd to rest,
 No eye to trace my steps, no conscious ear
 To catch the sound, then Periander granted
 A private conference: I unbosom'd to him,
 In confidence, the secrets of my heart.
 To Ariadne I resign'd all claim;
 Renounc'd each tender passion. Periander
 No longer view'd me with a rival's eye.
 He promis'd his protection. Ariadne
 Has pow'rful charms, and the King bears a heart
 To beauty not impassive. Joy and rapture
 Spoke in his eye, and purpled o'er his face.
 With vanity she'll hear a Monarch's sighs,
 Proud of her sway. A diadem will quench
 Her former flame, with glitt'ring splendor tempt
 her,
 And make the infidelity her own.

PHÆDRA.

But if she hears a sister dares dispute
 A heart like thine——

THESEUS.

Trust to my prudent caution.
 That dang'rous secret I have skreen'd with care.
 Here it lies buried. Periander thinks
 A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,
 Preys on my heart with slow consuming fires.
 But hark;—beware;—this way some hasty step—

Enter

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Greeks now issue on the shore. They bring
Tidings from Athens, and from every tongue
Your name resounds, and rings along the shore.

THESEUS.

Thy friendship knows no pause; each hour you
bring
New succour to the wretched. Princess, farewell.
Archon, I thank thee, and now seek my friends.

[*Exit.*

PHÆDRA, ARCHON.

Princess, if once again I may presume
To offer friendly counsel, from this place
'Twere best you now retire. Yon Eastern clouds
Blush with the orient day. My royal master,
Attentive ever to the cares of state,
Will soon be here.

PHÆDRA.

Let him first hear my pray'r;
Permit me here to see him. To the voice
Of misery his ear will not be clos'd.

[*A flourish of trumpets: the back scene
opens, and discovers a throne.*

Enter PERIANDER, and attendant Officers.

PHÆDRA.

Oh! Periander, 'midst the nations fam'd

S 4

For

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For wisdom and for justice, let thy heart
Incline to mercy. Spare, oh ! spare the wretched.

PERIANDER.

Rise, Princess, rise. That humble suppliant state
Suits not the dignity of Minos' daughter.
Whence this alarm, and why those gushing tears ?

PHÆDRA.

We fled for refuge to you. Oh ! protect,
Protect the innocent. You gave us shelter ;
It was a godlike act ; recall it not ;
Yield us not victims to a father's wrath,
Nor by one barbarous action fully all
The glories of your reign. Save Ariadne,
Save Theseus too : our misery claims respect.

PERIANDER.

Save Ariadne ? can that beauteous mourner
Suspect my promis'd faith ? perhaps ev'n now,
Like some frail flow'r by beating rains oppress'd,
She pining droops, and sickens in despair :
Oh ! quickly seek her : with the words of comfort
Heal all her woes ; raise that afflicted fair,
And bid the graces of her matchless form
Flourish secure beneath my soft'ring smile.
When Ariadne sues, a monarch's heart
Yields to her tears with transport.

PHÆDRA.

Men will praise
The gen'rous deed : the gods will bless thee for it.

[Exit.

ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Ambassador from Crete with Minos' orders
Attends your royal will.

PERIANDER.

He shall be heard.

[He ascends his Throne.]

Enter ALETES.

PERIANDER.

To Naxos' court, Aletes, you are welcome.
You come commission'd from the Cretan King :
Now speak your embassy.

ALETES.

In fairest terms
Of friendly greeting Minos, Sir, by me
Imparts his rightful claim. He knows the justice,
The moderation that directs your counsels :
He knows, though oft' in the embattled field
Your sword has reek'd with blood, your wisdom still
Respects the rights of kings ; respects the laws,
That hold the nations in the bonds of peace.
To you, Sir, he appeals ; he claims his daughters,
His rebel daughters, leagu'd against his crown :
He claims the victim from his vengeance rescued ;
Rescued by fraud, by Ariadne's fraud ;
And here at Naxos shelter'd from his justice.
A sov'reign and a parent claims his rights.
You will respect the father and the king.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Of Minos' virtues, his renown in arms,
 His plan of laws, that spread around the blessings
 Of sacred order, and of social life;
 Laws, which ev'n Kings obey, the world has heard
 With praise, with gratitude. All must revere
 The Legislator, and the friend of man.
 But in the sorrows that distract his house,
 Is it for me with rash mistaken zeal
 To interpose my care? is it for me
 To judge his daughters' conduct? What decree,
 What law of mine, what policy of Naxos
 Have they offended? All who roam the deep
 Find in my ports a safe, a sure retreat.
 Should I comply with your proud, bold request,
 The hardy genius of this sea-girt isle
 Will call it tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd.
 'Tis law, and not the sov'reign's will, that here
 Controuls, directs, and animates the state.

ALETES.

The law that favours wrongs, and shelters guilt,
 Subverts all order. Through her hundred cities
 All Crete will mourn your answer. With regret
 Minos will hear it. By pacific means
 He would prevail; by justice, not the sword.
 But, Sir, if justice, if a righteous cause
 At your tribunal lift their voice in vain,
 I see the gath'ring storm; I see the dangers
 That hover round your isle, and o'er the scene
 Humanity lets fall the natural tear.
 The sons of Crete, a brave, a gen'rous race,

I

Active

Beleagu'rd close. I see the martial bands
Planting their banners on the well-fought shore ;
Your hills, your plains glitt'ring with hostile arms,
Your cities sack'd, your villages on fire,
While from its source each river swoln with carnage
Runs crimson to the main. I see the conqueror
Urge to your capital with rapid march,
And desolation cov'ring all the land.
Still, Sir, you may prevent this waste of blood ;
Your timely wisdom——

The scope now appears
Of your fair seeming message. And does Minos,
Fam'd as he is in arms, say, does he hope
With proud imperious sway to lord it o'er
The princes of the world? And does he mean
To write his laws in blood? And must the nations
Crouch at his nod? Must I upon my throne
Look pale and tremble, when your fancied Jove
Grasps the uplifted thunder? Tell your king
He knows my warlike name; knows we have met
In fields of death, oppos'd in adverse ranks,
Braving each other's lance; he knows the sinew,
With which this arm can wield the deathful blade,
Or send the missive javelin on the foe,
Thirsting for blood.—Go, bear my answer back,
And say besides, that Naxos boasts a race
Rough as their clime, by liberty inspir'd,
Of stubborn nerve, and unsubmitting spirit,

Who

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Who laugh to scorn a foreign master's claim.
You've spoke your embassy, and have our answer.

ALETES.

Unwilling I bear hence th' ungrateful tidings.
[Exit.

PERIANDER, ARCHON.

PERIANDER.

To-morrow's sun shall see him spread his sails :
He must not linger here.

ARCHON.

Your pardon, Sir,
This answer may provoke the powers of Crete,
And war, inevitable war ensues.

PERIANDER.

Let the invader come : here we have war
To meet his bravest troops.

ARCHON.

But where the numbers
To man each port, and line the sea-beat shore ?
Within the realm should the foe flush'd with conquest
Rear his proud banner——

PERIANDER.

With auxiliar aid
Greece will espouse my cause. The fleets of Athens
Full

Full soon shall cover the Ægean deep,
And with confederated bands repel
A tyrant's claim.

ARCHON.

Each state will urge its claim.
Minos demands his daughter : Greece expects
Her gallant warrior, and ev'n now asserts
To crown his love, the princess as her own.
Let Theseus spread his sails, and steer for Greece,
With Ariadne, partner of his flight.
You gain that gen'rous state : by ev'ry tie
Of honour bound, Athens unsheaths her sword,
And haughty Minos threatens here in vain.

PERIANDER.

Yield Ariadne ! yield that matchless beauty,
Where all the loves, where all the graces dwell !
No, I will save her ; will protect her here
From rude, unhallow'd violence. Do thou
Haste to the palace, where the princess dwells ;
Say to th' attendant train, ourself will come,
To tell the counsels which my heart has form'd.

ARCHON.

Ay, there it lies, there lurks the secret wound.
Love strikes the sweet infection to his soul.
'Tis as I fear'd (*aside*)—Perhaps by mild re-
monstrance
We may gain time, and by the specious arts
Of treaty and debate prevent the war.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

You know my orders ; see them straight obeyed.

[*Exit Archon.*]PERIANDER *alone.*

Yes, Ariadne, from the inclement storms
Of thy rude fortune, it is fix'd to shield thee,
And soften all thy woes. Her father then,
When with her milder ray returning reason
Becalms his breast, shall thank the friend that held
His rage suspended, and with joy shall hear
That Ariadne reigns the queen of Naxos ;
Here rules with gentle sway a willing people,
And with her virtues dignifies my throne.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Scene, a magnificent Apartment in a Palace.

Enter PERIANDER, with Attendants.

LET all with duty, with observance meet
Wait on the princess : let the virgin train
With songs of rapture, and melodious airs
Try their best art ; wake all the magic pow'r
Of harmony, to soothe that tender breast,
And with soft numbers lull each sense of pain.
I have beheld her, gaz'd on ev'ry charm,
And Ariadne triumphs in my heart.

Enter ARCHON.

A messenger from Athens waits your pleasure.

PERIANDER.

From Athens say'st thou ?

ARCHON.

In the northern bay
His ship is moor'd. Theseus attends the stranger,
And both now crave an audience.

PERIANDER.

In apt time
Their messenger arrives : when war impends,
Tidings

Tidings from Athens are right welcome to me :
They breathe new vigour. Let the Greek approach.

Enter THESEUS, and PERITHOUS.

THESEUS.

Forgive the transports of a heart that swells
Above all bounds, when I behold my friend,
My gallant, gen'rous friend, the brave Perithous !
It glads my soul, thus to present before you
A chief renown'd in arms, the best of men,
My other self, the partner of my toils,
And my best guide to glory.

PERIANDER.

To the virtues
Of the brave chief my ear is not a stranger.
You come from Athens ?

PERITHOUS.

Scarce two days have pass'd
Since thence I parted. Thro' the realms of Greece
Fame spread at large th' adventures of my friend,
With Ariadne's glory, and the deed,
The gen'rous deed that snatch'd him from destruction.
How she convey'd him to this happy shore,
How he has been receiv'd, and shelter'd here,
The men of Athens, sensibly alive
To each fine motive, each exalted purpose,
Have heard with gratitude. My feeble voice
Would but degrade the sentiments that burn
In ev'ry breast, with joy and rapture fir'd.
Warm with the best sensations of the heart,

They

They pour their thanks, the tribute of their praise.

PERIANDER.

The praise that's offer'd by the sons of Greece,
By that heroic, that enlighten'd race,
Is the best meed fair virtue can receive.

PERITHOUS.

That fair reward is yours : your worth demands it.
To my brave friend Athens next points her care.
What crime is his ? Did he imbrue his hands
In young Androgeus' blood ? Why should he fall
To expiate the death of Minos' son ?
Against the innocent who makes reprisals,
And on the blameless head lets fall the sword,
Offers up victims to his fell revenge.
'Tis murder, and not justice.

PERIANDER.

Righteous heav'n
In th' hour of danger has watch'd o'er your friend,
And he has triumph'd o'er their barb'rous rites,
Their savage law, the stain of Minos' reign.

PERITHOUS.

Athens, exulting, pants for his return.
In crowds her eager citizens go forth,
And on the beach, and on the wave-worn cliff,
O'er all the main rowl their desiring eyes,
And ask of ev'ry ship that ploughs the deep,
News of their hero. A whole people's voice
Chose me their delegate, their faithful officer,

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T

To

To seek my friend, and bear him hence with speed
Back to his native land.

PERIANDER.

The laws of Naxos
To all are equal. None are here constrain'd,
None forc'd by violence, or lawless pow'r,
To quit this safe, this hospitable shore.
Theseus will use the rights of free-born men.
'Tis his to give the answer.

THESEUS.

For this goodness
My heart o'erflows with more than words can speak.

PERITHOUS.

All Greece will thank you.—Ariadne too—

PERIANDER.

How? Ariadne say'st thou?—

PERITHOUS.

With delight,
With admiration, with unbounded transport,
Athens has heard her gen'rous exploits;
Has heard, when Theseus on the Cretan shore
Arriv'd to glut their vengeance, how the tear
Bedew'd her cheek. She pitied his misfortunes,
And whom she snatch'd from death, she means to
 bless
With that rare beauty, and connubial love.

PERIANDER.

Ha! dost thou come to sink me to a slave?
'Tis pride, 'tis arrogance makes this demand.
Must I obey the proud, imperious mandate?
Bear Ariadne with you!—By yon heav'n,
No pow'r on earth shall force her from the isle.
If thou presum'st again——

PERITHOUS.

I never have,
I never can presume——

PERIANDER.

'Tis insolence!
Is this the praise? Are these the thanks you bring?
Urge that request no more.——

PERITHOUS.

If to my words
You'll deign to lend a favourable ear——

PERIANDER.

Say on what law does Athens found a right
To claim an alien princess?

PERITHOUS.

When her choice,
Her gen'rous choice, the impulse of the heart
Inclines her will, you will not fetter freedom?

PERIANDER.

Her father claims her: dost thou vainly hope,
T 2 That

That Greece can silence his paternal rights ?
Is that your errand ? Who commission'd thee ?
Is Theseus your adviser ? and does he
Second this proud attempt ?

THESEUS.

No, Theseus never
Will plan, or counsel what may stain your honour.

PERITHOUS.

Nor will he e'er forget,—I know him well—
I know his gratitude, his gen'rous warmth,
His constancy and truth—He'll ne'er forget
His vows of faithful love. The debt he owes
To Ariadne never can be paid.
Athens approves their union : tuneful bards
Prepare the tribute of immortal verse,
And white-rob'd virgins ev'n now are ready,
Where e'er she treads, to scatter at her feet
The blooming spring, and at the sacred altar
To hymn the bridal song.

THESEUS.

Unthinking man !
This blind mistaken zeal will ruin all. (*aside.*)

PERIANDER.

No more ; I'll hear no more ; here break we off.
Proud Greek forbear, nor wound again my ear
With terms of vile disgrace. Another word
Of yielding Ariadne, and by Heav'n
The claims of Minos—His ambassador
Is here at hand ; once more I'll give him audience.
And if again this outrage to my crown,—

If

If Theseus is found tamp'ring in your plot,—
If you (*to Theseus*) presume by subtlety and fraud
To mock my hopes, and after last night's conference,
Renounce your honour, my resentment rous'd
May do a deed to overwhelm you all in ruin.

Then, let your friend, when next he dares approach
us,

Learn to respect a monarch, who disdains
A proud demand from the vain states of Greece.

[*Exit.*

THESEUS, PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

The states of Greece, proud monarch! be assur'd,
Will vindicate their rights. Ha!—why that look
Of wild dismay? that countenance of sorrow?
Explain; what means my friend?

THESEUS.

Alas! you know not,
You little know the horror and despair
In which the hand of fate has plung'd my soul.

PERITHOUS.

And can despair oppress thee? can thy heart
Know that pale inmate? By our dangers past,
By all our wars, spite of this braggart king,
The beauteous Ariadne shall be thine.

THESEUS.

No more; no more of that:—I cannot speak—

T 3

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Those falt'ring accents, and those lab'ring sighs
Import some strange alarm.

THESEUS.

Oh! lead me hence,
To meet the fiercest monsters of the desert,
Rather than bear this conflict of the mind.

PERITHOUS.

Unfold this mystery :—Those downcast eyes——

THESEUS.

You have awaken'd Periander's fury.
Thy words have led me to a precipice,
And I stand trembling on the giddy brink.

PERITHOUS.

From thence I'll lead thee to the peaceful vale,
To life and happiness.—And can you thus,
When all your country's wishes bless your name,
When Athens to promote your happiness——

THESEUS.

They may mis-judge my happiness :—Alas!
I thank them : little do they know of Theseus.

PERITHOUS.

They know your virtues, your heroic ardour,
Your patriot toil in the great cause of Greece :
They know that honour in your breast has fix'd
His sacred shrine : They know the gen'rous flame
That

That love has wak'd in Ariadne's breast,
And how, in gratitude, the bright idea
Must fire a soul like thine.

THESEUS.

Too deep, too deep
Each accent pierces here. (*aside*)

PERITHOUS.

Those faithful arms
Shall soon receive her.

THESEUS.

You should not have claim'd her.

PERITHOUS.

Not claim that excellence ! that rarest beauty—

THESEUS.

By that mistaken claim you've rais'd a storm
That soon may burst in ruin on my head.
You've fir'd to madness Periander's soul,
And wounded me, here, in the tend'rest nerve,
That twines about the heart. For Ariadne
Thy suit is vain, 'tis fruitless : urge no more.
Let me embark for Greece ; gain my dismissal ;
But for the princess, name her not : her liberty
The heart of Periander ne'er will grant :
No words, that art e'er form'd, will wring it from
him.

PERITHOUS.

Not grant her freedom ! not release her hence !

T 4

Should

Should he refuse, all Greece will rise in arms :
 One common cause will form the gen'rous league.
 Soon Periander shall behold the ocean
 White with the foam of twenty-thousand ships ;
 The Grecian phalanx posted on his hills,
 And his defenceless island wrapt in flames.

THESEUS.

Let Greece forget me, nor in such a cause
 Unchain the fury of wide-wasting war.
 Oh ! not for me such slaughter.

PERITHOUS.

Think'st thou Greece
 Will see thee torn from Ariadne's arms ?
 From her, who sacrific'd her all for thee ?
 From her, whose courage has brav'd ev'ry danger ;
 Fled from her country, from her father's court,
 To save her hero's life ? From her, whose beauty
 Already is the praise of wond'ring Greece,
 Surpassing all that lavish fancy forms.
 I know the princess ; the revolving year
 Has not yet clos'd its round, since I beheld her
 The pride, the glory of the Cretan dames.
 That harmony of shape, that winning grace ;
 And when she moves, that dignity of mien !
 Those eyes, whose quick and inexpressive glance
 Brightens each feature, while it speaks the soul.

THESEUS.

Thou need'st not, oh ! my friend, thou need'st not
 point

Her beauties to my heart.—Each charm is her's,
 Softness and dignity in union sweet,

And

And each exalted virtue. Nature form'd her
The hero's wonder, and the poet's theme.

PERITHOUS.

You shall not lose her, by yon Heav'n you shall
not.

I'll seek the king; apprise him of his danger;
Unmoor my ship, remeasure back the deep,
And bring the fleets of Athens to his harbour.

THESEUS.

It must not be; no, Periander's soul
Is firm, heroic, unsubdu'd by danger.
His sudden rage, his irritated pride
Will seal my doom: The deputies from Crete
Are here to claim their victim: Periander sees
Each charm, each grace of Ariadne's form,
And sends his rival hence to instant death.

PERITHOUS.

I can prevent him; can elude his malice.
This very night, when all is wrapt in darkness,
Embark with me. The partner of your heart
Shall be our lovely freight. I'll bear her hence
Far from the tyrant's pow'r. I'll lead you both
To Athens' happy realm, the growing school
Of laurell'd science, and each lib'ral art,
Of laws, and polish'd life, where both may shine
The pride, the lustre of a wond'ring world,
Dear to each other, and to after-times
The pattern of all truth and faithful love.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Wretch that I am!—his ev'ry word presents
My inward self, the horrors of my guilt. (*aside.*)

PERITHOUS.

Theseus,—that alter'd look,—those sighs renew'd!
Some hoarded grief,——

THESEUS.

Enquire no more, but leave me.

PERITHOUS.

I cannot, will not leave thee: tell me all.
Some load of secret grief weighs on thy spirit.

THESEUS.

There let it lodge, there swell, and burst my heart.

PERITHOUS.

You terrify your friend: Why heaves that groan?
Why those round drops, just starting from thy eye,
Which manhood combating forbids to fall?

THESEUS.

I see my guilt.

PERITHOUS.

Your guilt?

THESEUS.

I feel it all.

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

If there is ought that labours in thy breast——

THESEUS.

Here, here it lies.

PERITHOUS.

To me unbosom all.

THESEUS.

Perithous, wouldst thou think it?—Oh! my friend,
I owe to Ariadne more,—alas! much more
Than a whole life of gratitude can pay.
And yet——

PERITHOUS

Go on: unload thy inmost thoughts;
A friend may heal the wound.

THESEUS.

Oh! no; thou'lt scorn me,
Abjure, detest, abhor me.—Wilt thou pardon
The frailties of a heart, that drives me on,
Endears the crime, and yet upbraids me still?
In me thou see'st—who can controul his love?
In me thou see'st——

PERITHOUS.

Speak; what?

THESEUS.

A perjur'd villain!
The veriest traitor, that e'er yet deceiv'd

A kind,

A kind, a generous, a deluded maid,
 And for his life preserv'd, for boundless love,
 Can only answer with dissembling looks,
 With counterfeited smiles, with fruitless thanks;
 While with resistless charms another beauty—

PERITHOUS.

Another!—gracious pow'rs!

THESEUS.

She kindles all
 The passions of my soul; charms ev'ry sense,
 And Phædra reigns the sov'reign of my heart.

PERITHOUS.

Her sister Phædra!—and does she aspire
 To guilty joys? Does she admit your love?
 Does she too join you in the impious league?
 Will she thus wound a sister, and receive
 A traitor, a deserter to her arms?

THESEUS.

On me, on me let fall thy bitt'rest censure,
 But blame her not.

PERITHOUS.

Not blame her!—Who can hear
 A tale like this, and not condemn you both?
 Th' ungen'rous act will tarnish all your fame.

THESEUS.

Forbear, my friend; the god of love inspir'd—

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Some fiend, a foe to ev'ry gen'rous instinct,
A foe to all that's fair, or great in man,
Infus'd the baleful poison through your soul.

THESEUS.

The guilt is mine : But spare, oh ! spare my Phædra.
A single glance from those love-beaming eyes
Inflames each thought, and hurries me to madness.
Hark ! (*soft musick is heard*) Ariadne comes !—
this way, my friend ;
Thou still canst serve me. With a lover's ardour
The king beholds her, and with earnest suit
He woos her to his throne. Let us retire ;
Thou still canst guide me through the maze of fate.
[*Exeunt.*]

The back SCENE opens, and soft Musick is heard.

Enter ARIADNE, with a train of Virgins.

First VIRGIN.

Now, Ariadne, now, my royal mistress,
Propitious fortune smiles, and from this day
The gods prepare a smiling train of years.

ARIADNE.

I thank you, Virgins ; this kind sympathy
Shews you have hearts that feel another's bliss.
Oh ! much I thank you, virgins ; yes this day
Dispels

Dispels the clouds, that hover'd o'er my head.
 Thou source of life, thou bright, thou radiant god,
 Who through creation pour'st thy flood of glory,
 All hail thy golden orb ! Thou com'st to quell
 The howling blast, to bid the tempest cease,
 And after all the horrors of the night,
 To cheer the face of nature !—Oh ! to me
 Thou com'st propitious, in thy bright career
 Leading thy festive train. The circling hours
 That smile with happier omens, as they pass
 Shedding down blessings from their balmy wings,
 Prepare thy way rejoicing : with thee come
 Bright Hope, and rose-lip'd Health, and pure delight,
 And love and joy, the sunshine of the soul.

First VIRGIN.

Be all your hours like this : may no misfortune
 O'ercloud the scene ; and may you ne'er have cause
 To dim the lustre of those eyes in tears.

ARIADNE.

No, from this day, from this auspicious day,
 Theseus is mine ; the godlike hero's mine,
 With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry laurel crown'd,
 The lover's softness, and the warrior's fire.
 A monarch now protects him ; he has pledg'd
 His royal word.—But wherefore tarries Theseus ?
 Swift as some god, that mounts the viewless winds,
 And cleaves the liquid air, he should have flown
 To tell me all, to bless me with his presence,
 And bid the news more joyful touch my ear,
 Rais'd and endear'd by that enchanting tongue.
 Why does he loiter thus ?

First

First VIRGIN.

His friends from Greece
Perhaps detain him.

ARIADNE.

Oh ! it must be so,
And without cause I chide his ling'ring stay.
A ship from Greece to claim us ! mighty gods !
When your displeasure smote me, when your wrath,
Severely just, gave to my trembling lip
The cup of bitterness, to your high will
I bow'd in reverence down ; I bore it all,
For Theseus' sake, I bore it all with patience ;
And 'midst our sorrows, with a dawn of gladness
I sooth'd his wounded spirit ; teach me now,
Oh ! teach me how to bear this tide of joy,
Nor with excess of bounty try too much
A heart that melts, that languishes with love.

Enter PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

Oh ! Phædra, why this long, unkind delay ?
The gods restore my Theseus to my arms.

PHÆDRA.

If the protecting gods from Theseus' head
Ward off th' impending blow, none more than
Phædra
Will feel the gen'ral joy. But still my fears——

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Suppress them all. Theseus has nought to fear.
 But where, where is he? whither has he wander'd?
 Say, tell me all, and speak to me of Theseus?
 In vain I ask it. Though his name delight
 My list'ning ear, yet you will never charm me
 With the lov'd praises of the godlike man.
 On Periander's name you often dwell,
 In strains, that in a heart not touch'd like mine,
 Might stir affection.—Not a word of Theseus.
 Why silent thus?—it is unkind reserve.
 Alas, my sister, thy unruffled temper
 Knows not the tender luxury of love,
 That joys to hear the object it adores
 Approv'd, admir'd of all: when ev'ry tongue
 Grows lavish in his praise, then, then, with ecstasy
 The heart runs over, and with pride we listen.

PHÆDRA.

I have been just to Theseus; never wrong'd him.
 His fame in arms has fill'd the nations round;
 And purple victory in fields of death
 For him has often turn'd the doubtful scale.

ARIADNE.

Unkind, ungen'rous praise! Has no one told you
 His brave exploits? the number of his battles?
 But who can count them? Fame exalts her trump,
 Delighted with his name to swell the note;
 And Victory exulting claps her wings,
 Still proud to follow, where he leads the way.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

So fame reports.—With what unbounded rage
Her passions kindle.—She alarms my fears. (*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

Why that averted look ? Of late, my sister,
Of late I've mark'd thee with dejected mien,
Pensive and sad.—If aught of discontent
Weighs on thy heart, disclose it all to me.
In ev'ry state of life, in all conditions,
With thee I have unloaded ev'ry secret,
Fled to your arms, and sigh'd forth all my care.

PHÆDRA.

Does Ariadne think my love abated ?

ARIADNE.

No, Phædra, no ; I harbour no mistrust.
I know thy virtues :—We grew up together,
Knit in the bands of love. No op'ning grace
That sparkled in thy eye, or dawn'd in mine,
Could prompt the little passions of our sex.
We heard each other's praise, and envy slept.
And sure had Theseus, though with boundless ardour
I now must love him, to distrust love him,
Yet if my Theseus had first fix'd on thee,
I could (I think I could) have seen you happy
In his loved arms, and here as he is
I had resign'd him to you.—Why that sigh,
Phædra ?—why fall those tears ?

PHÆDRA.

Forgive your sister,

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U

If

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If still she fears for thee—Her ev'ry look,
Each word she utters pierces to my heart. (*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

Speak, tell me why is this? why thus alarm me?
I never had a thought conceal'd from thee.

Enter THESEUS, and PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Oh! Theseus, in thy absence ev'ry moment
Was counted with a sigh. Support me, help me;
For I am faint with bliss.

THESEUS.

Revive, revive;
Recall thy fleeting strength. Your counsels, Phædra,
Will best assist her; your persuasive voice
Will charm her sense, and banish all her cares.

PHÆDRA.

At his lov'd sight, what new emotions rise! (*aside.*)

THESEUS.

My friend Perithous from the realms of Greece—

ARIADNE.

Perithous here! the messenger from Athens!
When last you sojourn'd at my father's court;
(The sun has circled since his annual round)
I well remember you admir'd of all.
Men heard and praised the wonder of your friend-
ship

For

For Theseus, then a stranger to these eyes,
But since beheld, and ah! beheld to charm
The heart of Ariadne!—you come now
To succour our distress.

PERITHOUS.

In evil hour
I sail'd from Greece. Would I had ne'er embark'd.

ARIADNE.

My heart dies in me.—Say what new event——
Theseus explain, and tell me, tell me all.

THESEUS.

Oh! I was born to be th' unceasing curse
Of Ariadne's life; still, still indebted,
Unable to repay.

ARIADNE.

Thou generous man!
To hear those sounds, and view thee thus before me,
O'er pays me now for all my sufferings past.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

Theseus, on matters of some new concern,
To me unknown, your presence is required.
'Tis Periander's order.

THESEUS.

I obey.

U 2

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

What may this mean? yet, Theseus, ere you go—

THESEUS.

My friend will tell each circumstance; from him
You'll calmly hear it all. And may his voice,
Soft as the breeze that pants in eastern groves,
Approach your ear, and sooth your thoughts to
peace. *[Exit with Archon.]*

ARIADNE.

The gods will watch thy ways, and Periander
Has promis'd still to shield thy suffering virtue.

PHÆDRA.

I dread some mischief: Ariadne, here
Wait my return: I'll follow to the palace,
And bring the earliest tidings of his fate. *[Exit.]*

ARIADNE, PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

My heart is chill'd with fear. What dark event—
Can Periander—no; dishonour never
Will stain his name.—And yet that awful pause!
Those looks with grief o'erwhelm'd!—

PERITHOUS.

Yes, grief indeed
Sits heavy at my heart.—

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Reveal the cause ;
Give me to know the worst. This dread suspense—

PERITHOUS.

Oh ! that in silence I could ever hide
From you, from all, and in oblivion bury
What here is lodg'd, and shakes my soul with horror !

ARIADNE.

With horror ! wherefore ? is not Theseus safe ?
Does not his country claim him ? Does not Greece
With open arms expect him ? Does not Athens
Send you with orders to demand us both ?

PERITHOUS.

From thence your dangers rise : the sons of Athens,
A quick, inconstant, fluctuating race —

ARIADNE.

Yet ever wise, heroic, gen'rous, brave,
All soul, all energy. Do they oppose
Our nuptial union ? Do they still maintain
Their old hostility ? Do they exclude
An alien princess from the throne of Athens ?
If such their will, take, take the sov'reign sway,
Th' imperial diadem, the pomp of state :
Let Theseus to his father's rights succeed,
And reign alone ; make me his wedded wife ;
'Tis all I ask ; the gods can grant no more.
Thrones, sceptres, grandeur ! love can scorn you
all.

U 3

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Unhappy Theseus ! by disastrous fate
Doom'd to betray such excellence ; to see
The fairest gift of Heav'n, and spurn it from him,
(*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

You answer not : speak and resolve my doubts.
Pity a heart, too tenderly alive,
And wild with fear, that throbs, that aches like
mine.

Thy pure, exalted mind will tow'r above
The arts of mean equivocating phrase.
You'll not deceive a fond, a faithful woman,

PERITHOUS.

None should deceive you ; none. You will forgive
My hesitating fears. I would not wound
That tender frame with aught that may alarm you.
For thee my mind misgives : the fear that awes me
Pays homage to your virtue.

ARIADNE.

And does Greece
Reject the love I proffer ?

PERITHOUS.

No, all Greece
Reveres your honour'd name : Th' Athenian state
By me demands your liberty. In terms
Of earnest import I have urg'd their claim ;
But Periander,—to his ardent spirit

You

You are no stranger.—He no sooner heard
 The name of Ariadne, than with fiercest rage—
 Perhaps you know the cause—with high disdain
 He spurn'd at the demand, Some hidden motive—
 'Tis love perhaps—you will forgive my boldness—
 'Tis love, perhaps, that prompts the stern reply.
 Should I presume once more to urge the claim,
 Theseus that moment must embark for Crete.
 So says the king: he will not brook a rival.
 You'll see your lover torn by ruffians from you;
 You'll see the ship bound swiftly o'er the waves;
 In vain you'll shriek; in vain extend your arms,
 And call on Theseus lost!

ARIADNE.

That savage purpose
 The soul of Periander will disdain.

PERITHOUS.

What will not love persuade? love made you fly
 Your father's court; and love may teach a monarch
 To break all bonds, and tow'r above the laws.

ARIADNE.

If this be what alarms you——

PERITHOUS.

Theseus' life
 Once more depends on thee.——

ARIADNE.

To save that life
 Is there an enterprize, a scene of danger,
 That Ariadne will not dare to meet?

U 4

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Your wond'rous daring on the wings of fame
Has reach'd the nations round. But now, alas !
One only way is left.

ARIADNE.

Direct me to it.

PERITHOUS.

To Periander lend a gracious ear.
For thee he sighs ; for thee his vows ascend.
His throne awaits thee ; the imperial crown——

ARIADNE.

Sir, do you know me ?

PERITHOUS.

Princess, here to reign
In this fair island——

ARIADNE.

Do you know the spirit
That rules this breast, and o'er informs my soul ?

PERITHOUS.

Forgive the zeal that prompts me to this office.
The king intensely loves ; and in a base,
Degen'rate world, from which all truth is fled,
He still may faithful prove to worth like thine.
Consult with Theseus : he can best advise you.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Consult with Theseus ! ask his kind consent
 That I may prove a traitress to my vows !
 Sir, for this counsel, for this gen'rous care,
 Accept my thanks.—You are too much alarm'd.
 Resign my Theseus ! Oh ! the gods have form'd him
 With ev'ry virtue that adorn's the hero ;
 With valour, to incite the soldiers' wonder ;
 With ev'ry grace to charm the heart of woman,
 Oh ! none will rival him. 'Twill be the pride
 Of Periander, 'tis his highest glory,
 That Theseus fled for shelter to his throne,
 And met protection here.

PERITHOUS.

I've been to blame.
 Perhaps I urge too far : Princess, farewell !
 May the benignant gods watch all your ways. [*Exit.*]

ARIADNE.

Your fears are vain ; each gloomy cloud shall vanish,
 Or, ting'd with orient beams of smiling fortune,
 With added lustre gild our various day ;
 While o'er our heads Hymen shall wave his torch,
 Sooth all our cares, and brighten ev'ry joy.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

ACT the THIRD.

ARIADNE, THESEUS.

ARIADNE.

OH! look not thus; those eyes that glare so pale,
Those sighs that heave, as they would burst your
heart,

Affright my soul, and kill me with despair.
Oh! banish all thy doubts, and let those eyes
Smile, as when first they beam'd their softness on me,

THESEUS.

Alas! I'm doom'd to mourn; my thread of life
Was steep'd in tears, and must for ever run
Black and discolour'd with the worst of woes,

ARIADNE.

Can thy great heart thus shrink, appall'd with fear?
Theseus, I never saw thee thus before.

THESEUS.

Our days of rapture and of promis'd joy
Far hence are fled.

ARIADNE.

No, on their rosy wings
The hours of joy and ever new delight
Come smiling on. Is this a time for fear,
When all is gay serenity around us,

And

And Fortune opens all her brightest scenes ?

THESEUS.

Too soon that scene, with low'ring clouds deform'd,
Will shew the sad reverse. You little know
How Periander with resistless fury
Breaks thro' all bounds. His passions scorn restraint,
And what he wills, his vehemence of soul
Pursues with fierce, with unremitting ardour.
To his wild fury all must yield obedience.

ARIADNE.

His reign has ever been both mild and just.
Fair virtue, like some god that rules the storm,
Still calms the warring elements within him;
And moderation with her golden curb
Guides all his actions.

THESEUS.

Yet there is an impulse,
Which with the whirlwind's unresisted rage,
Roots up each virtue, and lays waste the soul.
Love reigns a lawless tyrant in his heart.
For thee he fights ; and sure that matchless beauty
May well inflame the passions of a prince,
Who with a diadem can deck thy brow.

ARIADNE.

Too well he knows the ties that bind us both.
Knows you're all truth, all constancy and love.
He knows the flame my virgin sighs have own'd ;
Knows that for thee I left my native land,
Fled from my friends, and from my father's palace,
And

300 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

And gave up all for thee. And thinks he now
His throne, his diadem, his purple pomp,
Have charms of pow'r to lure me from thy arms?
He knows his vows are lost in air: Thy heart
Is Ariadne's throne.

THESEUS.

His fiercest passions
Break forth at once, like the deep cavern'd fire,
All ties, all tender motives must give way.
His resolution's fix'd. This very day,
Unless for ever I renounce thy love,
His jealous rage sends me hence bound in chains,
To die a victim on the Cretan shore.

ARIADNE.

He will not dare it; no, so black an outrage
His heart will ne'er conceive. Should he persist,
Should malice goad him on, I too can fly
This barb'rous shore; with unextinguish'd love
Thro' ev'ry region, ev'ry clime attend thee;
Follow your fortunes, if the fates ordain it,
Ev'n to my father's court; there prostrate fall,
And clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears,
Nor cease with vehemence of grief to melt him,
Till he release thee to these circling arms,
Approve my choice, and shew thee to the people,
The adopted heir, the rising sun of Crete.

THESEUS.

By yielding me, his rival is destroy'd;
And by that act his proud ambition hopes
To sooth your father's irritated pride,
And mould him to his wish.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Can Periander

Harbour that black intent? and does he mean
To prove at first a villain and a murderer,
And then aspire to Ariadne's love?

No, Theseus, no: he will not stoop so vilely:
I've heard you oft commend him; oft my sister
Employs whole hours with rapture in his praise.
He is her constant theme. Her partial voice
Ev'n above thine exalts his fav'rite name.
She dwells on each particular; in peace
His milder virtues, his great fame in arms:
How, when he talks, fond admiration listens:
And each bright princess hears him, and adores.

THESEUS.

Not envy's self, howe'er his pride inflam'd
May deal with me, can overshadow his glory.
Renown in war is his; the softer virtues
Of mild humanity adorn his name.
The polish'd arts of peace, and ev'ry muse
Attune to finer sentiments his soul.
His throne is fix'd upon the firmest basis
Of wisdom, and of justice. There to shine
The partner of his heart, his soft associate
In that bright scene of glory, well may prompt
In ev'ry neighb'ring state the virgin's sigh,
And wake th' ambition of each monarch's daughter.

ARIADNE.

The strain, the rapture that to me in secret
My sister Phædra pours the live-long day,
Enamour'd of his name! Perchance you've heard
her,

And

And mark'd the heaving sigh, and seen the blush
 That glow'd with conscious crimson on her cheek;
 Oh! if she cherishes the tender flame,
 With maiden coyness veil'd, and pines in love;
 Beauty like her's may fire a monarch's heart,
 And Periander, without shame or guilt,
 Without a crime, may woe her to his arms.
 To see her happy, to behold my Phædra
 Crown'd with a monarch's and a people's love,
 Would be the pride of Ariadne's heart.

THESEUS.

Oh! it were misery, the worst of woes. (*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

Why do you start? why that averted look?
 If you approve their nuptials, freely tell me:
 With Periander I can plead her cause,
 Paint forth each charm of that accomplish'd mind,
 'Till the king glow with rapture at the sound.

THESEUS.

Oh! this would plunge me in the worst despair. (*aside*)
 It must not be.—Has not Perithous told you—

ARIADNE.

Perithous is your friend.—Perhaps to draw
 The tie still closer, you would see him blest'd
 In Phædra's arms.—Tell me your inmost thoughts.
 If such your will, what will I not attempt
 To sooth to dear delight a mind like thine?
 Phædra will listen to me; mutual love
 Has so endear'd us, from our tend'rest years
 Has so increas'd, and with our growth kept pace,
 That

That we have had one wish, one heart, one mind.
My voice with Phædra will have all the pow'r
Of soft persuasion: her exalted merit
Will bless your friend and brighten all his days.

THESEUS.

Oh! the bare image fires my brain to madness:
(*aside.*)
Alas! this dream of happiness——

ARIADNE.

What means
That sudden cloud? and why that lab'ring sigh?
Oh! let my sister to Perithous' vows
Yield her consent, and bless him with her beauty:
Together we will seek the realms of Greece;
There in sweet union see our growing loves
Spring with new rapture, share each other's bliss,
And by imparting multiply our joys.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

With thee, fair princess, Periander craves
Another interview: He enters now
The palace garden.

ARIADNE.

Does he there require
My presence?

ARCHON.

Where you deign to give him audience,
He will attend you.

THESEUS.

It were best go forth.
His virtues claim respect; and oh! remember
My fate, my happiness on thee depend.

ARIADNE.

Trust Ariadne, trust your fate with me. [Exit.

THESEUS, ARCHON.

ARCHON.

The Cretan princess with resistless passion
Inflames his fierce desires. My boding fears
Foresee some dire event.

THESEUS.

A glance from her
Will soothe his rage, and all may still be well.
When love resistless fires the noble mind,
Th' effects, though sudden, from that gen'rous
source,
Are oft excus'd; the errors of our nature,
The tender weakness of the human heart.

ARCHON.

Errors that influence the public weal,
His rank prohibits.—Let his vices be;
(If vices he must have) obscure and private,
Unfelt by men, leaving no trace behind.
It were unjust, that his unbounded fury
Should tear thee from the arms of her you love.

THESEUS.

But when a monarch—Ha! Perithous comes.

Enter PERITHOUS.

A TRAGEDY.

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Enter PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Theseus, I fought thee.—Archon, does your king
Relent? or must confed'rate Greece send forth
Her fleets and armies to support her rights?

ARCHON.

The miseries of war my feeble voice
Shall labour to prevent. Theseus, farewell.
Archon is still your friend. With Ariadne,
Ere long, I trust, you may revisit Greece.

[*Exit.*]

THESEUS, PERITHOUS.

THESEUS.

With her revisit Greece! Why all this zeal
For Ariadne? Who has tamper'd with him?
Why not convey her to her father's court?
Why not invite her to the throne of Naxos?
Why all this busy, this officious care
To torture me? to foil his sov'reign's love?
To send far hence the idol of his heart,
And blend her fate with mine?

PERITHOUS.

Her fate with thine
So close is blended, nothing can divide them.
Truth, honour, justice, gratitude combine
Each tender sentiment; they form a chain,
An adamantine chain, indissoluble, firm,
And strong as that which from the throne of Jove
X Hangs

306 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Hangs down to draw to harmony and union
This universal frame.

THESEUS.

Is this my friend?

PERITHOUS.

Your friend, who scorns to flatter;
Who dares avow th' emotions of his heart.
Oh! Theseus, we have long together walk'd
The paths of virtue, upright, firm in honour;
And shall we now decline? and shall we now
With fraud, with perfidy, with blackest perfidy,
For ever damn our names?

THESEUS.

This stern reproof
Is not the language the time now demands.
'Tis thine, my friend, to soften my distress;
To pour the balm of comfort o'er my sorrows,
And soothe the anguish of a wounded mind.
Oh! step between me and the keen reproaches
Of injur'd beauty; save me from myself;
From Ariadne save me.

PERITHOUS.

Is it thus,
Oh! rash deluded man! and is it thus
With high disdain you spurn that rarest beauty,
That fond, believing, unsuspecting fair?

THESEUS.

Have you not painted to her dazzled fancy
The splendor of a throne, that here awaits her?

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

So gen'rous, so unbounded is her love,
She seeks but thee, thee only. Pomp and splendor
Are toys that sink, and fade away before her.

THESEUS.

Then tell her all the truth: tell her at once,
Another flame is kindled in my heart,
And fate ordains she never can be mine.

PERITHOUS.

Will that become Perithous? that the task
Thy friendship would impose? Must I proclaim
To th' astonish'd world, my friend's dishonour?
Must I with cruelty, with felon purpose,
Approach that excellence, that beauteous form,
And for her gen'rous love, for all her virtue,
Fix in her tender breast the sharpest pang,
With which ingratitude can stab the heart?

THESEUS.

Why wilt thou goad me thus? 'tis cruelty;
'Tis malice in disguise.—Forbear, forbear;
Assist your friend in the soft cause of love,
Involuntary love, that hold's enslav'd
The fetter'd will.

PERITHOUS.

Involuntary love!
Beware, beware of the deceitful garb
That vice too oft assumes.—There's not a purpose
Prompting to evil deeds, that dares appear
In it's own native form. The first approach

X 2

With

308 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

With bland allurements, with insidious mien,
Wears the delusive semblance of some virtue.
The Siren spreads her charms, and Fancy lends
Her thousand hues to deck the lurking crime.
Opinion changes; 'tis no longer guilt;
'Tis amiable weakness, gen'rous frailty,
Involuntary error. On we rush
By fatal error led, and thus the language,
The sophistry of vice deludes us all.

THESEUS.

Perithous, 'tis in vain: in vain you strive,
By subtle maxims, and by pedant reas'ning
To talk down love, and mould it to your will.
It rages here like a close pent-up fire.
And think'st thou tame advice can check its course,
And soothe to rest the fever of the soul?

PERITHOUS.

And wilt thou thus, by one ungen'rous deed,
Blast all your laurels, and give up at once
To shame and infamy thy honour'd name?

THESEUS.

Wouldst thou destroy my peace of mind for ever?

PERITHOUS.

I would preserve it. Wouldst thou still enjoy
Th' attesting suffrage of the conscious heart?
The road is plain and level: live with honour.
Be all your deeds, such as become a man.
'Tis that alone can give th' unclouded spirit,
The pure serenity of inward peace.
All else is noisy fame; the giddy shout

Of

Of gazing multitudes, that soon expires,
 And leaves our laurels, and our martial glory
 To wither and decay. By after times
 The roar of fond applause no more is heard.
 The triumph ceases, and the hero then
 Fades to the eye: the faithless man remains.

THESEUS.

Was it for this you spread your sails from Greece?
 To aggrayate my sorrows?—If a monarch
 Woos Ariadne to his throne and bed;
 If I resign her to imperial splendor,
 Where is my guilt? Why will she not accept
 The bright reward, that waits to crown her virtues?

PERITHOUS.

Because, like thee, she is not prone to change.

THESEUS.

Why, cruel, why thus pierce my very soul?

PERITHOUS.

Because, like thee, she knows not to betray.

THESEUS.

Disastrous fate. And wouldst thou have me fly
 From Phædra's arms? By every solemn vow,
 By every sacred tie, by love itself,
 My heart is her's. She is my only source
 Of present bliss, my best, my only earnest
 Of future joy; the idol of my soul.
 Should I desert her, can invention find,
 'Midst all her stores, a tint of specious colouring
 To varnish the deceit?

X 3

PERITHOUS,

PERITHOUS.

It wants no varnish,
No specious colouring. Plain honest truth
Will justify the deed. With open firmness
Go, talk with Phædra: tell her with remorse
Conscience has shewn the horrors of your guilt.
Tell her the vows, you breathed to Ariadne,
Were heard above, recorded by the gods.
Tell her, if still she spreads her fatal lure,
She takes a perjur'd traitor to her arms,
Practis'd in fraud, who may again deceive.
Tell her, with equal guilt, nor less abhor'd,
She joins to rob a sister of her rights.
Tell her that Greece——

THESEUS.

No more; I'll hear no more.
Assist my love; 'tis there I ask your aid.
Forget my fame; it is not worth my care.

PERITHOUS.

Then, go, rush on, devoted to destruction,
Let Hymen kindle his unhallow'd torch,
Clasp'd in each others arms enjoy your guilt.
Renounce all sacred honour; add your name
To the bright list of those illustrious worthies,
Who have seduc'd, by vile insidious arts,
The fond affections of the gen'rous fair;
And in return for all her wond'rous goodness,
Left the fair mourner to deplore her fate;
To pine in solitude, and die at length
Of the slow pangs that rend the broken heart.

THESEUS

THESEUS.

Oh! fortune, fortune!—wherefore was I born
With a great heart, that loves, that honours virtue,
And yet thus fated to be passion's slave?

PERITHOUS.

'Tis but one effort, and you tow'r above
The little frailties that debase your nature.
That were true victory, worth all your conquests,
You triumph o'er yourself. And lo! behold
Th' occasion offers.—Ariadne comes!

THESEUS.

I must not see her now.

PERITHOUS.

By heav'n, you shall.

THESEUS.

Off, loose your hold. Confusion, shame, and horror,
Rage and despair, distract and rend my soul.
'Tis you have fix'd these scorpions in my breast.

PERITHOUS.

And yet—(*holding him.*)

THESEUS.

No more; let midnight darkness hide me
In some deep cave, where I may dwell with madness,
Far from the world, far from a friend like thee.

[*Exit,*

X 4

PERITHOUS.

PERITHOUS.

Misguided man ! my friendship still shall save him,

ARIADNE, PERITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Stay, Theseus, stay : does he avoid my presence ?
Why with that haste, that wild disorder'd look—

PERITHOUS.

'Tis now the moment of suspended fate :
The gods assembled hold th' uplifted balance,
And my friend's peace, all that is dear, or sacred,
His fame, and honour tremble in the scale.

ARIADNE.

The gods protect him still : you need not fear,
All danger flies before him.

PERITHOUS.

While the king
Detains him here, he knows to what excess
A monarch's love —

ARIADNE.

Does that alarm his fear ?
And does he therefore fly ?—Ungen'rous Theseus !
And is it thus you judge of Ariadne ?
And yet, Perithous, I will not upbraid him.
His tender sensibility of heart
Too quickly takes th' alarm : yet that alarm
Shews with what strong solicitude he loves ;

My

My tears prevail, and he may fail for Greece.
This very moment Periander granted —
See, where he comes : he will confirm it all.

PERITHOUS.

It were not fit he should behold me here.
When apt occasion serves, we'll meet again.
A heart like yours, with every virtue fraught,
Should be no more deceiv'd. I now withdraw.
[Exit.]

ARIADNE.

Go, tell my Theseus all his fears are vain.
In love, as well as war, he still must triumph.

PERIANDER, ARIADNE.

PERIANDER.

If once again I trouble your retreat,
Deem me not, princess, too importunate,
Nor with indignant scorn reject a heart,
That throbs in every vein for thee alone.

ARIADNE.

Scorn in your presence, Sir, no mind can feel.
Far other sentiments your martial glory,
And the mild feelings of your gen'rous nature,
Excite in every breast. The crown you wear,
From virtue's purest ray derives it's lustre.
Your subjects own a father in their king.
Beneath your sway the wretched ever find
A sure retreat. At Periander's court
All hearts rejoice : here mis'ry dries her tear.
To me your kind humanity has giv'n

It's

It's best protection. For the gen'rous act
My heart o'erflows: these tears attest my thanks.
To you each day beholds me bow with praise,
Respect, and gratitude.

PERIANDER.

And must respect,
Fruitless respect, and distant cold regard,
Be all my lot? Has heav'n no other bliss
In store for me? unhappy royalty!
Condemn'd to shine in solitary state,
With no fond tenderness of mutual hope,
To soothe the heart, and sweeten all its cares;
Without the soft society of love,

ARIADNE.

For thee the gods reserve sublimer joys,
The happiness supreme of serving millions.
'Tis your's, in war to guard a people's rights;
In peace, to spread one common bliss to all,
And feel the raptures of that best ambition.
Mankind demand you: glory is your call.

PERIANDER.

Ambition is the phrenzy of the soul;
The fierce insatiate avarice of glory,
That wades through bloody, and marks it's way with
ruin:
And when it's toils are o'er, what then remains,
But to look back through wide dispeopled realms?
Where nature mourns o'er all the dreary waste,
And hears the widows', and the orphans' shrieks,
And sees each laurel wither at the groans,
And the deep curses of a ruin'd people.

Vain

Vain efforts all ! vain the pursuit of glory,
 Unless bright beauty arm us for the field,
 Hail our return, enhance the victor's prize,
 And love reward what love itself inspir'd.

ARIADNE.

The vast renown, that spreads such lustre round you,
 Like the bright sun, that dims all meaner rays,
 And makes a desert in the blue expanse,
 Will never want uplifted wond'ring eyes
 To gaze upon it. From the neighb'ring states
 Some blooming virgin, some illustrious princess
 Will yield with rapture to a monarch's love,
 Proud of a throne, which virtue has adorn'd.

PERIANDER.

That pow'r is your's : one kind indulgent glance,
 One smile, the harbinger of soft consent,
 Has bliss in store beyond the reach of fortune,
 Beyond ambition's wish.

ARIADNE.

Your pardon, Sir.
 I must not hear you sigh, and sigh in vain.
 Look round your isle, where in it's fairest forms,
 In all it's winning graces, beauty decks
 Your splendid court. Amidst the radiant train,
 If none has touch'd your heart, may I presume—
 Perhaps you'll think mine a too partial voice—
 If none attract you, see where Phædra shines
 In every grace, in each attractive charm
 Of outward form, and dignity of mind.
 Her rare perfections, her unequall'd virtue,
 The mild affections of her gen'rous heart,

Her

Her friendship firm, in ev'ry instance tried,
 Transcend all praise. In her pure virgin breast
 Love never kindled yet his secret flame.
 Your voice may wake desires unfelt before :
 With pride she'll listen, and may crown your vows
 With all th' endearments of a love sincere,
 And with her softer lustre grace your throne,

PERIANDER.

Why, cruel, torture me with cold disdain ?
 With thee to reign were Periander's glory.

ARIADNE.

Oh ! not for me that glory : well you know
 This heart already is another's right.

PERIANDER.

There lies the precipice on which you tread.
 By your own hand 'tis cover'd o'er with flowr's ;
 Your fall will first discover it.

ARIADNE.

Those words
 Dark and mysterious——

PERIANDER.

It were not fit
 That fond credulity should lead you on
 In gay delusion, and in errors maze.
 The base deceiver——

ARIADNE.

Who ?——what dost thou mean ?

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

I mean to save you from his treach'rous arts ;
To place you on a throne, beyond his reach,
Where foul ingratitude will see her shafts
Fall pow'rless at your feet.

ARIADNE.

Cold tremors shoot,—
I know not why,—through all my trembling frame—

PERIANDER.

Tender, sincere, and generous yourself,
You little know the arts of faithless man.

ARIADNE.

Explain ; unfold ; you freeze my soul with horror.

PERIANDER.

Beware of Theseus !

ARIADNE.

How ! of Theseus saidst thou ?

PERIANDER.

Were I this day to send him hence a victim,
(And you alone, your tears suspend my purpose)
'Twere vengeance due to perfidy like his.

ARIADNE.

The viper-tongue of slander wrongs him much.
Too well I know his worth : my heart's at peace.

PERIANDER.

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PERIANDER.

With fond enchantment the gay Siren hope
Has lur'd you, on a calm unruffled sea,
To trust a smiling sky, and flatt'ring gales.
Too soon you'll see that sky deform'd with clouds;
Too soon you'll wonder at the gath'ring storm,
And look aghast at the deep lurking ruin,
Where all your hopes must perish.

ARIADNE.

Still each word
Is wrapt in darkness: end this dread suspense,
Or else my flutt'ring soul will soon forsake me,
And leave me at your feet a breathless corse.

PERIANDER.

A former flame—restrain that wild surprize;
Summon your strength:—I speak his very words:
A former flame, kindled long since in Greece,
Preys on his heart with slow consuming fires.

ARIADNE.

Does this become a monarch? Can your pride
Thus lowly stoop, thus with a tale suborn'd
To tempt the honour of this faithful breast?

PERIANDER.

By ev'ry pow'r that views the heart of man,
And watches mortal thoughts, tis truth I utter.
Last night admitted to a private audience,
He own'd it all; renounc'd your love for ever;
Gave up his fair pretensions.—Ariadne,

Your

Your colour changes, and the gushing tear
Starts from your trembling eye.—

ARIADNE.

The very thought—
Though fure it cannot be,—the very thought
Strikes to my heart like the cold hand of death.

PERIANDER.

If still you doubt, go charge him with his guilt:
He will avow it all.

ARIADNE.

And if he does,
Oh! what a change in one disastrous day!

PERIANDER.

Your fate now calls for firm, decisive measures.
I will no longer urge th' ungrateful subject.
I leave you to collect your flutt'ring spirits.
I would not see your gen'rous heart deceiv'd.
His guilt should rouze your noblest indignation.
Now you may prove the greatness of your soul.
[Exit.]

ARIADNE *alone.*

If this be so, if Theseus can be false,
Is there on earth a wretch so curs'd as I am!
A former flame—ha! think no more—that thought,
With ruin big, shoots horror to my brain.
A former flame still rages in his soul!
So said the king: Who is the fatal fair?
Where, in what region does she hide her charms?
Was

Was it for her I sav'd him from destruction ?
 For her rebell'd against my father's pow'r ?
 To give to her all that my heart adores ?
 Can Theseus thus—no, yonder sun will sooner
 Start from his orbit.—Yet, why shun my presence ?
 Why all this day that stern, averted look ?
 I'm torn, distracted, tortur'd with these doubts ;
 And where, oh ! where to fix ! I think him still
 All truth, all honour, tenderness and love.
 And yet Perithous—it is all too plain ;
 All things conspire ; all things inform against him.
 He will avow it !—Let me seek him straight,
 Unload my breast, and charge him with my wrongs ;
 With indignation harrow up his soul ;
 Tell all I've heard, all that distracts my brain ;
 Pour forth my rage, pour forth my fondness too,
 And perhaps prove him innocent at last.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T

ACT the FOURTH.

ARIADNE.

WHERE, Ariadne, where are now the hours
 That wing'd with rapture chas'd each other's flight,
 In one gay round of joy? Where now the hopes,
 That promis'd years of unextinguish'd love?
 'Tis past; the dream is fled; the sun grows dim;
 Fair day-light turns to darkness; all within me
 Is desolation, horror, and despair.
 And are his vows, breath'd in the face of heav'n,
 Are all his oaths at once dispers'd in air?
 Those eyes, whose glance sent forth the melting soul,
 Were they too false? The tears, with which he oft
 Bedew'd his bosom, were they taught to feign?
 He shuns me still: where does he lurk conceal'd?
 In all our haunts, in each frequented grove,
 (Ah! groves too conscious of the traitor's vows!)
 In vain I've sought him. Does this hated rival,
 Has she seduc'd him to her am'rous parley?
 Gods! does she see him smile, and hear that voice?
 And does he sigh, and languish at her feet,
 Enamour'd gaze, and twine those arms around her?
 Hold, traitor, hold; the gods forbid your love;
 Those looks, those smiles are mine: deluded maid!
 Mine are those vows, that fond embrace is mine.
 Horror! distraction; still 'tis but surmise
 That with these shadowings makes me tremble thus.
 I still may wrong him:—Periander's fraud——

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Y

'Tis

'Tis he abuses my too credulous ear.
 The tale may be suborn'd :—I'll not believe it.
 Lost Ariadne ! you believe too much.
 Where, where is Phædra ? her unwearied friendship
 May still avert my ruin : she may find
 The barb'rous man, and melt his heart to pity.
 And yet she comes not : ha !—Pirithous here !
 He knows the worst : he can pronounce my doom.

PIRITHOUS, ARIADNE.

PIRITHOUS.

Forgive me, princess, with officious zeal
 If I once more intrude. The time no longer
 Admits of wav'ring, hesitating doubt.
 The king, enfetter'd in the chains of love,
 Rejects the claims of Greece. If hence you part,
 You must, with Theseus, steer your course for Crete.
 His resolution's fix'd

ARIADNE.

Does Theseus know
 Th' impending danger ? have you seen your friend ?

PIRITHOUS.

His great heart labours with a war of passions
 Too big for utt'rance. In the soldier's eye
 The silent tear stood trembling. Strong emotions
 Convuls'd his frame. He knows your ev'ry virtue,
 And rails in grief, in bitterness of soul,
 At his hard fate, and each malignant planet,
 That leave him empty praise, and fruitless thanks,
 The only sad return he now can make.

ARIADNE.

Thanks ! unavailing thanks ! you need not come
To add to misery this sharpest pang.
Love in this breast is not a vulgar flame,
The mere compliance of a will resign'd ;
'Tis gen'rous ecstasy, 'tis boundless ardour.
A heart, that feels like mine, will not be paid
With cold acknowledgments, and fruitless thanks.
Mere gratitude is perfidy in love.

PIRITHOUS.

Your bright perfections were his fav'rite theme.
He sees your days, that shone serenely bright,
Discolour'd now with sorrows not your own.
He sees you following, with unwearied steps,
One on whom fortune has not yet exhausted
Her stores of malice : whom the gods abandon—

ARIADNE.

Whom justice, truth, and honour all abandon !

PIRITHOUS.

It grieves him, Ariadne, much it grieves him
To see thee overwhelm'd with his misfortunes :
Condemn'd with him to drain the bitter cup
Of endless woe ; and since propitious fortune
With better omens courts you here at Naxos,
'Tis now his wish, that you renounce for ever
A man accurst, sad outcast from his country,
The fatal cause of all your sorrows past.

Y 2

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

The fatal cause of all my woes to come !

PIRITHOUS.

I do not mean to justify his guilt.
Might I advise you, you may still be happy.
A monarch lays his sceptre at your feet.
Your father Minos will approve your choice ;
All Naxos will consent ; a willing people
With fond acclaim will hail you as their queen,
And Theseus never can betray you more.

ARIADNE.

And dost thou think, say does the traitor think
Thus to ensnare me with insidious counsels ?
Last night admitted to a private audience,
To Periander he confess'd his guilt.
Another passion rages in his heart.
You know it all : unfold your lurking thoughts,
Reveal the truth ; give me the tale of horror,
Own the black treason, and consummate all.

PIRITHOUS.

Would I could hide the failings of my friend. (*aside*)

ARIADNE.

Those broken accents but distract me more.
Let ruin come : I am prepar'd to meet it.
Oh ! speak, pronounce my doom : in me you see
A wretched princess, a deluded maid,
Lost to her friends, her country, and her father.
In pity tell me all : with gen'rous frankness
Deal with the wretched : let me know the worst.

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Far be deceit from me : of just resentment
I would light up the flame : my friend is plung'd,
Beyond all depth, in treachery and guilt.
Another love shoots poison to his soul.
At length he owns it. He avows his passion.

ARIADNE.

Avows his passion !

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis his fatal crime.

ARIADNE.

You hear it, gods ! I ask no patience of you ;
Lend me no fortitude, no strength to bear
This horrible deception.—If your justice
From your bright mansions views this scene of guilt,
Why sleeps the thunder ?—Send me instant madness,
To raze at once all traces from my brain,
All recollection of a world like this,
All busy memory of ungrateful man.

PIRITHOUS.

Affert yourself ; revenge your injur'd rights,
And tow'r above the false, the base deserter,
Who breaks all vows, and triumphs in his guilt.

ARIADNE.

Can fraud like this engender in the heart ?
It cannot be ; no, the earth does not groan
With such a monster ! you traduce him, Sir.

Y 3

Who

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Who form'd the black design? Who forg'd the tale?

'Tis Periander's art: 'twas he suborn'd you.

PIRITHOUS.

If you will hear me——

ARIADNE.

Trouble me no more:

Theseus shall hear how his friend blasts his fame,
And comes from Athens, with his high commission,
To tempt my faith, and work a woman's ruin.

[*Exit.*

PIRITHOUS *alone.*

Too gen'rous princefs! my heart inward bleeds
To see the cruel destiny that waits thee.
Ruin, inevitable ruin falls
On her, on Theseus, and his blasted fame.
And yet if Phædra—would some gracious pow'r
Inspire my voice, and give the energy
To wake, to melt, to penetrate the heart——
What if I seek her?—ha!——

PHÆDRA, PIRITHOUS.

PHÆDRA.

Methought the sound
Of Ariadne's voice——

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis as I wish'd:
Her timely presence—(*aside.*)

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Went my filter hence ?

PIRITHOUS.

Yes, hence she went, wild as the tempest's rage,
As if a conflagration of the soul
To madness fir'd her brain. But oh ! I fear,
She went to brood in secret o'er her wrongs ;
To think, and to be deeper plung'd in woe.

PHÆDRA.

You chill my heart with fear : you have not told her
For whom in secret Theseus breathes his vows ;
For whom he cherishes the hidden flame.

PIRITHOUS.

There wants but that, that circumstance of horror,
To desolate her soul with instant madness.

PHÆDRA.

Yet why still obstinate, why thus disdain
A monarch's vows ? a mind like hers, elate
With native dignity, and fierce with pride,
May view with scorn the lover who betrays her,
And on th' imperial throne revenge her wrongs.

PIRITHOUS.

Revenge is the delight of vulgar souls,
Unfit to rule the breast of Ariadne.

PHÆDRA.

Your words, your looks alarm me : from your eye
Why shoots that fiery glance ? what must we do ?

Y 4

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

What must we do? the honest heart will tell thee.
'Tis in your pow'r: renounce your guilty loves;
Do justice to a sister; scorn by fraud,
By treach'rous arts to undermine her peace;
Restore the lover whom you ravish'd from her,
A lover all her own, by ev'ry tie,
By solemn vows her own, nor join in guilt
To wrest him from her, for the selfish pride,
The little triumph o'er a sister's charms.

PHÆDRA.

To Ariadne turn: give her your counsel.
She still, if timely wise, may save herself,
For joy and rapture: she may live and reign.
If I lose Theseus, I can only die.

PIRITHOUS.

Better to die, than live in vile dishonour.
You rush on sure destruction: Awful conscience,
That sits in judgment in each human heart,
And from that dread tribunal speaks within us:
Conscience will tell you, you have broke all faith,
Betray'd all confidence, destroy'd the bonds
Of sacred friendship, and with shame and infamy
Ruin'd a sister, who would die to serve you.

PHÆDRA.

Inhuman that thou art! why wound me thus
With stern reproach? why arm against my peace,
With scorpion whips, these furies of the soul?

PERITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

For this wilt thou invade a sister's rights?
For this betray her? to endure for ever
The self-accusing witness in the heart!
Remorse will be your portion: shame and anguish
Will haunt your nights, and render all your days
Unblest and comfortless.

PHÆDRA.

It is too much,
Too much to bear this agony of mind.

PIRITHOUS.

'Tis virtue speaks; it warns you: hear it's voice,
And ere too deeply you are plung'd in guilt,
Return with honour, and regain the shore.

PHÆDRA.

No more; it is too much: I cannot bear it.

PIRITHOUS.

Greece honours Ariadne: think when Theseus
Returns with glory stain'd, with foul dishonour,
Think of the black reverse. Will men receive
With songs of triumph, and with shouts of joy,
Him, and his fugitive?—I see you're mov'd:
Those tears are symptoms of returning virtue.

PHÆDRA.

You've turn'd my eyes with horror on myself.
Oh! thou hast conquer'd: Ariadne, take,
Take back your lover; I resign him to you.

No,

No, Phædra will not live the slave of vice ;
I will not bear this torture of the mind,
Goaded by guilt, pale, trembling at itself.

PIRITHOUS.

There spoke the gen'rous soul : to those emotions
May the gods give the energy of virtue.

PHÆDRA.

Go, say to Theseus, for his love I thank him ;
Bid him renounce, forget me—Can he do it ?
Bid him preserve his honour, and his life.
You need not counsel him—he will not fall
A willing victim for a wretch like me.
Yet, if his heart consents, let him forget
His vows, his plighted faith ; and as he once
With unfelt ardour could delude my sister,
Bid him once more dissemble, and betray.

PIRITHOUS.

Oh ! blest event ! all danger will retreat.
I leave you now, while nature stirs within you,
I leave you to th' emotions of your heart. [*Exit.*]

PHÆDRA *alone.*

Oh ! what a depth of sorrow and remorse,
Of shame and infamy have I escap'd !
Just gods ! to you I bend : your warning voice
Has taught me to renounce all guilty joys,
And dwell, fair virtue ! dwell with peace and thee.

THESEUS,

THESEUS, *and* PHÆDRA.

THESEUS.

Phædra, what mean those tears ? upon the wing
Of strong impatience I have fought your presence.
What new alarm——

PHÆDRA.

My soul is full of horror.
Renounce my love ; forget me ; think no more
Of rashly plighted vows.

THESEUS.

Renounce thee, Phædra ?

PHÆDRA.

Fly my disastrous love : disgrace and ruin
Are all the portion Phædra has to give.

THESEUS.

Is that my Phædra's voice ? Can she talk thus ?
The tyrant fair, who first inspir'd my heart
With love unfelt before ? I struggled long
To stifle in my breast the hidden flame ;
I fled your presence ; wherefoe'er I fled
Your image follow'd, and I still lov'd on.
In vain I struggled : your discerning eye
What could escape ? you fann'd the rising flame,
And soon my flutt'ring heart was wholly thine.

PHÆDRA.

Call not to memory the fond delight.
My guilt stands forth to view ; I own it all.

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

And were the graces of each winning smile
 Meant only to deceive me? Were those eyes
 Instructed how to roll the bidden glance,
 To fool me with a mockery of hope,
 Then spurn me from your arms a wretch despis'd?

PHÆDRA.

I must not, will not hear; the gods forbid it.
 I see my sister pale, deform'd with murder,
 And hear the curses of mankind condemn me.
 Your friend has told me all.

THESEUS.

Perithous?

PHÆDRA.

He.

THESEUS.

Is he too join'd? is he too leagu'd against me?

PHÆDRA.

It was his friendship spoke.

THESEUS.

Then send me hence
 A victim to appease your father's rage,
 To be a spectacle for public view,
 And meet at length an ignominious death.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Heart-breaking sounds ! (*aside.*)

THESEUS.

Or if, ungen'rous fair,
If you will have it so, command me hence
Once more to sigh at Ariadne's feet,
And to that beauty—Phædra have a care:
That lovely form the wond'ring eyes of men
Adore, and even envy must admire.
Beauty like her's may twine about my heart,
And gain, though much I've struggled to resist her,
And gain at length my fond consent to wed her.

PHÆDRA.

Consent to wed her ! death is in the thought !
Perfidious traitor ! practis'd in deceit !
And can another, after all your oaths,
Oh ! light inconstant man ! ah ! can a rival
Blot out all fond remembrance of your love,
And twine her fatal charms about your heart ?
Consent to wed her ! go,—abandon Phædra ;
Seek Ariadne ; to her matchless beauty
Breathe all your vows—those you can well dissemble ;
Go, melt in tears—those too you well can feign ;
Revel in joys your heart will never taste,
And see me laid a victim at your feet ?

THESEUS.

Restrain this frantic rage, does this become
The tender moment, when the faithful Theseus
With all a lover's ardour comes to greet thee ?

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

The thought of losing thee turns wild my brain.
Oh ! love resumes his empire o'er my soul,
And all inferior motives yield at once.
These tears can witness——

THESEUS.

'Tis no time for tears.
Go seek your sister : your soft pray'rs and tears
May still prevail. If not, to-morrow's dawn,
Tell her, shall end her doubts : ere that I've plann'd
Measures, that may make sure our mutual bliss.
To Periander I must now repair.
His messengers have sought me. Oh ! remember
My life, my hope of bliss, must spring from thee.
[Exit.

PHÆDRA *alone.*

And on his fate my happiness is grafted.
Ha ! Ariadne comes !—Oh ! love, what virtues
You force me to betray !—That haggard mien,
Those looks proclaim the tumult of her soul.

ARIADNE, PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

In vain I struggle to deceive myself.
I am betray'd, abandon'd, lost for ever.
[*not perceiving Phædra.*

PHÆDRA.

How her fierce rage shoots lightning from her eyes.
(*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Oh! while his accents charm'd my list'ning ear,
While each fond look ensnar'd my captive heart,
Ev'n then another lur'd the wand'rer from me;
Another's beauty taught those eyes to languish;
Another's beauty tun'd his voice to love.

PHÆDRA.

Appease her anger, gods, and grant her patience.
(*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

And must I live to see her haughty triumph?
To bear her scorn? to bear th' insulting pity
Of Cretan dames! all pleas'd with my undoing?
To die at length in misery of heart,
And leave to after-times a theme of woe,
A tragic story for the bards of Greece?

PHÆDRA.

How my heart shrinks! I dread the interview.
(*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

Let lightning blast me first; let whirlwinds seize
me,
To atoms dash me on the craggy cliff,
Or blow me hence upon the warring winds
To climes unknown, beyond the verge of nature,
To the remotest planet in the void;
That never, never can approach this world;
But rolling onward, farther, farther still

Holds

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Holds in the wilds of space it's fated round;
Where I may rave; and to the list'ning waste
Pour forth my sorrows; think till reason leaves me;
And tell to other stars, and other suns
A tale to hold them in their course suspended,
And turn them pale with horror at the sound.
There let me dwell; grow savage with my wrongs,
And never hear from this vile globe again.

PHÆDRA.

Yet be of comfort.

ARIADNE.

There's no comfort for me.
Whence is that voice? Oh! Phædra, Oh! my sister,
Assist me, help me; I am sick at heart.

PHÆDRA.

Recall your reason, summon all your strength,
Nor thus afflict yourself.

ARIADNE.

Have I not cause?
The barbarous man! he flies me; he abjures me;
Breaks all the fervent vows, which each day's sun,
Which ev'ry conscious planet of the night,
Which ev'ry god bent down from heav'n to hear.

PHÆDRA.

And yet if calmly you will hear a sister——

ARIADNE.

Could you suspect that perfidy like this
Can lie close ambush'd in the heart of man?

PHÆDRA.

But still, if Theseus harass'd out with woes,
Pursued by fate, and bending to misfortune——

ARIADNE.

I gave up all for him.

PHÆDRA.

Were you but calm——

ARIADNE.

Can the wretch tortur'd on the rack be calm?
Ingratitude! thou source of evil deeds!
Foe to the world's repose! thou canst with fair,
With specious words, with treacherous disguise,
Deceive the friend, and thrive upon his smiles;
By servile arts enrich thee with his spoils,
Till pamper'd to the full, with favours bloated,
Thy hour is come to shew thy native hue,
And carry pain, and anguish to the breast,
That warm'd and cherish'd thee. Detested fiend!
By thee truth fades ev'n from the noblest mind;
Of fair, and good, and just no trace remains;
Honour expires, the gen'rous purpose dies,
And ev'ry virtue withers in the soul.

PHÆDRA.

Yet be advis'd, and you may still be happy.
A youthful monarch woos you to his throne.
The gods have sent relief——

ARIADNE.

Oh ! Phædra, oh ! my sister,
As yet a stranger to man's wily arts,
You keep the even tenour of your mind :
You know not what it is to love like me.

PHÆDRA.

Oh ! conscious, conscious guilt. (*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

I see you pity me.
It grieves me to afflict your tender nature.
In all his hours of tenderness and love,
Oh ! charming hours, that must return no more !
I never deem'd it was illusion all,
Never suspected a more happy rival,
Saw not her image lurking in his heart.
Tell me her name : Who is she ? Let me see
The fatal fair, that poisons all my joys.
Your own heart, Phædra, must condemn the deed.

PHÆDRA.

Her words too deeply pierce ; they rend my soul.
(*aside.*)

ARIADNE.

You can detect the traitress ; guide me to her.
If on this isle—ha !—why that sudden pause ?
That downcast eye ? why does your colour change ?
Oh ! now I see you know her : in your looks
I read it all.

PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Confusion, shame, distraction! (*aside.*)
If this wild fury, that deforms your reason——

ARIADNE.

Phædra, beware: if you deceive your sister,
If you conceal this rival, 'twere a deed
To shock all nature; to make heav'n and earth,
And men and gods abhor thee.

PHÆDRA.

Since unjustly
You thus suspect me—have I giv'n you cause?

ARIADNE.

Disclose it all, and league not with my foes.

PHÆDRA.

I see my fault: with too officious care
I came to heal your sorrows.—I forbear:
I've been to blame; but now, farewell, farewell.

ARIADNE.

Stay, Phædra, stay; you shall not leave me thus.
In all afflictions you are still my comfort.

PHÆDRA.

Then check this fury; it is phrenzy all.
Where is the pride becoming Minos' daughter?
Disdain the traitor; drive him from your thoughts.
Turn where the gods invite you: Periander
Wishes to lay his sceptre at your feet.

Z 2

Your

Your sway shall bless the land, and humbled
Thefeus
Will be reduc'd to sue to you for mercy.
The pow'r will then be yours, the envied pow'r
Of Godlike clemency: 'twill then be yours
To shew thee worthy of imperial sway,
To shelter still the man you once could love ;
Know him insensible to worth like thine,
To honour lost, and yet forgive him all.

ARIADNE.

Must I transfer th' affections of my soul,
To justify his perfidy? must I
Bargain away my heart, to save a traitor?
For the fair Greek to save him? Mighty gods!
He shall not wed her: give her to my rage.
I'll follow to the altar; there my vengeance—
How my heart shrinks—no, strike—my blood
 recoils—
Assist me, Phædra, give the means of death.
She shall not live to revel in his arms.
Then Theseus shall behold her faded form,
And ev'ry drop the traitor then lets fall
Shall pay me for the tears, the galling tears,
His perfidy has cost me: then he'll know
The agony of soul, the mortal pang,
When we are robb'd of all the heart adores.

PHÆDRA.

Ha ! will you sifter stain your hand with blood ?

ARIADNE.

Then Theseus too—He clings about my heart ;—
No, let him sail for Crete ; my father's justice

Will claim atonement for a daughter's wrongs,
Doom him a sacrifice for broken vows,
A dreadful warning to ungrateful man.

Enter PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Your woes encrease each hour. A guard ev'n now
Leads Theseus forth, by Periander's order,
To yonder tow'r, that overhangs the bay.
From thence, ere morn, he must depart for Crete.

PHÆDRA.

Ah! there to perish—Ariadne, haste,
Seek Periander, fly, prevent the stroke.

ARIADNE.

He can no more deceive me.

PHÆDRA.

Will you, then,
Ah! will you, cruel, see him doom'd to die?
I'll seek the king, and bathe his feet with tears,
And rave, and shriek, till he release him to me.
[*Exit.*]

PIRITHOUS.

If he must fall, 'tis you have fix'd his doom.
You still can save him. At one glance from you
The king will feel his resolution melt.

ARIADNE.

I sav'd him once, and he requites me for it.

No more of tendernefs. The gen'rous deed
But gives to fell ingratitude the pow'r
With fcorpion flings to pierce you to the heart.

PIRITHOUS.

Yet, Ariadne, think——

ARIADNE.

No more, but leave me.

[*Exit* Pirithous.

ARIADNE *alone*.

Yes, yet let the traitor die :—if he muft die,
In fome dark cave I can deplore his fate,
Hid from the world, forgetting all but him,
Till the kind hand of death fhall lay me ftretch'd,
In cold oblivion on the flinty ground,
Pale, wan, and fenfelefs as the marble form
That lies in sorrow on fome virgin's tomb.
He will not fee my tears : the barb'rous man
Will be no more ungrateful.—Mighty gods !
I lov'd, I am betray'd, yet love him ftill.
Quick let me hence :—one gen'rous effort more
May ftill—fond wifhes how you ruft upon me !
Should he relent,—Oh ! fhould returning love
Once more—vain hope ! yet the delufion charms me :
One gen'rous effort more may make him mine.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT the FIFTH.

SCENE, *a wild Heath, with a Tower in View.*

Enter ALETES, followed by an OFFICER.

ALETES.

JUSTICE prevails, and Theseus is my prisoner;
Yon tow'r immures him close. Seek thou the
harbour,
Unmoor the ship; let all things be prepar'd
To give the spreading canvass to the wind.
The day declines, and the moon's silver beam
Plays on the trembling wave. This night 'tis fix'd
Theseus with me shall seek the Cretan shore.
[Exit Officer.]

Enter ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Where is your prisoner?

ALETES.

In yon tow'r secur'd.

ARIADNE.

Your policy has fail'd; release him straight:
'Tis the king's order; you may read it, sir.
(*gives him a paper.*)

Z 4

ALETES.

ALETES.

Your interest has prevail'd, and I obey.

(goes into the tower.)

ARIADNE *alone.*

Ye fond ideas, ye fierce warring passions,
With what a mingled sway you drive me on !
Grief, rage, and indignation rise by turns ;
But love flows in, and resolution dies.
Ha ! see he comes—Oh ! how this flutt'ring tumult,
With hopes and fears alternate, shakes my frame.

Enter THESEUS from the Tower.

ARIADNE *(viewing him as he advances.)*

Diffimulation fails him, and his looks
No longer hide the characters of guilt.

THESEUS.

How shall I pour my thanks ? a thousand sentiments
All press at once, and yet deny me utterance.
Words are too poor : expression strives in vain.

ARIADNE.

You need no more dissemble. Periander
Has heard the purpose of your soul. Last night,
When sleep seal'd ev'ry eye, in darkness wrapt,
Thro' secret ways, clandestine as your thoughts,
You stole into his presence ; there disclos'd
Your hidden flame, your alienated heart.

(turns from him.)

THESEUS.

THESEUS.

Spare your reproaches, princess ; Oh ! forbear,
Forbear in pity to afflict a mind
Too deeply wounded ! that feels all its errors,
Feels all your virtues, and with keenest sense
Aches at its own reflections.

ARIADNE.

Of the pardon
Which Periander to my pray'rs has granted,
You know not the extent. To-morrow's fun
Shall light you to your nuptials ; you may then
Shew to the world this unapparent beauty,
And give to her the vows that once were mine.

THESEUS.

Oh ! Ariadne, spare this keen reproof.
Could you but know the pangs that struggle here—

ARIADNE.

Theseus, you weep ! you weep o'er my afflictions ;
You feel my wrongs, yet barb'rous ev'n in pity,
You fix the shaft of anguish in my heart.

THESEUS.

On me, on me the weight of ruin falls ;
'Tis I am plung'd in woe ; a man condemn'd,
To wander o'er the world. Alas, 'tis fate,
Fate drives me on. If you forget a wretch,
The prey of grief, the sport of fortune's malice ;
And if a monarch, to reward your virtues,
Prepares th' imperial wreath to deck your brow—

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Is that the recompence I wish'd to gain?
Too well you know this heart. Had Periander
A wider empire than e'er monarch rul'd,
And you were helpless, destitute of fortune,
I had been, heav'n can witness! happy with you.
In loving you, I fought yourself alone.

THESEUS.

For all this waste of generous affection,
Calamity is all that Theseus brings.

ARIADNE.

Come lead me hence to some far distant wild,
Where human footstep never prints a trace;
There blest'd with thee I could for ever dwell,
Thron'd in thy heart, the mistress of thy love.

THESEUS.

Here happiness awaits you; here you're destin'd
The mild vicegerent of the gods on earth.
In that bright sphere while you serenely shine,
The pattern of all virtue, temp'ring justice
With mercy, and diffusing blessings round you,
With tears of joy mankind will own your sway.

ARIADNE.

Thou vile ingrate!

THESEUS.

If you will deign to hear me:
Though great my crimes——

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Thou traitor!—was it thus
 You look'd and talk'd, when first I saw and lov'd?
 Your doom was fix'd; the officers of vengeance
 Remorseless led you forth; my trembling eye
 Pursued your steps; tears gush'd; I could not speak.
 I fled to your relief, and my undoing:
 Then ev'ry god was witness to your vows.
 The fond delusion charm'd me. I rebell'd
 Against my father; I betray'd his honour;
 And all for thee. I fled my native land.
 Nor winds, nor waves, nor exile could debar me.
 This the return!—have I deserv'd it of you?
 Tell me my crime; and, oh! if possible,
 Teach me to think 'tis justice that I suffer:
 For ev'n in ruin I would not abhor thee.

THESEUS.

You wrong me much: By yon bright stars I swear,
 I never meant by base ingratitude
 To fix affliction in that bosom-softness.
 Thy name, thy merit, and thy wond'rous goodness,
 While life informs this frame, shall ever live
 Esteem'd and honour'd, treasur'd in my heart.

ARIADNE.

Esteem'd and honour'd! 'twas your love you
 promis'd.
 A monarch, saidst thou, woos me to his arms!
 What truth, what fair return have I to give him?
 Give me, barbarian! give me back my heart,
 The heart you robb'd me off: Give back my vows,
 My artless vows, my pure unpledg'd affections,
 With

With equal warmth that I may meet his love ;
And not like thee, with treach'rous bland allure-
ments,
Court his embrace, and charm him to betray.

THESEUS.

Then if you will, wreak your worst vengeance on me.
Ascend the throne ; back to the Cretan shore
Convey me hence to glut your father's rage :
I there can die content. Or if your mercy
Permit me once again to visit Greece,
Oft I shall hear of Ariadne's name ;
Well pleas'd at distance, in the humble vale
Of private life, or in the tented field,
To view the radiant glory that surrounds you,
And thank the gods for shedding blessings down
On thee and all thy race.

ARIADNE.

Go, visit Greece ;
Display to Athens all your brave exploits,
Your battles won, the nations you have conquer'd.
And let your banners, waving high in air,
Hold forth the bright inscription to men's eyes,
" Lo ! this is he, who triumph'd o'er a woman."
My death will blazon forth the fame of him,
Who freed the world from monsters of the desert,
Who slew the Minotaur, but could not quell
Ingratitude, that monster of the soul.

THESEUS.

You need not, Ariadne, oh ! you need not
Thus tear me piece-meal. My distracted heart
Feels in each nerve, and bleeds at ev'ry vein.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

Unbidden tears, why will you fool me thus?
These tears that fall, that thus gush out perforce,
Are not the tears of supplicating love.
They are the tears of burning indignation,
Of shame, and rage, and pride, and conscious virtue;
Virtue that feels, feels at the very heart
Each stab inhuman treachery has giv'n,
Yet sees that calm tranquillity in guilt.

Enter PHÆDRA.

PHÆDRA.

Once more restor'd to liberty, and life. [*to Theseus.*]

THESEUS.

Oh! death were happiness to what I feel.

ARIADNE.

See me no more; to-morrow spread your sails;
Take in your train the partner of your heart.
She shall not go: once more I'll see the king,
And dare not on thy life convey her hence.

PHÆDRA.

What meddling fiend inflames you thus to madness?
Hear, Ariadne, hear.

ARIADNE.

Go, sail for Athens, (*to Theseus.*)
Alone, heart-broken, comfortless; like me
Plung'd

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Plung'd in despair ; like me depriv'd of all
Your heart held dear.

PHÆDRA.

Let me appease your wrath.

ARIADNE.

I will descend to pray'rs and tears no more.
Farewell for ever ; oh ! ungrateful man ! *[Exit.*

THESEUS, PHÆDRA.

THESEUS.

Distraction ! madness ! oh ! she has destroy'd
My peace of mind for ever.

PHÆDRA.

Theseus, no ;
My lenient care shall mitigate your grief.

THESEUS.

For thee, my Phædra, I bear all for thee.
Since liberty is mine, let me employ it
To serve our mutual bliss. The time admits
No dull delay. This moment I must leave thee.

PHÆDRA.

Ah ! whither do you go ?

THESEUS.

Observe me well.
That path, that winds along the barren heath,
Leads to the mountain's ridge : There down the steep
A soft

A soft declivity will guide your steps
To Neptune's temple, shelter'd in the grove.
There I expect you.

PHÆDRA.

Wherefore ? what intent ?
Unfold the dark design ; my fears alarm me.

THESEUS.

No more ; the sun descends, and fable night
Draws o'er the face of things her dusky veil.
With cautious step proceed ; but ere you go,
Watch Ariadne : here beguile her stay.
If she pursues me, all is lost for ever.
Farewell, farewell, I trust my fate with thee. [*Exit.*]

PHÆDRA *alone.*

Oh ! how my bosom pants with doubt and fear !
What may this mean ? some dread event impends.
He will not, no, preserve him gracious pow'rs !
Let him not, prompted by despair, attempt
Beyond his strength, and rush on sure destruction.

ARIADNE, PHÆDRA.

ARIADNE.

Where, Phædra, whither is the traitor fled ?

PHÆDRA.

Oh ! you have been to blame : with haggard eyes
Upturn'd to heav'n, he paus'd, and heav'd a sigh,
As if his lab'ring heart would burst his frame,
And leave him here, a pale, a breathless corse.
At length with haste, with fury in his look,

But

352 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

But blessing still your name, he rush'd along,
And vanish'd from my sight.

ARIADNE.

The barb'rous man !
Did he deny his falsehood ? Did one tear
Speak his compunction ? Did he once relent ?
In guilt obdurate ! did you mark his mien,
The pride, the scorn that darted from his eye ?

PHÆDRA.

What choice was left him, when with fierce disdain
You spurn'd him from you ?

ARIADNE.

Therefore did he shun me ?
Ungen'rous man ! he saw I lov'd him most,
Then when enrag'd I pour'd my curses on him :
My heartstrings ev'n then were twin'd about him.
Once more I'll see him : should he sail for Athens,
'Tis fix'd to follow him. He will not then
Dare to avow a treachery like this.
His glory is at stake : with one accord
All hearts declare for me. The sons of Greece,
For all my sorrows, all my sufferings past,
Wish to reward me in their hero's arms.

PHÆDRA.

And does Pirithous join you ? does he mean
To waft you o'er the deep ?

ARIADNE.

His ship already

From

From last night's storm refitted, courts the breeze,
And even now prepares to plough the deep.

PHÆDRA.

Thefeus, the while, in pining discontent,
Forlorn and wretched on the blasted heath,
Sighs to the winds, and drinks his falling tears.

ARIADNE.

Oh! fly, pursue him, calm his troubled spirit.
Still, traitor as he is, he may relent.
For oh! too well I know his godlike nature;
Know the mild virtues, that adorn his mind,
And more than speak in each enchanting look.
Go, seek him Phædra: tell him all my woes,
And reconcile his heart to love and me.
But hark! some step this way——

PHÆDRA.

Pirithous comes!

ARIADNE.

Haste, fly, pursue him, find the barb'rous man.

PHÆDRA.

I leave you now.

ARIADNE.

Farewell.

PHÆDRA.

Where shall we meet?

ARIADNE.

In yonder palace.

PHÆDRA.

There you may expect me.

[Exit.

ARIADNE.

Oh! grant her pow'r to touch, to melt his heart.

PIRITHOUS, ARIADNE.

PIRITHOUS.

I bring you tidings may revive your hopes.
Theseus may still be thine.

ARIADNE.

May still be mine?

PIRITHOUS.

Yes; Periander, should he still persist
To hold you here a captive, sees his danger.
Crete arms against him: Athens too will claim you,
And let destruction loose. To cope with both,
Not ev'n the soul of Periander dares.
He must release you: then you sail for Greece.
Theseus will there be yours: his solemn vows,
And the vast debt of gratitude he owes,
Join'd by the public voice, will bind him to you.

ARIADNE.

But if constraint alone—Ah! can you think
That his relenting heart will feel remorse?

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

The indignation of mankind will warn him.
Returning virtue then——

ARIADNE.

If aught can waken
A spark of love in that obdurate breast ;
A look, a sigh impassion'd from the heart,
Will heal my sorrows, and with tears of joy
Make me forgive him all. I burn once more
To wander with him o'er the roaring deep.
And has the king consented ?

PIRITHOUS

Ev'n now I left him
In close debate, and onward to this spot
Bending his eager step. With friendly counsels
Archon attends, and seconds all I wish.
Lo ! where he comes this way. Retire awhile :
Yon grove will give you shelter : there remain.
A single glance from those persuasive eyes
May once again inflame his fierce desires,
And reason then will plead your cause in vain.

ARIADNE.

May all your words sink melting to his soul. [*Exit.*

PIRITHOUS.

Now, gods, assist me : if I now succeed,
My fears subside, and danger is no more.

A a 2

PERIANDER,

PERIANDER, *and* PIRITHOUS.

PERIANDER.

Pirithous, hear : this hour ends all debate.
My resolution's fix'd: then urge no more
Your haughty claim: 'tis torture to my heart.

PIRITHOUS.

A heart like thine will generously love.
You will not force the princess to your arms,
Nor light with Hymen's torch the flames of war.

PERIANDER.

Ha! dost thou deem me of so fierce a spirit,
To tyrannize the fears of Ariadne?
No, her own lip, the musick of that voice,
To my delighted ear shall breathe the promise,
The soft avowal of her mutual flame.

PIRITHOUS.

She doats on Theseus : the wide world has heard
The story of her love. And can you hope
To turn awry the current of affection
From him, who first awak'd her young desires,
Still fans the flame, and lords it o'er her soul?

PERIANDER.

Let him depart : I have releas'd him to you.
Then Ariadne will resent her wrongs,
Incline her heart, and listen to my vows.
Bear your friend hence : my orders shall be issued.
For Ariadne trouble me no more. [Exit.

PIRITHOUS,

PIRITHOUS, *alone.*

Proud monarch go! This night shall mar your hopes:

This very night, while sleep lulls all your guards,
She shall embark. When lawless pow'r prevails,
The noble end must justify the means.

ARIADNE, PIRITHOUS.

ARIADNE.

Thou gen'rous man! have you regain'd my freedom?

PIRITHOUS.

This very night we quit the hated shore.
Enquire no more: you must embark with me.
For Theseus, he will gladly join our flight.

ARIADNE.

All things invite us: from the sky bursts forth
A stream of radiance, and the level main
Presents a wide expanse of quiv'ring light.
Where is my sister?

PIRITHOUS.

She must here remain.

ARIADNE.

No, it were perfidy, a breach of friendship.
She fled with me: our hearts were ever join'd
By the sweet ties of friendship and of love.

A a 3

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Here she must stay ; your happiness requires it.

ARIADNE.

What is her crime ? Ah ! why should we desert her ?

PIRITHOUS.

Seek not to know too much.

ARIADNE.

No, Phædra, no ;
I cannot leave thee here.

Enter ARCHON.

ARCHON.

This very moment
A soldier from the harbour brings this letter.
To you it is address'd. (*gives it to Pirithous.*)

PIRITHOUS.

And comes from Theseus.

ARIADNE.

From Theseus !—wherefore ?—whence ?—what new
event ?—

PIRITHOUS *reads*.

“ My heart's too full to vent itself in words.

“ I know my conduct will be blam'd by all.

“ I will not varnish it by vain excuse.

“ I feiz'd

“ I seiz’d your ship : we have already pass’d
 “ The head-land of the harbour.

Oh ! this consummates all.

ARIADNE.

Why dost thou pause ?

Proceed ; go on ; let me be full of horror.

(taking the letter.)

She reads.

“ We have already pass’d
 “ The head-land of the harbour : sunk in grief,
 “ Distracted with her fears, in wild amaze,
 “ Phædra has join’d my flight.—

Is Phædra with him ?

ARCHON.

They embark’d together.

ARIADNE *reads.*

“ To Ariadne
 “ Be ev’ry duty paid, each tender care.
 “ Affuage her sorrows : Periander’s love
 “ Will charm each sense, and teach her to forget ;
 “ Perhaps in time, when ev’ry bliss attends her,
 “ To pardon Phædra, and the wretched Theseus.”

All just and righteous—— *(she falls on the ground.)*

PIRITHOUS.

Ah ! she faints ! she faints :

Bring instant help ; assist her, lend your aid.

(Enter attendant Virgins.)

Oh ! wretched princess ! would the gods allow you

A a 4

To

360 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

To breathe your last, and never wake again
To this bad world, 'twere happiness indeed.
She stirs, she moves; the blood returns again,
But oh! to make her feel the weight of woe,
And see the desolation that surrounds her.

ARIADNE.

Where have my senses wander'd? Why around me
Are you all fix'd, the statues of despair?
Oh! I remember—Open earth, and hide me:
In your cold caves you never yet receiv'd
A wretch betray'd, undone, and lost as I am.

PIRITHOUS.

Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth.
Thy woes indeed are great.

ARIADNE.

Could you expect it? *(as she rises.)*
Phædra has join'd his flight; she too betrays me.
She was my other self; for ever dear;
Dear as the drops that circled in my veins,
But now, ah! now, to warm this heart no more.
Perhaps ev'n now she gazes on his charms,
Hangs on each accent, catches from those eyes
The sweet enchantment; knows I shed these tears;
Knows that I beat this breast, and rend this hair,
And tell my sorrows to these craggy cliffs,
And rave and shriek, in madness and despair.
Haste, fly, pursue them, launch into the main,
Arm all your ships, bring swords, bring liquid fire,
Fly, overtake them, overwhelm them in the deep.

[Exit.

PIRITHOUS.

PIRITHOUS.

Attend her, virgins, with your tend'rest duty.

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

ARCHON.

If this be thy contrivance——

PIRITHOUS.

Charge me not

With a black deed that has undone my friend,

And to the latest time must brand his name.

I feel for him; I feel for Ariadne.

She now demands our sympathy and care. [*Exeunt.*]

*The Back SCENE opens; the Harbour and the Sea
in view.*

ARIADNE, *with attendants.*

ARIADNE.

Behold, look there, see where the vessel bounds.

Oh! horror, horror! how the rapid prow

Glides through the waves! will none pursue the
traitor?*First* VIRGIN.

Alas, my royal mistress, 'tis in vain.

ARIADNE.

Turn, Theseus, turn; 'tis Ariadne calls.

Return barbarian! whither do you fly?

This way direct your course; stay, Phædra, stay.

See

362 THE RIVAL SISTERS.

See how they bound along the level main,
And cleave their way; and catch each gale that
blows.

Inhuman treachery! (*leans on her attendants.*)

First VIRGIN.

Her grief exhausts her strength, but soon again
Despair will rouse her with redoubled force.

ARIADNE.

Heart-piercing sight! and see the traitor still
Pursues his course. Yon glitt'ring host of stars
Lend all their rays; the elements combine!
Ye winds, ye waves, you too are leagu'd against me;
You join with guilt, accomplices in fraud!
All false as Theseus; all as Phædra false;
Officious all to end this wretch'd being.
Your victory will soon be gained: That pang,
Oh! this cold tremor—'tis the hand of death,
I hope it is; my grave is all I ask.

(sits down on the point of a rock.)

Enter PERIANDER, PIRITHOUS, ARCHON.

PERIANDER.

Oh! dire event!

PIRITHOUS.

See where the beauteous mourner
Grows to the rock, and thinks herself to stone.

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Rise, princess, rise, and let us bear you hence
To your own palace, where the storm of grief
Will soon subside, and peace, and love, and joy
Revisit your sad heart. (*they lead her forward.*)

ARIADNE.

No, never, never ;
My easy heart will be deceiv'd no more.

PERIANDER.

For thee love still has new delights in store,
Whole years of blifs.—

ARIADNE.

Why do you smile upon me ?
I never serv'd you ; never sav'd your life ;
Made you no promise : why should you deceive me ?

PERIANDER.

May sweet oblivion of her past afflictions
Steal gently o'er her soul. Restore her, heav'n !

ARIADNE.

Have you a sister ? She will break your heart.

PERIANDER.

I come to calm your griefs, and crown your days
With love sincere, and everlasting truth.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

All truth is fled ; long since she fled the earth,
Tir'd of her pilgrimage. Why, holy pow'rs !
Why leave poor mortals crawling here below,
Where there's no confidence, no trust, no faith !
All nature moves by your eternal law ;
Truth is the law of man, and yet she's fled.
I see her there, there near the throne of Jove,
Her garment white as her own candid mind ;
She looks with pity on this vale of error,
And drops a tear : while falsehood in disguise,
With specious seeming, walks her deadly round,
And mask'd in friendship, where she smiles, destroys.

PERIANDER.

Let me conduct you : trust your friends.

ARIADNE.

You look
As if I might believe you : so did Theseus.
But where, where is he now ?—" To Ariadne
" Be ev'ry duty paid, each tender care !"
Oh ! artful man !—Look there ! I see him still ;
I see the ship ; it lessens to my view,
It lessens still ! and now, just now it fades !
It fades away, it melts into the clouds !
Scarce, scarce perceiv'd ! tis gone, tis lost,
For ever, ever lost ! is that the last,
The last sad glimpse ? and must I linger here ?
Die, Ariadne, die, and end your woes.
(Stabs herself.)

PERIANDER.

PERIANDER.

Oh ! fatal rashness ! quick, bring ev'ry help.

PIRITHOUS.

Deep in her veins the poniard drinks her blood.

ARIADNE.

'Twas Theseus' gift : his best, his kindest present ;
As such I sheath'd it in my very heart.

PERIANDER.

Her flutt'ring soul is on the wing to leave her.

ARIADNE.

Elysium is before me ; let not Theseus
Pursue me thither ; in those realms of bliss
Let my departed spirit know some rest.
Oh ! let me feel ingratitude no more.
Keep Theseus here in this abode of guilt ;
This world is his ; let him remain with Phædra ;
Let him be happy ; no, the fates forbid it :
They will deceive each other.

PERIANDER.

Ah ! that wound
Pours fast the stream of life.

ARIADNE.

ARIADNE.

It gives no pain.
 It is the stab fell perfidy has given,
 That rankles here. Oh! raise me, raise me up.
 No, let me see the light of heav'n no more.
 Pirithous, you behold your friend's exploit!
 I thank you Periander; you have been
 Kind, good, and tender. May some worthier bride,
 Adorn'd with all that virtue adds to beauty,
 Endear the joys of life.—Alas, I die.
 No mother here with pious hand to close
 My faded eyes; no father o'er my urn
 To drop a tear, and soothe my pensive shade.
 No; I deserve it; I betray'd them both.
 The barb'rous man!—He stabb'd me to the heart.
 And yet ev'n then I knew but half my wrongs.
 And you too Phædra! Oh! *(dies.)*

PERIANDER.

She's gone, and with her what a noble mind,
 What gen'rous virtues are there laid in ruin!

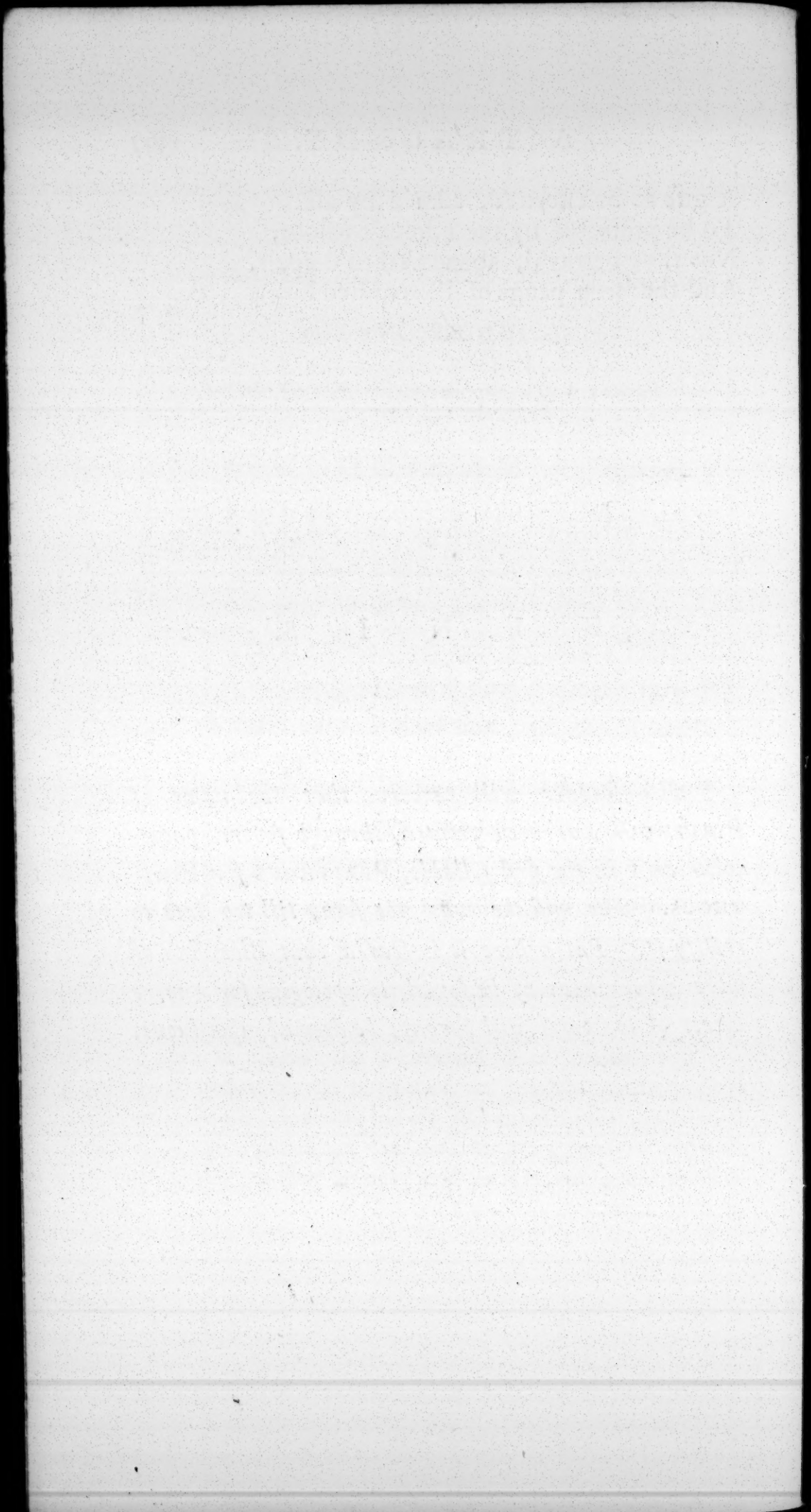
PIRITHOUS.*

Thou injur'd innocence! oppress'd with wrongs,
 And fore-beset, there rests her languish'd head.
 Oh! when the gods bestow on mortal man
 That bloom of beauty, those exalted charms,
 By virtue dignified, they give the best,
 The noblest gift their bounty has in store:

A gift to be esteem'd, ador'd by all ;
To be protect'd by the soldier's valour,
Not thus betray'd, abandon'd to despair,
And the keen pangs of ill requited love.

F I N I S.

** The Reader will perceive that the name of PIRITHOUS has been printed, through several pages, with an E in the first syllable, PERITHOUS for PIRITHOUS. The mistake was not seen, till too late to rectify it. But where it is feared that Blemishes of more importance may be found, to apologize for a mere Error of the press will perhaps be deemed superfluous.*



PROLOGUE,

Occasioned by the death of Mr. HENDERSON,

For Mrs. HENDERSON's Night,

At the Theatre Royal in Covent-Garden, on Saturday,
February 25, 1786.

Spoken by Mrs. SIDDONS.*

ERE fiction try this night her magick strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain ;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs, and Belvidera's tears ;
Will you permit a true, a recent grief
To vent it's charge, and seek that sad relief ?

How shall *we* feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press ?
When our own friend, when *Henderson* expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires !

In yonder Abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed ?

* Mrs. Siddons, to do honour to the memory of her deceased friend, obtained the consent of the Managers of *Drury-Lane*, and performed the part of Belvidera. But that character requiring great exertion, and the Prologue being unusually long, several lines, here printed, were omitted on the above night.

VOL. VII.

B b

You

You will indulge our grief:—Those crowded
rows

Shew you have hearts that feel domestic woes;
Hearts, that with gen'rous emulation burn
To raise the widow drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her, *whom* she lost, this truth convey;
Her father's worth made each good man his
friend,

Honour'd through life, regretted in his end!
And for his relatives to help his store
An audience gave, when he could give no more.

Him we all mourn: his friends still heave the
sigh,

And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners, and the feeling heart.
Fair simple truth, benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's
call.

A judg'ment sure, while learning toil'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour, sense refin'd.
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science; friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year——
This no feign'd grief:—no artificial tear!

Oft

Oft in this breast he wak'd the muses flame,
Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife :
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.

A void our scene has felt:—with Shakespeare's
page

Who now like him shall animate the stage ?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Woolsey, pleas'd each *learned* ear.
If feigning well be our consummate art,
How great *his* praise, who in Iago's part
Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart ? }
Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful roar,
Is now no counterfeit:—He'll rise no more !
'Twas Henderson's the drama to pervade,
Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
When o'er these boards the Roman Father pass'd—
But I forbear——That effort was his last.—
The muse there saw his zeal, though rack'd with
pain,

While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein.
She fought the bed, where pale and wan he lay,
And vainly try'd to chase disease away ;
Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry sigh ;
And gently,—as he liv'd,—she saw him die.

Wild with her griefs, she join'd the mournful
 throng,
 With fullen sound as the hearse mov'd along :
 Through the dim vaulted isles she led the way,
 And gave to genius past his kindred clay ;
 Heard the last requiem o'er his relicks cold,
 And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.

In faithful verse, there near the lonely cell,
 The fair recording epitaph may tell,
 That he, who now lies mould'ring into dust,
 Was good, was upright, generous, and just ;
 By *talents* form'd, to grace the poet's lays ;
 By *virtue* form'd, to dignify his days.

POST.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.

VIRG.

THE task of revising and correcting the several pieces, that compose these volumes, is now drawn to a conclusion. Amidst a variety of avocations, I have attended to this undertaking with all the care, that becomes the man, who offers his works to the public. But the closest diligence may be baffled: inaccuracies, it is to be feared, may still be found, not of the press only, but, what is worse, in the general style and composition. Pleasing as it is to find myself at the end of my labours, I am far from suffering my imagination to be deluded with ideas of fancied success. One point there is, upon which I can, with truth, receive the congratulations of my own heart: I look back through the whole of my work, and, from the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and the Farce of *The Apprentice*, to the conclusion of the present volume, there is not, I believe, a single passage that can justly bring reproach upon the author. Even in the lightest and most sportful fallies of fancy, I persuade myself, that I need not blush for one indecent or immoral expression. For the wit, that offends against good manners, I have had no relish. I can, with pleasure, add, that my pen was never employed in
the

the base and malevolent office of detracting from the merit of contemporary writers. Should any one be inclined to except the pieces, which are placed at the head of this volume, I can with truth aver, that they were written with reluctance, and not without extreme provocation. Men, to whom I had given no kind of offence, declared open war against my person, my morals, and my talents, whatever they were. One of them, I think was a real genius. I wish, for his sake, as well as my own, that he had been more worthily employed. I mean the late CHARLES CHURCHILL. He wrote, as it should seem, with too much haste, and, I believe, at the instigation of others. In the circle of his connections there were certain spirits, who could not be content with the praises, which were liberally bestowed upon themselves, if others, at the same time, were not sacrificed at their shrine. He obliged them with a libel upon me. Attacked as I was, not to feel resentment, had been stupidity; and not to answer, downright cowardice. *Se ipsum deferere turpissimum est.* In the present moment, and so long after the dispute, I am far from feeling the smallest degree of pleasure in the revival of literary quarrels. I was even tempted to consign to oblivion such of my writings, as carry with them the marks of an

exasper-

P O S T S C R I P T. 375

exasperated mind ; but when it is considered, that the invectives, which were repeatedly thrown out against me, are carefully collected in the volumes of their respective authors ; it may be thought not improper, to let it be seen, how and with what kind of spirit, unprovoked, and, I may say, intemperate calumny was repelled. I did not, however, descend into the ARENA, with intent to continue there a GLADIATOR for public sport. I answered once for all, and never returned to the charge. I was willing to flatter myself, that what I said in my own vindication, was then a sufficient answer ; and to the various paragraph writers, who have pointed their pens against me from that hour to this, I have now the satisfaction to think, that I need give no other reply. Defamation in the public prints has been, I believe, more frequently my lot, than that of any other living writer : but no man, I can venture to say, beheld the impotence of malice with so much unfeigned contempt. I was taught by CASIMIR, the elegant poet of Poland, that when you are unjustly attacked, there is a dignity in silence :

*Est et loquacis pulchra proterviæ
Vindicta risisse, et sereno
Magnanimum tacuisse vultu.*

I am

I am now upon the point of bidding adieu to these volumes. The moment is not free from anxiety. Mr. *Pope*, I remember, tells us, that, in the office of collecting his pieces, he was altogether uncertain, whether he was building a monument, or burying the dead. If a genius of his class could entertain a serious doubt, what must be the agitations of a writer like myself? Be the event as it may, it is at least a consolation, that much of my time has passed in a manner not altogether unuseful. Some addition, I hope, has been made to the amusements of the public. For myself, to these studies I owe the most valuable pleasures of my life. In the midst of cares, and hurry, and vexation, they have ministered the best relief; they soothed adversity; when friends were false, they took the sting from ingratitude; they softened disappointment, and in the delightful regions of PARNASSUS gave a sure retreat from pain. If, therefore, I am NOW PERFORMING A FUNERAL SERVICE, I desire, in gratitude to the MUSES, that I may be permitted to write upon the tomb, "ET IN ARCA-
" DIA EGO."



ARTHUR MURPHY.

LINCOLN'S-INN,

20th May, 1786.

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